





RUNAWAY RUSSIA

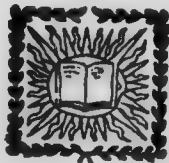


Florence Harper admiring Botchkarova's medals

RUNAWAY RUSSIA

BY
FLORENCE MacLEOD HARPER

ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS



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TO
THOSE WHO HAVE "GONE WEST"

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FOREWORD

It was my good fortune to arrive in Russia during the old régime and to be there during the inauguration of the new one. I have been told that I was lucky. It was n't luck; it was just plain Scotch "hunch."

When I sailed from Vancouver in December, 1916, there were many other places more interesting than Russia from the point of view of "news," but my "hunch" was too strong. I won over "Leslie's Weekly" to my point of view, and so, locking up my credentials in my old kit-bag, I started on this most interesting journey. My instructions were to work with Donald C. Thompson, the staff war-photographer of "Leslie's." Consequently, I was with him during many riots and street-fighting, as well as during visits to the front.

During the nine months that I was in Russia, conditions were bad at all times. Food was scarce and of poor quality, and I had to put up with much that was disagreeable. But it was worth it. We forgot all discomforts in watching the tremendous, pitiful tragedy that was staged before our eyes.

For three years the Russian Army fought under conditions undreamed of by the people of America.

On the Western front the army is backed by the people at home. In Russia nothing but treachery existed back of the lines. There was no ammunition for the guns, which meant attacking without artillery preparation; there were no high explosive shells to cut the wire and no guns to batter the Hun trenches—only men with rifles and bayonets. Of course that would n't have been so bad if the men had always had rifles, but they didn't; there were n't enough to go round. Only the first-line men had rifles. The reserves, hiding back in the forests, were not waiting for the signal to move forward and consolidate; they were waiting until enough men at the front had been killed or wounded, so that rifles could be collected at the dressing-stations and distributed to them.

Sometimes German aeroplanes spied them out. Then they "went West," hundreds of them, whole regiments at a time, with high explosive shells dropping on them from the big guns back of the German lines. What other army would bivouac in the snow without blankets,—the Russian soldier only carries a great coat,—without food, and without weapons, patiently waiting, knowing all the time that back of them were no guns to silence the enemy and stop the rain of shells that was turning a reserve regiment into a regiment "wiped out"?

Sometimes there were no sheltering forests; then they waited in the marsh-land. Trenches there were only eighteen inches deep, and the mud was

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not the glue of Flanders, but a liquid horror that sucked them down to death.

Three shells per gun for every twenty-four hours—that was the meager allowance during one terrible retreat. Ammunition was there, but it was an infinitesimal fraction of an inch too large or too small. Strange to say, when captured by the Germans it fitted their guns.

No motor-ambulances were there to rush wounded to the hospitals. There were less six thousand on a front of twelve hundred miles while in France there were sixty thousand ambulances on a front one quarter as long. When men arrived at the hospitals there was a pitiful lack of supplies, causing useless deaths and amputations. Freight-cars used as ambulance-trains made it impossible to attend the men en route.

The story of Russia's three years' fight is one of patient heroism against treachery of the worst kind.

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RUNAWAY RUSSIA



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CHAPTER I

"CSTEXJCHORTPAHZHOOLISTA," said the general, alighting from the train and bumping into me. At least, that is what it sounded like. He was a most resplendent general, with his green uniform, real Russian boots, fur cap, and a string of medals across his chest. His great beard was most imposing.

"We have a general with us on the train," I remarked.

My companions laughed. One of them spoke to the general in Russian. To my astonishment the latter picked up my steamer-trunk and, carrying it in, hoisted it on the rack in the corridor of the train. Turning to me, my fellow-traveler said:

"He is the conductor."

The train from Chang-Chun was waiting to carry us to Harbin. As we climbed aboard, I was all wonder. The great high ceilings and wide carriages were remarkably comfortable. They must be made so for the big Russian men.

China and Japan were foreign and strange to me. I thought that Russia would seem more homelike, or at least more European, but when one crosses the boundary into Russia all one's pre-

vious experiences, born of travel in other lands, may well be forgotten. Russia's ways are entirely her own.

Friends who knew Russia had told me that, speaking French and English, I would have no difficulty. That was soon proved to be a fallacy.

Harbin, nine o'clock at night, and the train already three hours overdue, the situation would have dismayed the most confirmed optimist. No one seemed to know when the train was going to depart, and no one seemed to care. We had arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, after a sixteen-hour journey, on a bitterly cold day, with the wind howling around the open places—a wind so cold that nothing could keep us warm. With a few hours to spare, we got into a sleigh and drove up to see the town. I had some shopping to do, so we stopped at the biggest general store and asked for an interpreter. A man was found who spoke English, but unfortunately he did not understand English, so after trying to explain our needs to him for an hour and a half, we left. I wanted to go to a drug-store, but had no means of directing the driver. I remembered having seen a sign which spelled "anteka," so I poked him in the back and said, "Anteka." He drove right on. I poked him again and yelled at him.

Thompson said, "What is that word?"

I replied, "That is the Russian for chemist; I saw it on a sign." So he, too, began to ca'l:

"Anteek! anteek!"

The driver thought we were quite mad, and refused to go any further. Waving my arms, I persuaded him to drive on until I saw the sign again, and by poking him in the back we made him stop. Luckily, in the drug-store the clerk spoke English. I asked him the Russian for drug-store. He said, "Aptieka," which did not sound in the least like "anteek." What I had thought was an "n," was a Russian "p." I had been the fool, not the driver.

The druggist gave me a ten-minute lesson in Russian, so when we left I was able to direct our Jehu much more intelligently. Friends who had traveled in Russia had assured me that any one speaking French and English could make himself understood there. I began to doubt the truth of this statement, and decided to learn Russian as quickly as I could. I realized that when one is in Russia it does n't do to assume that things are what they seem—a lesson that was to be ground into my consciousness almost hourly during the long months in which the "Republic of Russia" was being born.

We had dined in a little hotel restaurant that looked more like the dining-room of a boarding-house than a hotel, except that at one end was a very comfortable looking bar, with bottles of all kinds and descriptions. I thought I should like some vodka. Harbin affects one that way. That

was my first introduction to Russian customs, that and the *zakouski* table—a buffet covered with dishes of caviar, sandwiches, cold fish, etc.,—all the delicious relishes that used to be served in Russia before dinner. The revolution and the shortage of food has made the *zakouski* table as extinct as czarism.

It was weary waiting there, so we decided after dinner to go to the station. There we found an impossible crowd. We had to fight our way through to get our baggage registered and weighed. After it was weighed I wished it had not been, because the excess weight cost us a vast number of rubles; in fact, it cost so much that it left a very small margin for the journey. I had expected something like this, but now I think that the man who weighed it and filled out the receipts made a little on the side. No baggage could cost as much as that, excess or otherwise.

The station was filled with a motley crowd. There were Russians with high boots and fur coats, Mongolians in sheepskin coats and funny, pointed hats, and Chinese coolies who were bullied and beaten by the Russian porters. These same Russian porters seemed to have a monopoly of the baggage-handling. They wore white aprons, like butchers' aprons, and were tremendous men; in fact, it looked as if the local butchers' union had gone on strike and had turned porter. Every time a luckless Chinaman would

try to make a few extra cents by carrying luggage, he was made to drop whatever he had and was beaten by the first Russian who saw him. But the Chinese persevered. Every now and then one of them would succeed, only to have his tip taken away from him by some big burly Russian at the door.

The Mongolians were rather fierce-looking men—I was frightened of them at first. They fascinated me so much that I found myself staring at one of them. He turned and looked at me, and I did not stop until I was two rooms away from him. But I came back; they were too interesting to leave. Their sheepskin coats were p'ated at the waist, falling in a kilt to the knees, quite à la mode. They carry long cattle-whips, and wear tremendous felt fur-lined boots. There seemed to be twenty or more different races represented there, but I could not tell what they were. In and out of the crowd wandered dapper little Japanese officers, quiet, but observing everything. They were rather sinister-looking; one did not quite like to see them there. It began to dawn on me what the Japanese occupation of Manchuria meant.

After the luggage was registered, to keep warm I went into the next room. In the center of the room was a huge ikon. It was railed off, and at each side of the rail were tall candlesticks holding hundreds of candles. Very few passed without stopping to pray. Lighting a candle, each man or

woman passed through the railing to the altar, placing the candle on the stand where many others were burning. Their faith was so beautiful that I wished that I, too, could have gone there and, kneeling, prayed for that faith to come to me. There was a constant procession of people in and out of the little gate to the ikon. It was curious to watch them cross themselves in the Russian way, not once, like Romanists, but many times. From there I wandered into the restaurant room. It was jammed, but with a better class of people,—officers with their families, students, people of all kinds. The tea was good. Every now and then I would go out to see if there was any sign of the train. I wandered through, watching the people at the ikon, then back to the door for a breath of fresh air. The bitter cold made it impossible to stay out for any length of time. I watched the Russian porters fighting the Chinese, then, jostled by the crowd, went back to the restaurant.

Eleven o'clock came, and then twelve o'clock. All of a sudden there was a rush and scurry, and the train thundered in. There followed pandemonium. The porters rushed about. We could not find one. When we located our sleeper, it was pitch black; there was n't a light in it. By bullying two men, we got them to carry our luggage in. The last piece had just been placed in the car when

there was a funny little signal of three bells and we were off.

Something had gone wrong with the electric-lights in our car. The car-porter brought one candle, and informed us in Russian—which neither of us understood—that that was all we were allowed in the way of light. He also told us that the water in the toilet-room had burst the pipes, so we had to use the toilet at the end of the car. It was a cheerless prospect. In fact, it was so cheerless that I did not care what happened, and wondered why I had ever left home. Seeing how despondent I was, the porter informed me by sign language that the restaurant car was still open, so I started through the train, one sleeper after another, stuffy and vile-smelling, until near the engine I found the dining-car. Two or three glasses of good Russian tea made me feel more philosophical, so when I climbed mountain high into my berth, I was more at peace with the world.

In the morning I was awakened by a tremendous clatter which sounded as if all the baggage in the world was being moved aboard the train. I was too tired and too cold to get up and find out what was the matter, but very soon I noticed that the car was comfortably warm. The thought of Russian tea waiting for me made me get up. When I reached the platform I saw what had caused the noise. The cars were heated by wood-burning

stoves in the vestibule, the doors opening upon the platform of the car. At each station enough wood was piled into the vestibule to last until the next stop was reached. We had evidently run short of fuel, and the man had let the heat die down. In ten below zero weather carelessness of this kind is rather annoying. I had to step over huge piles of wood on every platform that I passed. To Americans this seems a costly and inefficient way of heating the train. The engine is fed with wood as well, but as there is no coal in Russia, and plenty of wood, what can they do? We were like the chosen people, guided by a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. We must have looked grandly infernal to any lone watcher, for millions of huge sparks trailed behind us like a comet's tail. It was like a voyage through space. One lost all sense of man-crowded places and all sense of direction. It was only in the afternoon, when we rushed over white limitless plains into the flaming sun, that we realized we were going west.

At eleven o'clock in the morning I had tea, excellent white bread, and fresh Siberian butter and eggs. I did not go in to lunch, because the thought of the crowded car was too much. The smell of the people scattered through the entire train was bad enough. The thought of them all cooped up in the dining-car was not pleasant.

My berth was in the only car of *wagon-lits* on the train. The other cars were sleepers of the

Russian Imperial Railway. Our car was kept spotlessly clean. The others were kept clean according to the will and disposition of the man in charge. As some of these men were rather lazy, by the time we had been three or four days on the train the result was unsanitary, to say the least.

There were all kinds of people on the train, including a great many Jews. Some were nice, and some were not, but they were all alike in one respect—they all were noisy when eating soup. One woman, in particular, was most amusing. She would come into dinner with her husband, grumble at everything, and then send one of the waiters to look for her maid. Her maid would come, receive an order, and go away, returning a few minutes later with a piece of sterilized cotton, well wrapped up in tissue paper. The woman would take a piece of this cotton and carefully wipe each knife and fork and each spoon, every plate and the glasses, both for herself and her husband. Then out of her bag she would take two clean napkins, handing one to her husband and spreading the other across her own knees. She amused me for a long time, until one day while going in to have my morning tea, I heard a scream and saw the maid rush out of one of the staterooms, followed by a tray full of dishes. The maid fell, the tray went on top of her and everything that was on the tray was piled on top of that, while the woman stood at the door and used language that I

am sure was not polite. In those days I did not understand Russian.

That night at dinner I was telling Thompson and a young Englishman on the train about this incident. They seemed to think it very amusing. So did I, and we all laughed. I lighted a cigarette. The woman and her husband, seated across the aisle, said something to each other. Then the woman leaned across to me and said in English:

"Excuse me, but you are not allowed to smoke in this part of the dining-car. You will have to go to the other end."

It was just as well to learn this lesson at the time, because most educated Russians speak English.

Day after day we pursued our leisurely way across the Siberian plains. They reminded me of parts of western Canada. Like Canada, the climate in winter is very cold and dry, but in summer the hot sun makes the whole country bloom. Although grain is planted much later than in America, it is harvested weeks earlier. The hours of darkness are few. The sun sets late and rises early, giving many more hours of heat and sunlight than we have in our great western wheat-fields. The white nights in all their glory force the grain in a miraculous way. Overnight, in the spring, winter passes and buds appear, and in the autumn the grain seems to ripen in the same way. There is arable land, virgin soil untouched as yet, waiting for man

to turn it into the granary of the world. That is the impression one has in crossing Siberia, a land of possibility and promise. With wood enough to supply the whole world for five hundred years, with millions of acres of the richest land, with forests teeming with game and fur-bearing animals, with minerals of all kinds, it is a prize for the gods to fight over.

The ground was covered with snow, and in the evening, when the sun set ahead of us, we traveled through a wonderful rosy glow, more beautiful than any Switzerland has ever seen. We passed little Siberian villages, their wooden houses much more solidly built and attractive than those in the western states or in Canada. I suppose that this is where the idea of wooden architecture originated,—from the Russians who came across to Alaska and so down the coast,—but the houses in Siberia were the finest I have ever seen. Most of them were painted bright blues and pinks, vivid against the snow, but where they were unpainted the wood did not seem to lose its color and become weather-beaten as American wood does. At each village everybody was down to see the train go through. The women, with their bright shawls over their heads, carried on pantomimic flirtations with the foreigners on the train, the men, wearing sheepskin coats and fur-lined boots, standing by with good-natured smiles on their bearded faces. There were no signs of poverty there. At stations

where we stopped for any length of time,—and these were many,—women brought huge crocks of butter, pails of milk, all kinds of hot and cold food, such as roast pigs and geese, to sell to the people on the train. The wise ones bought lavishly. I could not understand why the Russians were stocking up with provisions like that, but after being in Petrograd for a few days I soon found out. There food was difficult to find. Each vestibule became a cold storage house. Going in to dinner proved an obstacle race. One jumped over a few crocks of butter, to bang one's nose against a sucking pig. Thrown off one's balance, there would be a wild grab at a pair of geese, to save oneself from falling.

At each station we went out to buy sausage, bread and butter. Then, congregating in one state-room, we would have a picnic meal. My contribution was a bottle of home-made pickles that I had brought all the way from home, the last precious one of five.

At Irkutsk we were to stop for two hours, so a Russian-speaking friend, named Bolton, asked me if I should like a sleigh-ride. It was the first time I had ever seen a *troika*. There were several waiting outside the station, the temptation was too great, and I climbed into the little low sleigh. We had been told that we were to stay for two hours, but no one ever believes anything he is told about trains when traveling in Russia.

"We can risk half an hour, anyway," Bolton said,

"but we dare not stay longer or the train will be off without us."

I remonstrated.

"But we shall be here for two hours, anyway."

He smiled.

"Oh! You do not know Russia." We set off at a gallop, that is, the center horse trotted, while the two free outside horses galloped. We went up a long hill, with a right angled turn at the top, crossed a bridge, and there at our feet lay the whole town. I begged for a gallop down into the town. The driver intuitively knew what I was asking, and coaxed as well, but Bolton refused to stay a minute longer.

Just as we turned to go back, up the hill from the town-side came a company of soldiers. They were marching along, singing one of their Russian songs and swinging their arms as only the Russian soldiers do. That was my first glimpse of any part of the army I was afterward to know so well. We galloped down the hill to the station, ran through it to our train which had been switched to another track, and were told that the second bell had rung. That meant only five minutes more. We had been away from the train exactly three quarters of an hour. If we had taken the conductor at his word, we should have been driving around Irkutsk, and the train would have been miles on its way.

As we neared the Ural Mountains food became

scarcer and of poorer quality. First I noticed that the butter was not so good; then the bread changed from white to a dirty gray color. Twenty-four hours out of Petrograd the last meat on the train was served. We were already a day late, with only enough food for one day more. We had to get there or starve. I had purchased some chocolate and biscuits in Siberia. They were horribly dear, but the prospect of being without food altogether did not appeal to me.

One delay had been caused by the fireman deciding that he did not want to work any more. When we arrived at some little town, he left the engine and did not return. The train was held there for four hours, while the railroad officials found another man to do the firing. No one seemed to think much of this incident, but to me it was extraordinary. Another delay was caused by a hot-box. About six in the evening we stopped at a small station. Nine o'clock and we were still there, so with Bolton to translate for us I went out to see what was happening. Beside the engine stood three men. One of them was holding a piece of tin. On it were rags soaked in pitch. That furnished the light. Two others were tinkering at the wheel. There we were, the weekly Trans-Siberian Mail Express, held up for twelve hours by a hot-box, while three men worked at it, one of whom supplied the light by means of a little tin full of pitch. I thought of a hot-box on the "Twentieth

Century." At midnight I went out again. They were still working at it.

"Why don't you get more men, and work faster?" Bolton asked.

One of them looked around in astonishment, and said, "*Netchevo*; it is all right like this."

Some time the next morning I felt the train moving, and we were off again. We were due in Petrograd Saturday midnight. Sunday found us still on the way. About twelve a man went through the train announcing that there would be one meal served at half-past two, but that would be the last. No other food until we reached Petrograd. At half-past two I went in and found the place besieged by a mob of people. It was hopeless to try and get anything to eat, so I returned to my state-room, finished the jar of homemade pickles, with biscuits and chocolate for dessert, that was my dinner. That night about ten our little contingent, consisting of a couple of Americans, Thompson, Bolton and myself were rather hungry. During a ten-minute stop some of us rushed out and brought back some gray bread, cold ham, and sausage. That was our supper. We were hungry enough to enjoy it. No one knew when we were to arrive, I had a kind of "last meal before the execution feeling." At eleven we saw lights. At twelve they had disappeared, then we saw them again. Some one said we were nearing the town, so I put on my coat. For over an hour I stood, then decided I

should go to bed. As I took off my coat there was a bustle and hurry: we were pulling into the station.

It was a funny trainload of people that disembarked. One old general had a festoon of geese and suckling pigs around his neck. He carried bags in his hands and was trying to hold up his wife who was struggling along with three big crocks of butter. I laughed at them thinking they were thrifty Russians trying to save a few kopeks by bringing food from Siberia. I was left on the platform to guard our hand luggage, while Bolton and Thompson hunted for porters. After waiting about half an hour they returned with one man. Bolton said. "This is the man I got for myself. He did not want to handle your luggage, but I bribed and kicked him, and now I think he is willing." I slid and slipped along the platform and out to the station, bumping into people because I was all eyes. In the waiting-rooms there were ikons lighted, and porters and soldiers rushing in every direction. It was all new and so interesting. I did not have time to watch where I was going. They lost me twice, but finally we all found ourselves bargaining with isvorts-checks for the ride to the hotel. Thompson piled into one sleigh and we loaded as much hand luggage as possible on top of him. All I could see when we finished was one foot sticking out to the side. Bolton and I got into another

sleigh and the porter piled the rest of the luggage on top of us and we started off down the Nevsky. At that hour it was more or less deserted. The snow made everything seem clean. Afterwards I was to find out how dirty it was. The shops did not look interesting, but the people themselves were so new and interesting to me that I was sorry when the drive came to an end.

When we arrived at the hotel we were greeted with the pleasant news that there were no rooms to be had. The old night porter spoke German. I think that was his native language. He also spoke Russian. Bolton threatened and bribed and bargained and finally got a room for himself and a room for me. More than that he could not do. Thompson was stranded. I was taken up to my room and found a cubbyhole so small that there was n't even room for my hand luggage. Also I was very hungry and cold and tired. There was no possibility of getting anything to eat from the hotel, so I began looking through my baggage and resurrected half a jar of malted milk, and a glassful of that was my dinner and supper. I do not know what happened to Thompson that night, but I do know that he was turned out of the hotel. They would not even let him sleep in a chair.

The next morning I crawled out from underneath a pile of bed clothes, traveling-rugs, fur coat, sweater and all the clothes I could pile on top of my bed to keep warm, and telephoned for my

breakfast. I tried in English, then in French, then, driven by hunger, in German. No result. I put on a dressing-gown and stood at the door to my room hoping that a waiter would pass sooner or later. At the end of about fifteen minutes a waiter passed with a tray. I spoke to him in English. He answered in Russian. By this time I was desperate, so I gathered up my dressing-gown in one hand, held on to his arm with the other and marched to the service room with him. He thought I was quite mad. I went in, found it full of boys washing dishes, maids and servants standing around, and still holding on to the waiter, I led him to a table where there was a pot of coffee. I pointed to it, then I found some bread, and butter and a tray. As I pointed to each object, he said the name in Russian. Then it dawned on him what I wanted. But I waited until he piled them on a tray and marched back with him to my room. The bread was a dirty gray color and the butter was not good. The milk was skim milk, but I did not care.

By one o'clock I found Thompson waiting for me downstairs. He had had a terrible time finding shelter, but had succeeded. I won't say how because that is his story. That afternoon the American vice-consul called. He was an old friend of mine and had been in Russia for some time. He seemed very excited about the political situation and told me that trouble was expected any



An ordinary mob outside the Astoria Hotel



Walking on the Nevsky wasn't easy. Parades took place daily

minute. He said there were proclamations posted all over the city warning the people against demonstrations or parades. He afterward told me, and I found out that it was true, that the police had machine-guns posted on the Nevsky, two hundred of them, ready to fire if any hostile demonstration was made by the working people. Every one I spoke to seemed so very excited and muddled that it was difficult to find out the real state of affairs. Nobody knew what was going to happen, but everybody agreed that something was going to happen. They all said the same thing—"Wait a while!" I had a great many letters of introduction to people in Petrograd, some to ministers. If there was going to be trouble between the government and the people, I thought it would be better to wait a week or ten days, until I was settled and rested before presenting any of these letters.

I spent ten days in "doing" Petrograd. Nothing had happened so far, but trouble was surely coming. The workmen declared a general strike. Food was very scarce and so difficult for the working people to procure that they decided that they would not work unless the authorities took charge of the situation and brought in food from the country. There was no scarcity of food in Russia. There was more than enough to feed the whole population, but for some reason or other, things had fallen into a terrible state in Petrograd. The bread-lines were long; everything was dear.

walking on the Nevsky wasn't easy. Parades took place daily

When I say "dear," I mean it was quite impossible for the poor people to have the common necessities of life.

The theaters were all open and doing good business. The Marinsky Theater was crowded. I went there soon after my arrival in Petrograd to see "Maiskayanoch." It is the most beautiful theater I have ever seen in my life, all blue and gold. The royal box in the center of the first gallery is draped in blue and gold, and the grand ducal boxes on each side of the stage are tremendous. Outside of the imperial boxes were two sentries. During the entr'acte the people promenaded in the room where the sentries were standing. As each officer passed, the sentries would salute, and it was worth a visit to the theater to see them do this. They were like mechanical toys. It was far more interesting to me than the opera.

The working people were not the only people who were on strike. It seems that the chorus was on strike that night. The director of the theater had cut their salaries in two, so the chorus said that if they were only paid for half their work, they would only do half their work. They sang in a whisper and only danced half the ordinary steps in their dances. In the first act, there was a peasant dance. They would dance one step, or one measure, and then stand still for one. The audience was amused at first. Then they became angry. In the third act the ballet came on wearing garments

that were like "nighties." They were real Russian "nighties," made for winter weather, thick voluminous and opaque. That was the last straw. The gallery began hooting and calling out, "Down with the curtain! Enough! Enough!" Then pandemonium reigned, and the curtain was lowered. The leader of the orchestra put down his baton, turned around, looked at the gallery with an amused smile on his face, as much as to say, "Well, when you are ready, I will go on." This lasted for about ten minutes. When the curtain was raised and the opera proceeded. This is the only time in the history of the Marinsky Theater that the audience has forced the curtain down.

When I left the theater I had to walk about half a block to get a sleigh. No public vehicles were allowed to come up to the front entrance of the imperial theaters. Private motors and sleighs only were allowed to drive right up. This was very nice, as you were a grand duke, but not so pleasant if you were just an ordinary person and there was a blizzard raging outside and the weather was about ten below zero, as it was that night. The French Theater, too, was playing to full houses. A company from Paris was there, playing "stock." They played all the delightful little French comedies that are in such marked contrast to the bloody melodrama so popular in Russia. Restaurants were crowded, but the food was not good. For eight rubles one could get a dinner consisting of

soup,—usually cabbage soup,—fish, meat or game,—usually game,—a sweet, and coffee, which was extra. Eight rubles at that time were equivalent to \$2.60.

In the shops what there was to be bought was so dear that even if one wanted an article, one could not pay the price. I bought a pair of felt overshoes,—not as nice as the pair I bought in New York for \$5.00, but they cost me \$14.00. I bought woolen stockings at \$3.00 per pair,—not nice, soft woolen ones, but horrible scratchy ones. After I had bought the stockings I decided that any shopping I had to do could wait.

I do not know why, because I had n't been in Russia long enough, but, like everybody else there, I knew that trouble was coming. In fact, I was so sure of it that I wandered around the town, up and down the Nevsky, watching and waiting for it as I would for a circus parade.

CHAPTER II

ONE afternoon I walked to the British Embassy with Bolton. When we went in I noticed that the entrance to the Troitski Bridge was guarded, but thought nothing of it. Coming out, we turned the corner and began to walk towards the Marsovopole—the big parade-ground near the embassy. In the center of the other block, leading from the bridge to the parade ground, was a small group of women, who were talking very loudly. I stopped and wanted to listen. Bolton said:

"Oh, come along; it is nothing."

"No, I am like a Zulu witch-doctor; I smell trouble," I replied. A few students joined this little crowd of perhaps fifty women, and one of them began to make a speech. I noticed that the workmen crossing the bridge were not allowed to proceed, but were turned back by the few police guarding the entrance. I asked Bolton to go up to the women and learn what the trouble was.

"Come along, don't bother with them," he said.

"If you do not go, I shall," I threatened, so he went over and asked two or three men standing together what it was all about. One man replied:

"The women are angry. Their husbands have been working and, coming home, they find nothing

to eat, so they beat the women. The women say it is n't their fault, because they go to the shops to buy bread and there is no bread to be bought, so the workmen have declared a general strike and the women are demanding bread." When Bolton translated this for me, I said:

"Well, I am going to trail the mob."

"Come along," he said, but I insisted.

"I am going to trail the mob," I repeated.

We stood there for half an hour or more. The crowd kept growing until it numbered about two hundred people. Suddenly a few of the women began to sing. There was something familiar about the tune they were singing, but I could not quite decide what it was. The singing grew in volume, and I said:

"Is it? No—yes, it is—the 'Marseillaise'!"

It was a queer Russian version that one could n't quite recognize at first. I have heard the "Marseillaise" sung many times, but that day for the first time I heard it sung as it should be. The people there were of the same classes and were singing it for the same reason as the French who first sang it over a hundred years ago. The day of revolt had arrived. The red flag of revolution was being raised. Russia was to be watered with blood. The reign of terror had begun.

The crowd began to move slowly across the parade-ground. As they did so, a street-car swung around the corner. Immediately the crowd

stopped it, turned everybody out without hurting any one, took the control-handle from the conductor and threw it away into a snowbank. A second car suffered the same fate, and the third and fourth until the blocked cars extended all the way around the huge parade-ground along the Sidovaia to the Nevsky-Prospekt. As the crowd moved across the Field of Mars, recruits who were being drilled were hustled away by their officers. By the time the crowd reached the corner of the Field of Mars and the Sidovaia, it numbered five hundred, and it was growing every minute. By this time, one could hear the singing for quite a distance. I trailed the mob. They marched down the center of the street, stopping every car until they reached the Nevsky. As they turned into the Nevsky, a lot of the men deserted and took to the pavements, but the women kept on marching down the center of the street. Each policeman they passed tried to stop them. They would laugh and talk and sing, but they kept right on. Every moment I expected to see the police charge them, but they were unmolested until they reached the corner of the Catherine Canal. There the police were drawn up across the street and the women were dispersed down each side of the canal. They did not reform. That night there were patrols of Cossacks all over town. That was the first riot of the revolution.

Public opinion at this time was divided into two

camps—those who said the situation was serious and those who said it was not. I belonged to the former, so Friday morning I was out early. I was sure they meant business, because all traffic was stopped and the crowds formed on the Nevsky. Cossacks, riding up and down, dispersed them as soon as they would form. I walked up as far as the Russian-English hospital. The people were running in the opposite direction, but seeing no cause for it, I walked on. All of a sudden, across the street from building to building on the pavements, as well as the center of the street, came Cossacks riding. They seemed to be boys. Not one of them looked over twenty-five years old, and they were laughing and chaffing with the mob. If the people did not run fast enough, they would give them a poke with their lances. It made me rather indignant to be hustled around like that, so I decided I would keep on walking. I changed my mind, however, when I saw that the Cossacks were riding so close to each other that there was n't room for me to squeeze through. I turned and hid in the corner formed by the storm-door of the hospital jutting out on to the pavement and the wall of the building itself, thinking they would ride past and not see me. Looking down I could see the people hurrying, and I smiled to myself because I was clever enough to escape them. Then I received a most awful jab with the butt of a lance. I looked up and there was a young Cossack about eighteen

years old, grinning at me and getting ready to give me another jab. I was furious. I spluttered at him. He said something in Russian that I suppose meant "move on." I did not move, and the second jab arrived. That was enough. I flew across the bridge and back down the Nevsky. I named that bridge "Waterloo Bridge," and that is the name it went by during the rest of my stay in Russia.

We slid and slipped and ran, and slid again, until finally we reached the Kazan Cathedral. There the American vice-consul joined us. All around the cathedral there was a big mob. Sometimes the Cossacks used their whips, sometimes the butts of their lances, but they were n't rough. There was no violence. No one was hurt, and when they would gallop a few feet, or make a run on the people, the people would scatter and then turn around and cheer them. It was a very good-natured mob. That night there was some rioting in the outskirts of the city. Some bread-shops were broken into. Street cars were overturned. Wires were cut. Some people were rioting, but there was no shooting. By Saturday morning the mobs in the Nevsky had been joined by all the riff-raff from the outskirts. One could see at a glance that the rougher element had entered. Early that morning a huge crowd had formed at the Nikolai station and had marched down, smashing windows and stopping all traffic. One man tried to force his way through the crowd. They pulled him out of his sleigh and

beat him. He crawled for refuge into a stalled street-car, where some workmen followed and beat his head in with the control-handle. That, as far as I know, was the first killing. It was a terrible sight. Sometimes as far as one could see up the street, it was black with people. Every now and then the police would try to disperse them. Toward noon the street cleared a little. I suppose they had gone to eat their luncheon. Several people had been hurt, and the ambulances were busy. The next killing took place in a little café near the Europe Hotel. They broke into the café and killed a couple of men, but at twelve o'clock the street was clear enough and people were again heard to say that the trouble was over.

After lunch the mob seemed to have disappeared. Thompson suggested trying to find them.

"I will walk three blocks, but no more," I replied, so we started up the Nevsky and found no sign of the mob. Of course the pavements were crowded with people. They always are in Petrograd, if there is any trouble brewing. Every one comes out to see the fun. At the end of the three blocks, I said I was going back to the hotel. Thompson said:

"Oh, come along! Just another block."

"No, you see they are not even in sight," I said, "and I am so tired that I am like the nigger woman—I am dragging my toenails."

It was difficult to walk. The snow was packed

hard and I was wearing Russian felt-boots that made it impossible to lift my feet, but we went along another couple of blocks. Then I balked like a mule.

"I am not going another step farther, crowd or no crowd. I am going back to the hotel. I have walked ten miles since morning. I do not care if there is trouble or not."

Just then we heard a roar, and without another word the two of us started on a dog-trot to see what had happened. As we neared the square at the Nikolai Station, we could see it was black with people. We could n't get inside the square to see what was happening, so I took up my stand at the first side-street, a short half block away. I had found out by this time that it was always safer to have a side-street near. Until now they had afforded avenues of escape. Thompson went on into the square to investigate. From every statue or pedestal students were making speeches to the crowd. Every now and then the Cossacks galloped through, to clear them away. It was of no use, because they would re-form again, like water after the passage of a boat. He came back to report what he had seen, and we took turns standing back to back. I was keeping watch down the Nevsky, and he was watching the square. All of a sudden I saw the police coming up the street. They were galloping and slashing at every side with their sabers. I did not wait to say anything, but gave

Thompson a tremendous poke in the back and started to run. We slipped and slid and ran down the side-street. When we stopped running, we turned around and walked back to the Nevsky. It took us ten minutes to walk back the distance we had just run. I felt rather foolish. It seemed a silly thing to turn and run like that, but one did not dare take any chances. The police meant business, and their sabers cut. Thompson looked at me and grinned. Then he remarked, "You do not seem to be quite as tired as you were."

When we reached our corner again the station square was fairly clear, so we went up to see what had happened. We found the crowd re-forming again and coming from all the side-streets around. They evidently had run, too. About five hundred of them detached themselves from the main crowd and started down the Nevsky, carrying a red flag that was bigger than anything we had seen.

"Let's go," Thompson said. "That red flag is too big. I do not mind it when they have a little red rag, but that big one looks too business-like for me."

"We will go," I replied, "but the mob will go before us. I have no intention of walking down the Nevsky in front of them."

We let them pass us and then trailed them, walking on the pavement. Two or three times the police charged them, and we had to turn and run. Once they caught us in the middle of a block, and

by the time we reached the nearest side-street, I was the center of a running crowd of panic-stricken people. The only thing I was afraid of was that I might fall. The thought of that terrified me more than the sabers of the police. As I rounded the corner I slipped and grabbed the man nearest me to steady myself. I got my footing again just as he turned to look at me. He was the most villainous-looking man I have ever seen in my life. He turned, swinging on me, but I dodged and got away from him. I am sure it would have given him great pleasure to have knocked me down. Despite the fact that I was wearing a cloth coat and a small slouch hat, I evidently looked too rich for him.

I came back to the Nevsky after the police had passed.

"I am going back to the hotel," I announced. "I am too tired to run any more."

"Well, you have got to get ahead of the mob, then," Thompson replied.

I did not mind getting ahead of them as long as I was far enough ahead, so we started off at a dog-trot. Once we had passed them, we kept it up, in order to let them get far enough in our rear. When we reached the Singer Building we stopped and decided to go up to the American consulate and rest for a little while. Just as we stopped, the vice-consul came out. The three of us stood there, deciding what we should do. Thompson said:

"We will stay here for a while; I do not like the looks of that."

We looked out of the door and saw soldiers, or men that we took to be soldiers, come along the Catherine Canal. They stationed themselves in a double line across the street at the head of the mob, dismounted, and got ready. The mob came on. When it was a short distance away, two volleys rang out. Some of the mob dropped. The rest turned and ran. The street cleared in a second. We looked at each other; nobody said anything. Then, by common consent, we walked out of the building, turned our backs on the police and what was lying ahead of us in the snow, walked quietly down the Nevsky and so along the Morskaia to our hotel. I afterward heard that half of the police had used blanks and the other half ball-cartridges. I do not know if this is true or not, but I do know that some of the people were killed by the police, some were wounded and some were trampled to death when the mob turned and ran.

That night I had made an engagement to go to the French theater. Two weeks in Russia had evidently made me a little Russian myself, because, when the American vice-consul asked me if I still wanted to go, I replied, "Of course; why not?" So we went.

We crossed the Nevsky about eight o'clock. It was deserted except for Cossack patrols. When our driver saw the way clear he decided to drive a

block up the Nevsky and then across, as that was a snorter way. Just as he turned the corner, the Cossack patrol headed for us, and surrounded us. I was petrified with fear, but they passed us and rode up on the pavement where three men were standing in talk. The driver did not wait to take the short-cut up the Nevsky, but beat his horses into a gallop and crossed that street so quickly that we were at the theater before I knew it. More than two people constituted a crowd and were likely to be fired on at any minute. One conceived a curious dislike for one's fellow-men and one much desired to walk alone. Even Thompson and I formed the habit of doing this. He walked about six paces in front, and I trailed behind. We were not unsociable; it was just a precaution.

The theater was half full. Those who were there enjoyed the play. That was the last performance at the French Theater. On coming out there were no sleighs to be found, so we walked across the street from one side to the other at least half a dozen times to avoid walking near or beside other people. If we happened to catch up to any one else, we were scowled upon. We avoided anything that looked like a man or woman. We talked loudly and cheerfully so that people might know we were foreigners. We pretended to be unconcerned, but it was quite a relief to arrive back at the hotel.

Still no one knew what was going to happen.

My opinion was just as good as the opinion of the man who had spent all his life in Russia, because Russia is the country where the inevitable never happens.

All the shops were closed. The wise shopkeepers have iron shutters that were all pulled down. Others have temporary wooden shutters put up to save what was left of their windows, because as the mobs paraded the Nevsky they seemed to take peculiar pleasure in smashing all glass within reach. They did not seem to want to rob the stores, but just to destroy.

There were some people who believed that the trouble was over. Troops refused to fire on the people. When the Czar allowed the Duma to tax the land of the Cossacks, they told him that they had defended him against his own people for the last time. If another revolution were to take place, they would side with the people. The revolution was taking place and already there was some talk of troops being ready to mutiny. No one knew how serious the situation was. The troops patrolling the Nevsky were older and of a more brutal type. The young soldiers whom we noticed on the first days disappeared. The soldiers said that the police had dressed up in soldiers' uniforms and were ready to fire on the rioters.

Sunday morning the Nevsky was crowded with people. It was a beautiful day. The crowds reminded me of "circus day" in a small town. I never saw so many children. Everybody was out to see the fun. All the morning the police had been dispersing mobs, but both the police and people seemed to be very good-natured. Thompson and I trailed up and down the Nevsky, following the crowds as they would form on the street-corners, but neither of us liked the look of the situation.

We lunched at a little French restaurant in the Bolshoi-Kanushnaia. After lunch I thought I would go back to the hotel, since everything seemed so quiet, but Thompson, as usual, persuaded me to take a walk up the Nevsky with an English friend who had lunched with us. We went on, block after block. There was nothing to be seen but the Sunday crowds, until we came to the palace of the Dowager Empress, when we saw a big crowd coming toward us singing the "Marseillaise." We were apprehensive. Something told us that this was no time to linger. The crowd passed us. We stood on the pavement and let it go by. "Those poor devils are going to get it," Thompson said. We turned to go back just about the time the crowd reached the corner of the Sidovaia. As the front ranks came abreast of the side-street there was a roar. We heard a couple of

machine-guns and a volley of rifle-fire. Then all hell broke loose. Volley after volley rang out. The mob turned and ran—those who could do so. The dead were thick; the wounded were screaming as they were trampled down. As the terrified men, women, and children ran back up the Nevsky, they were greeted by a storm of bullets from the Fontanka Bridge at the other end of the block. Then there was shooting from every side. Across the street from where we were standing men began to fire. These men were dressed in soldiers' uniforms. It was denied later that there was any firing from the palace of Marie Feoderovna. That may be true, but I saw men firing from the pavement in front of the palace. They seemed to be on all the adjacent roofs as well, so we were under fire from every point, except from the shops behind us. Some people, too terrified to move, stood still to let the screaming mob rush past. One of these, a well-dressed woman standing next to us, groaned and slowly sank to the pavement. She had been shot. Then a little girl ran along, clutching her throat where a bullet had hit her, and, crying, fell in the street. The mob went over her. The bullets were coming from the roofs and were sweeping all around us. It was decidedly too hot where we were. From the time the first firing started until now, we had stood still with our backs up against a shop window. We couldn't have moved if we had

wanted to. Suddenly Thompson broke the window behind us, bunting it backwards. Kicking away the glass, we crawled in, followed by about fifty people. Some of them were bleeding, but some of them had enough fight in them to resist the proprietor, who tried to put us out with a club. We stayed there for a quarter of an hour, until the men across the street began to take pot-shots at us, and, being afraid the police were going to clean out the whole block, going from house to house, we crawled out. The firing had died down a little, so we started down the street. As we did so they began to shoot again, so we both fell flat in the snow. I fell flat because Thompson yelled at me, which startled me more than the bullets did. After what seemed an interminable time, the shooting died down. I raised my head. I just had time to glance around before Thompson made me put my head down again. All around lay dead and wounded. There were more women and children than men. Two men in uniform were lying near; one of them was a general. I counted thirty, when a few stray shots made me keep very still. I had lost all sense of time. I did not know what was going to happen next, and I did not seem to care.

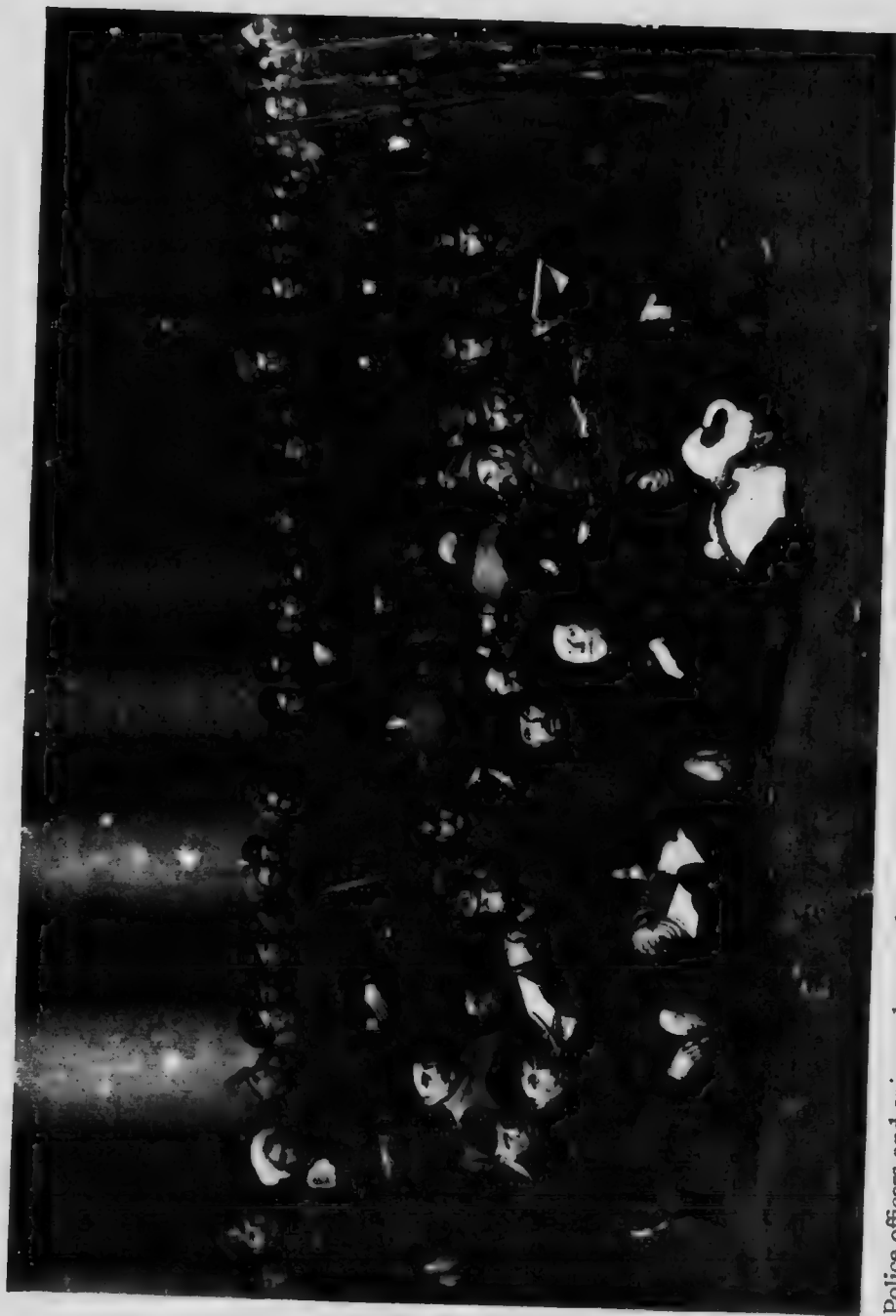
I was numb with cold and had a vague idea that I was freezing to death. I remember wanting to cry; probably I did. There was a commotion around, and I looked up to see that ambulances

had driven up. Thompson was lying so still that I was afraid something had happened to him. Every now and then intermittent shots had been fired, so I thought that perhaps a stray bullet had hit him. He saw me move and said, "Pretend you are wounded; they will carry you off." By the time his idea had filtered through my brain, ambulance men had come up, lifted him up, and placed him in an ambulance. I was wondering what they would do to me and felt very lonesome as I saw him driven away. I had a wild impulse to jump up and run after the ambulance, screaming, but I could n't have moved. I was too stiff with the cold and too frightened. They took me up, put me on a stretcher, and shoved me into a motor-ambulance. I did not dare open my eyes because I was afraid of seeing bodies in there with me. I could have stood seeing wounded men, but I knew that if I were to find a body in the ambulance with me, I should begin to scream.

We bumped over the snow-covered streets, and, fortunately, did not have far to go. They took us to the big city hospital on the Fontanka. They drove up into the courtyard and began to take out the wounded. There were several other ambulances, some being emptied and some already driving off for a second load. As they carried me out I opened my eyes and attempted to sit up. I was so stiff that, in trying to get to my feet, I stumbled and fell. A doctor and orderly helped me to



This police-barracks was the scene of a bitter fight. All the policemen were killed and the prisoners liberated by the revolutionists



Police officers and spies under guard, waiting their turn to be tried by the Duma. These were some of the few unfortunates who were not beaten to death by the mobs

stand up. I believe I was crying, but I am not sure. I explained what had happened and told them I wanted to get back to the hotel. I do not think they quite understood why I had allowed myself to be carted off in the ambulance. I gave up trying to make them understand. I was too near the point of exhaustion. Two soldiers volunteered to take me home. One of them ran out and got a sleigh.

I arrived back at the hotel about six o'clock, where every one was strangely ignorant of what had been taking place. Some people frankly did not believe me. They laughed when I told them that hundreds of people had been killed and wounded a little while ago on the Nevsky. I sat in my room, just waiting. I had no idea what had happened to Thompson. It was with great relief that I saw him come in about seven o'clock.

It was impossible to stay indoors and do nothing. It was too exciting in the streets. About eight o'clock I went out with an American friend to try and find something to eat. To my astonishment, the restaurants were open. We dined at "Donon's." There weren't many people there and those who were there were very nervous. One was not allowed to go up or down the Nevsky, only to cross it. There were sentries posted all about. One challenged us as we crossed the bridge on the Moika leading to the Winter Palace Square.

When we arrived back in the lobby of the hotel

there was a group of people, mostly men, discussing the situation. One fat "drummer" from Chicago, named O'Neil, who was in Russia selling shoes, was greatly distressed. Every few minutes his voice could be heard wailing, "What's the use? They won't believe me; they will just call me a liar. What good does it do me to run from the Cossacks and go through all this fighting, if the boys at home won't believe it when I tell them. They won't believe me! They will just call me a liar!" He did not care about the revolution; he had only one worry, and that was to have his wild tales believed when he sat over a stein of beer, surrounded by a few congenial souls in his favorite café in Chicago. For three days we listened to his wailing, "I ran from them; I ran six blocks without stopping! Do you think anybody will believe that when I get back to Chicago? They won't believe a word of it! Isn't it just my luck?" He begged Thompson to take a picture of him in the mob, just to have some evidence that he was really there. He lived in the Hotel Du Nord, which forms one side of the square at the Nikolai Station. That was one of the most dangerous localities in town. It was impossible for him to get back there in fact, he was n't caring about trying to. Whenever any of us were feeling particularly blue, we would find O'Neil and listen to his wail. I hope his friends in Chicago did believe him, because he was there and in it all.

All that night mobs paraded the city, smashing windows and rioting generally. During the night there was a meeting of soldiers on the Field of Mars. The Pavlovski Regiment took part. It was always the most radical of all. The commanding officer had forbidden the men to take part. A soldier pulled out his sword and cut off the officer's hand. That was a signal for the mutiny to begin, and in a few minutes the men were in control of the barracks. Officers who did not immediately go over to the side of the revolution were killed. From there they went to the meeting, which the Keksgolmski Regiment tried to disperse. They arrested ten of the mutineers and took them to the Fortress of Peter and Paul. It was of little use, however, because by eight o'clock in the morning the mutiny had spread to the Litovski Regiment, whose barracks are on the Litainie. The Volinski was the next to join, the captain who tried to prevent it being shot by the senior N. C. O. The other officers either fled or let the men alone. From the barracks of this regiment they went to the Lieobragenski, who also joined, and then they found themselves in a curious position. They were used to strict discipline; they were fighting for freedom and equality; yet the force of habit was so strong that they could not proceed without some one to lead them. They held a meeting and elected a leader. By this time there were between nine thousand and ten thousand men, all

armed and ready to fight. The first order given by the new commander was that there was to be no useless shooting. The men in their excitement were shooting in the air and causing terrible confusion, as well as terrorizing every one. The three regiments marched down the Kerochnaia with their bands playing the "Marseillaise," until they came to the barracks of a sapper regiment, who joined them, after shooting their commander, who had been foolish enough to order them to resist. Three thousand sappers were now added to the revolutionists who marched to the Engineers' School nearby and recruited five hundred. Then they moved down the Litainie, where the police were fighting. There barricades had been erected, where all,—men, women, and children, police and soldiers,—were fighting, using weapons of every description, from machine-guns to knives.

The buildings where the police had hidden were taken one by one, the inmates meeting with little mercy. A few reached the Duma alive, but most of them were killed as they reached the street. The Palace of Justice was burned. The smoke and flames could be seen all over the city. Corner after corner was won, until the way was clear and the victorious troops marched to the Duma to receive orders from its members.

Meetings were taking place all over the city. The news spread like wildfire, until the telephone service was suspended about five o'clock. Then it

was a case of going out and foraging for news oneself. I managed to keep up with Thompson fairly well. Sometimes I would lose him. Then, when the situation became too dangerous, on account of the fury of the mob, I found my way back to the American Consulate. He ran in for a minute to tell me what he had been seeing. I said I was going back with him. He said it was impossible, that I would be killed.

"It is no more dangerous for me than it is for you," I replied. "I am going."

We left the Consulate while arguing. Finally we had a row in the middle of the street. There was virtually no one to be seen. In one direction we could hear the sound of firing. I wanted to get to it. However, I said, "Very well, I will go back to the hotel." I walked down the Nevsky for a block, turned to the right again at the next corner, and came to where the Pavlovski Barracks are situated on the Catherine Canal. I felt very lonesome. There was n't a soul in sight. Ahead of me, across the Field of Mars, I could see huge columns of smoke rising. There was a big cake of ice on the pavement, so I sat on it wondering what I would do. I turned around, and there was Thompson behind me."

"Well," he said, "you can't sit there long; you'll freeze to it."

I was furious. We had another row, and finally we compromised. I was to be allowed to go as

near as he thought was safe. We crossed the Field of Mars by keeping behind the big banks of snow that had been cleared away from the pavements. We passed the Pavlovski Barracks and got into the maze of streets leading across the Fontanka Canal and up to the Litainie. There the excitement proved too much for Thompson, because I lost him. I hung around on the outskirts, listening to the fighting and dodging from the shelter of one doorway to another. I was a long way from home and was afraid of being cut off. I knew it was only a matter of time before they would be around the square of St. Isaacs and the hotel, and I did not relish the idea of having to wander around with the revolutionists all night. I had seen policemen beaten and killed, had seen men topple off roofs of buildings, and had seen people blood-mad; in fact, I had seen enough and was glad to go back.

I returned along the Nevsky. It was quite deserted. The crowds were busy elsewhere. The police hunt was on. The roundup had begun. They were being hunted out of their holes like rats, and it was a good time for law-abiding foreigners to stay at home. While I had been absent from our own quarter of the town it had been none too quiet there. The police had established themselves in barracks on the Gogolia Street around the corner, and I had to run a gauntlet of machine guns to reach safety. That night all I

could hear was the rattle of the guns. They were shooting from the roofs and to the roofs. Any one who appeared at a window was shot. All curtains were drawn and no lights were shown. They were sure to bring a fusillade. At midnight the Duma formed an executive commission to manage affairs. The workings of the Duma during those days are now a matter of history, and there is no need to repeat what they did.

A commission was put in charge of the Tauride Palace, where arrested ministers were taken. When any one of importance was arrested, he or she was put in safekeeping there. Among the prisoners were the Countess Kleinmichael and the Princess Vwiroubova, both former friends of Rasputin.

The revolutionists reached our part of the city during the evening,—not our square, but the surrounding streets and along the Moika. I found them after midnight in the act of storming a prison. I was perfectly safe in the mob. All I had to do was to say that I was an American and a friend. By shouting at the proper moments and cheering whenever necessary, and sometimes when it was not necessary, I managed to keep from being noticed.

They charged the building time and time again in the face of machine-gun fire, and finally they took it, killing all the police who resisted. After opening every room, they burned the whole place.

As I was in the rear ranks, I did not go in and thus have no means of telling what took place before the merciful flames hid it. While the mob was looking for other nests of police, I decided to go back to the hotel. Going along the Moika and across the square, it was quite quiet, but around the corner the machine-guns were still keeping up a steady fire.

CHAPTER III

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning, just after I had gone to bed, a deputation had come to the hotel and had been met by some of the foreign officers living there. The revolutionists were quite willing to listen to reason. The deputation consisted of both soldiers and civilians. The foreign officers, mostly British, assured them that they would not be fired upon from the hotel. They gave their word of honor that anti-revolution meetings were not held there and that they would observe strict neutrality. In return, the revolutionists said they would leave the hotel alone. About eight o'clock a regiment, while crossing the square, was fired upon by a machine-gun. No one knows exactly where this gun was placed. It is said that it was on the roof of the Astoria Hotel. Other people say that it was on the roof of the building across the road—a government building. It does n't matter now. It had the desired effect at the time. In a few moments a mob had gathered in front of the hotel. Some one had fired a shot from a window. The sight of the mob below had proved too much for a Russian officer, who fired into it with his revolver. The answer was a fusillade from the mob that killed sev-

eral people who happened to be near the windows or were looking out at that moment. Among others a Russian princess was shot in the throat. She crawled into her bathroom, locked herself in, and was slowly bleeding to death when she was rescued by some British officers who broke down the doors. In less time than it takes to tell it, all the windows downstairs were broken. The crowd surged into the lobby and spread over the ground floor like rats. Every one was panic-stricken. The only ones who kept their heads were the British officers attached to the General Staff. Under General Poole's orders they proceeded to do what they could to save the women and children in the hotel. Some one had set fire to the hotel downstairs, and smoke began to pour out of the elevator-shaft and the stairway. Terrified women were rushing around, some of them full dressed, some only half-dressed, begging to be saved. The coolest woman in the hotel was an Englishwoman who was found sitting on her trunk, which was packed, smoking a cigarette. She was ready for any emergency that might take place.

The revolutionists started up the stairs. At the top of the first flight they were met by General Poole and Lieutenant Urmston. Lieutenant Urmston was the spokesman, and he delivered a short speech that undoubtedly did more to save the hotel and the people in it than anything else. He told them that the firing had been a mistake, that

no one in the hotel had attempted to take sides against the revolution, that the building was filled with foreign officers and their wives and families, and that if they intended to kill everybody in it, at least they should allow the officers to remove the women and children first. Lieutenant Urmston was born in Russia and naturally spoke Russian like a native. When he stopped speaking there was deep silence. Then a big, burly soldier reached down into his pocket, pulled out a package of the vilest kind of cigarettes, handed one to General Poole, and said, "*Tovarish courite.*" (Comrade, have a smoke.) General Poole bowed and took the cigarette; the man handed one to Lieutenant Urmston, who in turn offered one of his own to the soldier. Lieutenant Urmston lighted a match, held it to the general's cigarette, then to the soldier's, and then blew it out, explaining to the soldier that it was bad luck to light three cigarettes with one match. That appealed to the soldier, who, like all Russians, was very superstitious. There was a sigh of relief from everybody standing around, because, if any one had made a false move, without any doubt the story of the sacking of the Astoria Hotel would have been much more tragic than it was.

While this interview was taking place some of the British officers had gone down to the basement to destroy everything in the wine-cellar. The wine-caves had already been broken into by the rev-

olutionists, but, with the help of students and some soldiers intelligent enough to realize the disastrous consequences of allowing that mob to reach the wine-cellars, the British officers managed to destroy nearly everything there. Major Scale was in command of the wine-cellar, and he told me that they worked so well and so quickly that very little of the wine reached the mob outside. They smashed bottles until their arms were so weary they could not lift them. They staved in all the casks of cognac and whiskey until they were literally knee deep in everything from champagne to vodka.

The women were allowed to leave the hotel, carrying as much of their personal belongings as they could. Most of them took refuge either in the Italian embassy across the square or at the Hôtel Anglais next door. Very few of them seemed to realize the narrow escape they had had. In fact, most of them resented being turned out of their comfortable rooms. The big restaurant, the tea-room, and the lobby were entirely wrecked. Outside there were huge piles of glass, while the furniture and books of the hotel were put on a bonfire and burned. Women went around gathering bits of broken plates, or anything they could lay their hands on. The souvenir hunters were busy, and through it all the mob was the best natured mob I have ever seen.

During the first commotion I had slipped out of my own room and managed to get outside and

mingle with the people, so I had the novel experience of assisting to attack and sack the hotel I was living in. When it was all over I found that I had rather enjoyed it.

The foreign officers were allowed to leave the hotel, that is, those who wanted to, and as each French officer came out of the door, he was cheered by the crowd. In fact, most of the foreign officers were cheered. Some of the Russian officers were killed. One or two had been shot at the windows during the first fusillade. Others were taken across to the courtyard of the German embassy and shot there. I do not know how many were killed. I have never been able to find out.

About ten o'clock most of the crowd moved off. A guard was put in charge of the hotel, and as the upper stories had been left intact a great many people decided that they would stay there. This was not from choice, but from necessity, because every hotel in Petrograd was so crowded that these people would not have been able to find shelter anywhere in the city. All day long there were rumors that the hotel was to be completely destroyed. At four o'clock every one was given half an hour in which to leave the hotel. They said they were going to blow it up with dynamite. Troops in passing had fired on the guard in the hotel, killing several of them. This was an accident, as they both belong to the same side. However, the hotel was blamed and was to be blown

up, so everybody evacuated the hotel; but by eight o'clock, finding the hotel still standing, some of the British officers went back. These rumors were persistent, but as one friend said to me, "I am going back to the Astoria. I might just as well be blown up as freeze to death."

For days and days afterward there was a reek of wine around that corner that was sickening. Through the snow one would step on bits of broken glass and bottles. The remains of the bonfires were there for weeks. It was a desolate sight. The huge plate-glass windows had disappeared, and shutters were put in their place. There was no light and no heat.

As things had become much quieter, I followed some of the crowd down the Morskaia. The sight of a tobacco-shop suggested a smoke. I heard one man say to another, "Have you any cigarettes?"

"No, let's get some," the other replied.

No sooner said than done. One of the men raised his foot and put it through the window of the tobacco-shop. He kicked away the glass and crawled in. Two or three followed him, and I stood there. Evidently I must have looked as if I wanted to smoke, because one of them took a handful of cigarette-boxes and gave them to me, saying, "Would you like some?" I took them and said, "Thank you." He struck a match, lighted my cigarette, and then lighted his own. They filled their pockets, and the three of us went on down the

street. I left them at the next corner, thinking I would take a little walk around the block. That little walk around the block lasted one hour and three-quarters.

As I went to turn the next corner, I was greeted with the old familiar rat-tat-tat. There was a police barracks on the Gogolia Street where a few police were still holding out. Every now and then I would duck my head around the corner to see if it was safe. I waited there thirty-five minutes, until I saw some people, coming from the opposite sidewalk, cross the street safely. Then I gathered my courage in both hands and walked across, too. I continued down to the Admiralty, and turned to the left to come back to St. Isaac's Church. As I came to the corner of the church, just one block away from the hotel, the firing began again. Across the street were two soldiers who were sniping at a roof that was just around the corner from me. Every now and then there would be answering shots from this roof. I did not want to linger where I was, because the Admiralty was in the hands of loyal troops and every now and then they had been firing with machine-guns, sweeping the street where I was standing. Neither did I want to turn the corner and get between the soldiers and the police whom they were shooting at. Even if the police were on the roofs, the soldiers were not good enough shots for me to risk walking below. After a while the soldiers

got tired of it, put their guns on their shoulders, and walked off. I decided that that was a good chance and started up the street. There was no use running. Any one who was running was shot at immediately. In front of the Astoria there still remained a small crowd. One man had a bottle of wine. As he raised the bottle to drink, a student came along, snatched it out of his hand, broke it, and said, "Don't drink! If you do, all our work will be undone."

As the Anglais Hotel had to feed several hundred refugees from the Astoria, it was impossible to get anything to eat there. In the dining-room people were scrambling and fighting for food. There were Rumanians, Russians, Serbs, French, English, Japanese—every Allied nation, every neutral nation was represented there. I waited at the dining-room door for an hour, and then was rescued by a friend who took me to his room. He had played the good Samaritan to two or three other people who were gathered there. They were eating sardines, Dutch cheese, and black bread. He managed to get some cocoa from a waiter, and as long as that cheese and his sardines lasted, we lived in luxury.

After lunch I decided I would try to get to the American Consulate, to see what was happening up there. Ordinarily, one could walk this distance in ten minutes. It took me two and one-half hours. I stood for three-quarters of an hour in a

cellarway, listening to the bullets hitting the plaster above my head. I do not know what they were shooting at, but I do not think they were shooting at me. They must have been trying to shoot through the windows of the house above me. By this time I was getting accustomed to revolutionary tactics, so as soon as there was a lull in the firing, I started off again. It is a queer sensation to walk along a street, expecting to hear a bullet hit near you, or to feel it hit you at any minute. The only other people on the street were the men riding up and down in motor-cars. Each car had about fifteen men, one with a rifle on each mudguard, one on the bonnet, and the rest standing packed in the body. Shooting their revolvers into the air, firing off their rifles, and out of their heads with excitement, these men would race up and down the streets. I was still wearing a red band on my arm. As each car would pass, I took out my handkerchief and waved at them and cheered them. I had to cheer; I was too frightened not to; but I consoled myself by swearing at them under my breath.

At the American Consulate they were just closing up when I reached there. It was quite impossible for the vice-consul to reach his own home, so he decided he would come back to the Hotel Anglais and take shelter there. The consul left with us, and except for having to hide in cellarways and stand on corners waiting for the firing

to stop, we managed to reach the hotel without further difficulty. It was half-past seven when we got there. With the exception of ten minutes at the consulate, I had been all that time doing what I could ordinarily have done in less than half an hour. As I came into the hotel, one old Englishman whom I called "John Bull," said:

"Where have you been?"

"Out," I replied.

"Where?"

"On the Nevsky."

"Well," he said, "you are a brave woman—no, you are not; you are a damn fool!"

In the dining-room dinner had been going on since four o'clock. There was no chance of getting anything to eat there, because it seemed to me that there were hundreds of people waiting. Anyway, the food was so bad it was n't worthwhile. One was given soup and meat, or meat and dessert, if there was any dessert. The soup was cabbage-soup and the meat was some kind of game. I called it "roast crow." It was impossible to eat vegetables, even when there were any, because of the fear of dysentery. There were no potatoes, and the black bread was uneatable. The only drink was *kvass*, a non-alcoholic drink made from bread fermented with yeast and sugar. Although there was n't enough bread to feed the people, there was enough to make *kvass*. Anywhere in Petrograd one could buy it. I dined as I had

lunched,—on sardines and Dutch cheese,—and that night I made the acquaintance of hard-tack. Some one had found some ship's biscuits and had bribed the waiter for some cocoa.

All night long the firing kept up. They said in the hotel that the police were on the roofs of the houses around, firing on any one that moved or into any window where a light was shown. I had a little cubbyhole of a room, in which I was more fortunate than some others, because even billiard-tables were used for women to sleep on.

Wednesday morning things seemed to be quieter, although I was awakened by the sound of a machine-gun. Somehow during the night the battle had shifted from the Gogolia to St. Isaac's Church. Afterwards I found out that the police had abandoned the house where they were entrenched and had taken refuge in the church. To them this was more advantageous, as they could sweep the entire square and every street leading to it. Every now and then a motor-truck or a motor-car would dash madly into the square, fire a few rounds from machine-guns, and then dash out again. Nobody seemed to be firing at anything in particular. They seemed to be firing for the mere pleasure of making a noise.

About ten o'clock I went up to the American Consulate. Except for smashed windows and dead horses lying around the streets, there were no signs of the recent disturbance. The consulate had

been broken into several times, but nothing had been stolen.

I told the vice-consul that I was going up to the embassy. He said he would go with me. Thompson, Winship, the consul, the vice-consul, and myself left the consulate about twelve o'clock. We went out by the back door that led on to the Catherine Canal. As we came into the street, we stopped, because at our right, across the Nevsky, suddenly there was a terrible burst of machine-gun fire. There must have been several there, because the noise was awful. We stood there for a few minutes, trying to locate their position, then decided that the revolutionists must be attacking a bank that was near the Kazan Cathedral. At our left everything was quiet, and we went along the canal into the Field of Mars. There Mr. Winship left us to go to his own home, and we went on, crossing the Field of Mars and the Litainie, to the Kerochnaia, where Mr. Lee shared a flat with Mr. Martin of the American Embassy. By this time it was one o'clock, so Mr. Lee very kindly asked me if I would stay there and have lunch before going on to the embassy. We went up the stairs and found Martin and Kleforth, also from the embassy, waiting for lunch. We sat down and were telling each other about our narrow escapes, when all of a sudden their Russian maid rushed in, crying out:

"Barin, they are killing on the stairs!"

We looked at each other. I did not understand her, or rather I understood her, but could n't grasp the meaning of what she had said.

"Who is killing what?" Martin said, but she rushed out again, only to come in a second later to say, "They are coming in!"

None of us spoke a word, but we all got up and filed into the kitchen. There came a sound that was n't pleasant. We cautiously opened the door and peeked out. A few steps below us, on the turn of the stairs, there was a scuffle going on. We could hear the butts of rifle-stocks hitting something. I think we all felt rather sick. Martin closed the door again and said to the maid:

"Do not lock it. If they come in, do not try to stop them. Tell them we are Americans."

Then we solemnly filed back into the dining-room and sat down. Suddenly there was a ring at the front doorbell and Dasha came in, asking, "What shall I do?"

"Answer the doorbell," said Martin.

We still sat in solemn silence. Dasha went to the front door. We could hear her talking, and then men's voices answering her. She did not come back, so we went to investigate. She was talking to two soldiers who were very excited—much too excited to be carrying loaded rifles and bombs which they had tucked under their arms. Martin bowed; they bowed; we all bowed.

"Come in," Martin said.

They thanked him and came in. They asked us who we were, what we were, and it seemed to me put a hundred other questions all at once. It was rather awkward, because Martin is slightly deaf and did not answer them quite quickly enough. Dasha came to the rescue and began scolding them for invading a flat belonging to nice American gentlemen, who were working at the embassy, and the American vice-consul. That sobered the soldiers for a moment, and then Kleforth had the brilliant idea of showing them his diplomatic passport which was written in Russian. On the passport was the red seal, and two little red ribbons were hanging down. The soldiers could n't read, but the sight of the red seal and the ribbons was enough. Any one who carried a paper with red ribbons must be all right. Red was the color of the revolution. That was all they wanted to see. They were delighted. They shook hands all around, and one of them seized my hand and began kissing it. After the scene on the backstairs I had no desire to have my hand kissed by such a man. Evidently my face must have expressed something of my horror, because Kleforth gave me a poke in the ribs and said "Smile," so I smiled.

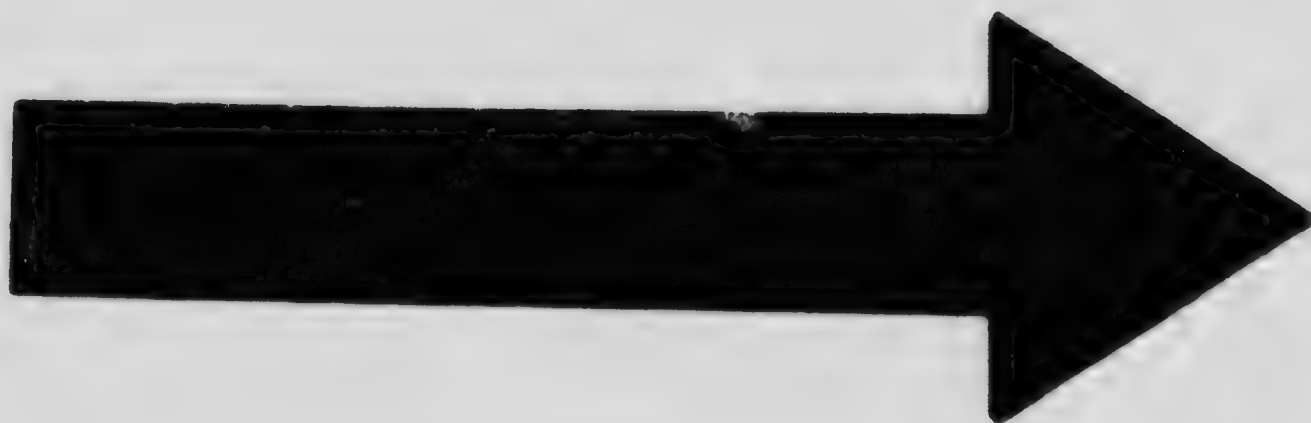
Martin asked them to come in and have some tea. They came into the dining-room and we all sat down. The soldiers placed their bombs at the edge of the table. Now they were the nasty

kind of bomb that only has to be dropped to explode.

"Get those bombs away from the edge of the table," I said.

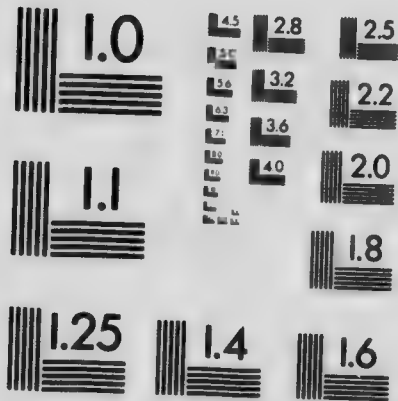
"All right, as soon as I can," Kleforth said.

The soldiers were very pleased with their reception,—so pleased that they entertained us with a description of how they had just killed a policeman. All the time we had been talking to them there was a terrible noise of bumping and smashing going on. None of us paid any attention to it; we did not dare to. I thought they had placed a big gun on top of the roof and that it was being fired. We did not talk among ourselves in English; we did not want to arouse any suspicions. One of the soldiers described the killing. He used his comrade as a dummy, and, picking up his rifle, showed how he hit him with the butt and then stabbed him with the bayonet. Finally he sat down, and we all applauded. I picked up a bomb and said in Russian, "May I see it?" The soldier was delighted. He explained how it was made, and all the rest of it, and I said that it was a very beautiful bomb and carefully placed it in the center of the table. Martin did the same with the other, so we felt fairly safe. Dasha rose to the emergency and took up both their rifles, scolding them. She said that the dining-room of a house was no place to leave loaded rifles, and put them on the floor in the drawing-room. The soldiers



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did not like to see the rifles go out of their possession, but they were too polite to protest. They stayed and stayed, and talked and talked. All the time that horrible noise was going on. Finally one of them said to the other:

"We must be going."

"*Si chas*," his comrade answered.

Now *si chas* in Russian should mean "immediately," but it really means any time to-day, or to-morrow, or next year. Kleforth whispered:

"I hope that is a good American *si chas*, and not a Russian one."

"I hope so, too," I answered.

Conversation had died down. We all sat in silence. Finally, with many bows and many a "thank you," they got up and, kissing my hand again and shaking hands with the men, filed out.

We came back and sat at the table, and for ten minutes nobody spoke. Then somebody asked:

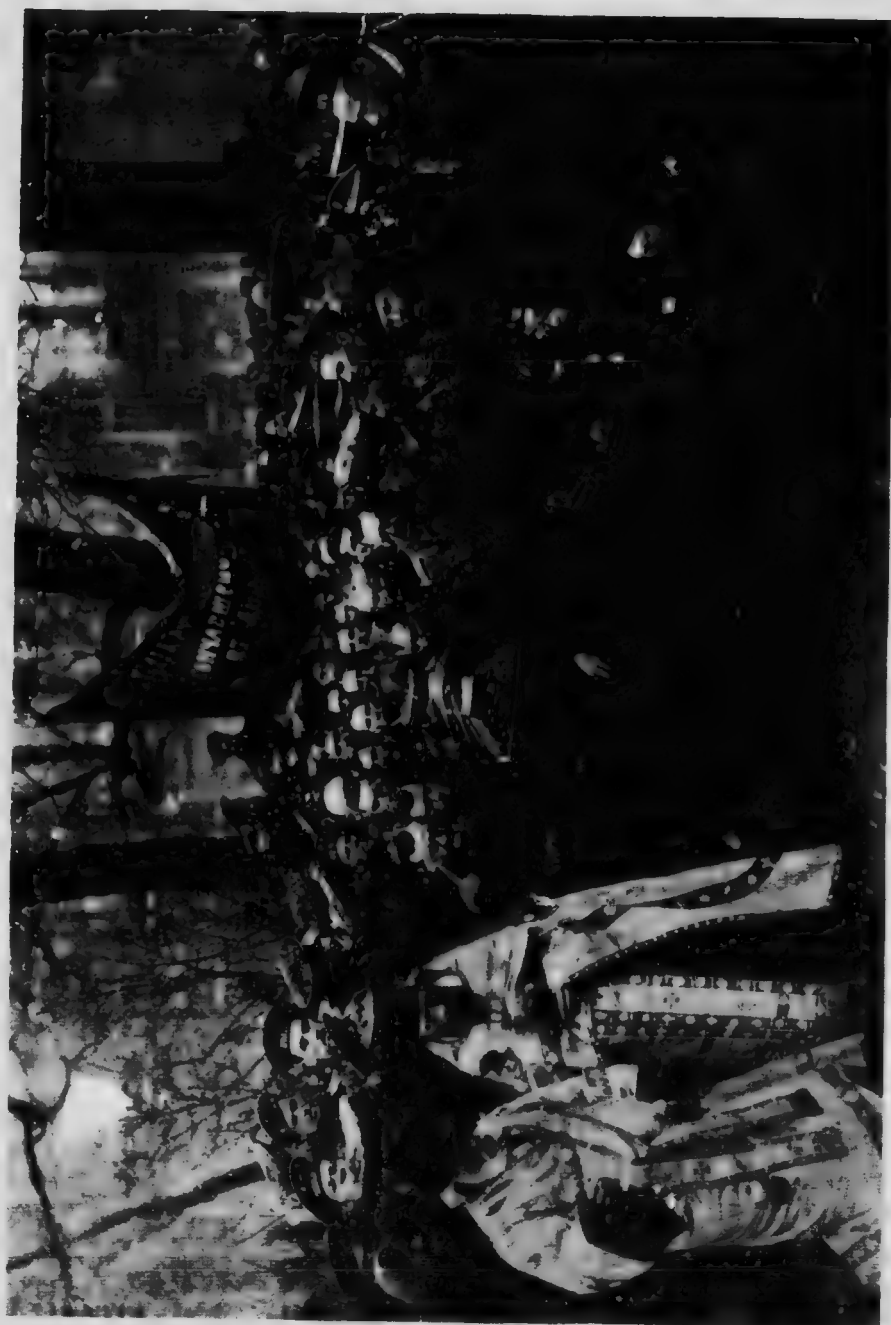
"What was that noise?"

"Let's go and see," I said.

We put on our coats and went out. Downstairs we found the flat below had been completely wrecked. The front-door had been smashed in, and everything inside had been smashed. That was the noise which we had heard. It seems that two policemen had taken refuge in there. They had been pursued and caught. Trying to escape, they started up the back stairs, were overtaken at our landing, and had been clubbed to death.



Officers assembled in the square of the Winter Palace ready to march to the Duma to take their oath of allegiance to the revolution



Burial of one of the few officers beloved by his men. He was killed while fighting with them for freedom

Their bodies had been dragged through the court and out on the street. Then the soldiers wrecked the flat they had been hiding in leaving nothing. They found many bombs and took possession of them. That is how our two men happened to be carrying them.

I felt as if the embassy would be the safest place for me, so I asked the *dvornik* at the door if it was safe. Being told that there had not been shooting for five minutes, we decided we would try it, so we went around the corner on the next block to the embassy.

After a long walk around the Litainie through the district where fighting had been the fiercest on Monday and Tuesday, I decided that there was nothing more to be seen in that district, so I started for home. Except for a few isolated shots and the distant rattle of a machine-gun, we heard nothing until we arrived at St. Isaac's Square, just a few yards from the entrance to the hotel. At the Morskaia on the corner stood a group of people. That meant that there was shooting around the corner. One never disregarded these signs, so I waited for a minute and then poked my head around. From St. Isaac's Church came a rattle and a roar, and the square was swept by machine-gun fire. That was the last straw. I had walked about ten kilometers. I was tired. The thought of walking away back to the embassy to seek shelter for the night did not appeal to me, so I said,

"I am going home," and turning the corner and walking close to the wall, I managed to reach the hotel entrance.

All that evening and until late at night, we listened to the machine-gun firing from St. Isaac's. No one was allowed near the windows in the hotel. It was too dangerous. During the night the Cossacks invaded St. Isaac's by catching the porter and making him open up the doors. In the basement they found forty police asleep. These men were worn out with constant fighting. Some of them had not slept for nights. They had been hunted from one house to another. In St. Isaac's they were making their last stand. They knew they would be killed on sight, so they were trying to kill as many as possible before their turn came. The Cossacks killed them there in the basement, and climbing to the roof got their ammunition and machine-guns. They had six guns on the roof and I think ammunition for a month. The same morning their bodies were carted away. I do not know what happened to them. Probably they were thrown into a hole that was dug through the ice in the river. That was the last stand of the police, and, except for isolated shots, that was the last rifle-firing I heard.

CHAPTER IV

I FOUND out where the bodies of the people killed in the revolution had been placed. They were scattered in the various hospitals throughout the city. I went to the nearest one, a big city hospital on the Fontanka. There was a sentry at the gate, but as he did not attempt to stop me, I walked through. I did not know which way to go, but I saw two women walking along, crying, so I followed them. They crossed diagonally a large court to a group of isolated buildings that were nothing but shacks. One of them had a cross on it, so I supposed it was the mortuary chapel. There was a stream of people going into it, and I followed. Inside, as high as they could be piled, the chapel was full of coffins, some of them painted white and some of them made of unpainted pine. There was no room to stand, except near the door, where there was a small group of people, mostly women, and a little space around the altar, where a priest was standing. I did not wait to count the coffins. It was too harrowing.

I went out and walked along to the next little shack. In looking through the window to see what was inside, I came up close to it. Right against the pane, on the other side, was something

that made me jump back. It was the body of a peasant. He had on his cap and muffler and boots. He was fully clothed, in fact, but his whole chest had been torn open. His hands were up, as if he were defending himself, and the blood had splattered until from his neck to his waist, including both arms, he was simply a red smear. On his face were huge patches where the blood had splattered. He had not been washed. He was lying there as he had been picked up, frozen. I walked around the shack, wondering if I would go in or not. Finally I decided that I would. On a bench running around three sides the bodies were thrown. They had been placed there as they had been picked up, and they had been picked up as they had fallen. Some of them were doubled up, and some of them were lying outstretched. There were men, women, and children. I recognized one in student's uniform. Another was a little girl. Some of them had papers pinned on them, telling who they were. Next to that shack was another and then another. Opposite that was a big shed. I went in there and found about one hundred and fifty bodies piled up. People were trying to identify their dead. People of all classes came in. They would search among them, pulling the bodies this way and that, always looking. One in the uniform of the police was beyond recognition. He had literally been beaten to a pulp. A few of them wore knee-boots, but as boots are

scarce in Russia, very few had boots on, because they had nearly all been stolen. I stood there watching, when a man and two women came in. They searched among the bodies for a while, and then the man and one woman went out. I looked through the window and saw them standing in the courtyard, crying. The other woman kept on looking and finally she found what she sought. It was the body of a young girl, a girl who must have been very beautiful because, even blood-stained and dirty as it was, one could see that her face was a more refined and gentler type than one usually sees in Russia. With the help of a soldier, the woman pulled the body free from the others and found a place for it on the bench. Then she went out. I followed her. The man looked at her. She just nodded. Then suddenly tears came into her eyes, and she said, "But she looks so young—just like a baby!" Then they put their arms around each other and cried. That is the way the people for three weeks searched and found their dead.

Coffins were scarce. The poor people could n't afford to pay the exorbitant prices asked, so they would pin a paper on the bodies of their dead, giving the name and asking for money. The people passing by would throw kopeks on them. I noticed that nearly all the bodies of the young were well provided for, but those of some of the poor old men did not receive a copper. All day

long this search went on, and as soon as the chapel was emptied, more coffins would be brought in. Most of the dead were identified. When the day of the funeral came there were only two hundred left to be buried. In another hospital I wandered into the crypt of the chapel. In was a huge room, and around three sides ran a large bench where bodies were already straightened out for burial. They were more gruesome than the others. One did not mind so much seeing them when they were all twisted and contorted, because they were more like wax figures, but when there was row after row all laid out, washed and decently clothed, one realized that they were really dead. The Sunday before the funeral I saw in one place over fifty bodies that were still unprepared for burial.

The Provisional Government had great difficulty about this funeral. Some people wanted their dead buried in the Field of Mars; others wanted them buried in front of the Winter Palace. The government was afraid to have a funeral, because there was no police force in the city, except temporary militia, and they feared rioting. It would mean that a million people would be gathered together, and in the inflamed state of mind they were in it would have been dangerous to give them additional cause for excitement. Three times they set a date for the funeral, and three times the date was changed.

It was all very well as long as the cold weather

lasted, but as the weather became warmer it turned the morgues into pesthouses.

The Duma finally won out. The place of burial was in the center of the Field of Mars. Over this spot a monument will later be raised.

After a week's silence it was suddenly announced, on a Wednesday, that the funeral would take place Thursday, the next day, April 5. The only vehicles allowed on the streets that day were carts that were carrying the coffins. The processions formed at the various hospitals where the bodies were lying, to join into one huge one at the foot of the Nevsky.

At nine o'clock in the morning the big procession at the foot of the Nevsky was well begun. Students were marshals of the parade. Each one who was marching in the parade had a ticket supplied by the temporary police. No one without a ticket was allowed to march. They were divided into ranks eight deep, sixteen abreast, each company in charge several students, who were carrying white sticks. When the procession was to halt the students would raise their white sticks. Immediately the marchers would stop down the Nevsky or could see the white sticks go up and the parade halt at once. The same signal served to start them off again. Despite the numbers that marched, there were no disasters. All day long they marched up the Nevsky, across the Sidovaia, and so to the

Field of Mars. Some of the bands played the "Marseillaise," but most of them played the "Hymn of the Dead." There were just as many women as men in the parade; in fact, I think there were more. Each company carried several banners,—black and red; all the women were dressed in black. The Field of Mars was shut off from the public on every side. No one was allowed within half a block of it. By using my wits I managed to get over to the center, where a stand had been erected for members of the Duma and the ministers.

The grave was in the form of a hollow square, the coffins being placed at each of the four corners. As the people marched in, all the bands struck up the "Marseillaise." The men took off their hats, but what spoiled the solemnity of the scene was the fact that the marshals of the parade had to hurry them along to get the ceremony over by night. If it had not been so desolate, it would have been amusing to see them break into a dog-trot as they passed the grave. The men who lowered the coffins into the graves would slip and slide, and several times they just escaped upsetting not only themselves, but the coffin they were carrying.

I stood there for four hours. The parade still went on. I went back and had my dinner. At nine o'clock I walked to the Field of Mars again. The parade was still passing. I watched until ten, and, looking down the Sidovnia, I could n't

see the end of it in sight. I do not know what time the parade finished.

Sunday afternoon curiosity took me up there again. I waded through a sea of mud and snow to the center of the field, and looked down into the grave. The coffins were still lying there; no one had even attempted to cover them up. Monday the scene was just the same. On Tuesday night a few men began shoveling earth on the coffins, but it was n't until a week later that they were finally covered. To-day the grave is marked by a large, square mound of earth, railed off by ropes. So far there has been no further talk of a monument. Since then there have been so many other victims added to the list that it will be a long time before these first few martyrs are remembered and their grave marked as it should be.

Every day reports reached us of hold-ups and assaults in the outlying districts of the city. A friend of mine, going home one evening, walked along the Little Neva. He was accosted by a man who said, "*Tovarish*, give me money!" My friend paid no attention to him and walked on. The man said again, "*Tovarish*, did you hear what I said? Give me money!" Not another soul was in sight. On one side was a deserted street, on the other a steep embankment down to the ice of the Little Neva. The man said a third time, "*Tovarish*, give me money or it will be worse for you!" My friend, who spoke Russian and, in fact, was

born in Russia, turned around and swore at the would-be robber. Then he walked on. The man followed him and, getting uglier, threatened him with all kinds of awful things unless he handed over all the money in his pockets. My friend turned, and before the man could defend himself gave him a furious blow on the jaw, which sent him spinning down the embankment to the ice below. My friend turned around and walked home.

Every day one heard of apartments being entered. People were even robbed on the Nevsky. Soldiers stopped women and begged money from them. One dared not refuse them, at least, a Russian dared not. I did, and they did not insist. Some of the criminals released from Peter and Paul Fortress by the revolutionists were rounded up and interned again, but a great many of them remained at large. As all records had been destroyed, it was extremely difficult to identify these escaped convicts.

One had a feeling that mysterious things were going on, a feeling that is rather uncomfortable, and one saw strange things that were never explained. One night in April, on my way back to the hotel, I turned at the Austrian embassy into the street that faced it. I was with an American. We had been playing "bridge" with friends on the Forstadtskaya. It was about half-past one or two in the morning. From the opposite end of the street, which was only two blocks long, although

they were long blocks, swung a company of mounted soldiers. There were about twenty of them. They clattered up to a house near the middle of the block and, at the word of command, dismounted. Leaving a few men below to guard the horses, they went in the door of a house. We could hear them stamping up the stairs. We stood still and flattened ourselves against the wall of a house on the opposite side of the street, but further down. One had learned by this time to see nothing and hear nothing, if anything out of the ordinary happened. Suddenly a light was seen in a room on the third floor. There were sounds of a short struggle, and then in the silence of the night came a terrible scream that ended in a gurgle. My companion said, "It's dead!" The light was left burning. We could hear the men coming down the stairs. They came out of the house quietly enough, mounted their horses, and clattered past without paying any attention to us. In fact, I do not believe they even saw us, as it was quite dark. We stood there for a little while, looking at the light burning. We did not quite know what to do. Then, by mutual consent, we turned and went back again to the corner of the Austrian Embassy, and took another route home. Neither of us wanted to pass that house. To show how uncertain we were of our own security, neither of us ever mentioned this incident, except to talk it over between ourselves in whispers.

A week or two after this incident this same man, with an American from the embassy, accompanied a lady home. While they were saying good-night to her outside the house in which she had an apartment, a company of soldiers rode up to a house diagonally across the street. They stood watching, because there was something strangely familiar about the whole proceeding. The same thing happened, only this time there was the sound of a terrific struggle and no light. After the men rode away, the two Americans also left. Their friend, being a Russian woman, was curious. According to the story she told afterward, a story which I have no doubt is true, she went across the street into the house and up one flight of stairs. All the doors were open and no one was in sight. Everybody had fled or was in hiding. In one room she found the body of a man. It was literally cut to pieces. The furniture was demolished, and there was blood all over the walls and bed. She took one look, and then fled back to her own home.

No one knew who was being killed. It was easy for a man with a bitter grudge to have an enemy put out of the way. The soldiers and murderers knew that the chance of punishment, or of being caught, was so slight that they were virtually immune. On one street for an entire block there was not an apartment that was not robbed. It was no secret that the anarchists had a map of the city,

with each house that contained valuables or money marked on it, so that when the day came they would know exactly where to go to get all the booty they wanted. They had no doubt that that day was coming, and neither had any one else, for we felt sure that there would be a reign of anarchy in Petrograd and in the other big cities of Russia. The Russian officers themselves knew it. They went about their business with the full knowledge that their end was coming very soon. I have heard them say not only to me, but to other people, "It is n't so much that I object to being killed, but I am not going to be killed without getting a few of them first." Each officer hoped that when his time did come he would be able to kill a few of these advocates of anarchy who were dragging Russia lower than she has ever been before.

CHAPTER V

EVERYTHING seemed to be quiet, so I decided to go to the front. My greatest difficulty was in trying to find out the man who was able to give the necessary permit. No one seemed to know, so I decided that my best chance to get there was to go with the Red Cross.

In April, Colonel Eugene Hurd arrived in town. He was the only American in charge of a Red Cross field-ambulance. He said that if I were willing to go back with him, he would take me to his hospital, but that I would have to leave in twenty-four hours.

Colonel Hurd was a friend of the head of the Russian Red Cross. He introduced me. I do not know what he told him. All I did was to show my papers. What interested the other most was a French pass, issued by the Minister of War, allowing me to go to the French front. That seemed to be all that he wanted to see, because he told me to come back next morning and he would have everything ready for me. The next morning, after about half an hour's delay, I received my papers. One, written in Russian, said that I was a member of the Russian Red Cross on my way to Broussi to work in the hospital there. The other

was an order for a pass on a military train. Colonel Hurd told me the train left at three o'clock, giving me just two hours to pack, have my lunch, and get to the station. I was willing to do it, and could have done it, but Hurd decided at the last minute to wait until the next day. It is just as well he did, because the next morning at the station we stood in line for three and a half hours before we could get near the window to buy our tickets. There were two lines, one civilian, the other military. Each was served in turn. The soldiers were already feeling the new freedom, because they objected strongly at having to wait while a civilian was served. This led to several rows, until one red-headed peasant told them what he thought of them and threatened to thrash the whole lot. After that there was peace.

We moved up one by one, until finally our turn came and I received my pass. We left at 3:40. The train was jammed, the corridors being filled with soldiers and women with babies. On military trains first-class carriages consist of two berths. The upper one is used for sleeping, the lower one for sitting. Each carriage in this way holds five persons. Colonel Hurd got me an upper berth, and secured a corner seat for himself. This meant that while I could lie down during the night, I had to stay there all day long, unless I could get some one weary enough to take my place during the day. In our carriage were three Rus-

sian officers, young men who were all going back to their regiments. As Hurd spoke Russian fluently, he talked to them, but it was n't until we had left Petrograd three hours behind us that I discovered that they could speak French. We then carried on a three-cornered conversation, which was mostly translating, as Hurd could n't speak French and I could n't speak Russian. At dinner-time one of the officers opened the basket his mother had given him and shared its contents with us. He had white rolls filled with rice, and all kinds of good things. I contributed sardines and candy. Hurd had some hard-boiled eggs. We opened the sardine-tin with a saber belonging to one of the officers. It had just been freshly sharpened for the benefit of the Germans.

At ten o'clock I was told to climb up to bed. The officers took off their boots; I did the same. They loosened their belts; I loosened mine. They pulled their greatcoats over them. I stretched out and pulled my military cape over me, and we all settled down. All night long we were disturbed by soldiers coming in and asking for a place. It was n't the presence of officers that kept them out, but the fact that there was a foreign woman in the compartment. They had already become disorganized enough to have the courage to invade a first-class compartment, whether officers were there or not.

It was a miserable ride. The carriage was full

of fleas, and I never can be happy if there is a flea anywhere near me. The next day we seemed to stop at every fence-corner. At one station where we stopped an hour and a half we got out and had dinner in the station. We had our supper at about eleven o'clock at night, at a little station where we stopped for ten minutes. The next day we changed trains and got on a little spur that ran from the junction directly to the front. I called it "Hurd's Special." An hour on this little train brought us to the station at Broussi. There one could easily tell that Hurd had arrived where he was master, because all the soldiers at the station knew him and two of his orderlies were down to help him off with the luggage. A *troika* was waiting. It was the first I had seen since my ride in Irkutsk. There was no road, as far as I could see, leading away from the station. When I asked Colonel Hurd which way we were to go, he laughed and said, "Wait and see." The driver turned around and asked the Russian equivalent for "all set?" To this Hurd nodded, and we were off.

The driver headed the three horses at a gallop across the tracks. We jerked over them, gained the other side, whirled through a gap in a wire fence, and so across the country, for nowhere in particular, as far as I could see. Hurd said something which I did not hear. I was too busy hanging on. He repeated it.

"There is a German."

"Where?" I asked.

"Coming this way." He was looking up, so I looked up and saw an aëroplane headed in our direction. Ahead of us I could see the forests.

"What is he coming over here for?" I asked Hurd.

"Oh, just to have a look at us."

"But how far are we from the German lines?" I said.

"Four miles," he answered.

"Is he after us, or the railroad?" I said.

Hurd laughed.

"Oh, I do not suppose we bother him much, but they are rather fond of bombing the tracks when they get a chance."

The German kept coming closer, until he was almost over our heads. As I was watching what he was going to do there came an awful roar. I never heard such a noise in my life. The German had dropped a bomb that missed the railroad-track by fifty yards. The noise frightened the horses. They had been galloping before, but now they flew. We came to a dirt road, going across fields. Another bomb dropped into the trees. Hurd looked anxious.

"I do not like that; it is too near our buildings," he said.

In the distance I could see the Red Cross flag floating over the treetops. We approached rap-

idly and, swinging among the trees, soon came to a group of log buildings and tents. The second bomb had dropped halfway between the hospital and the little spur railway that was used by the evacuation train.

"How do you like it?" Hurd said.

"Very well, so far," I answered, "but now I want a gas attack."

"Wait long enough," he said, "and we will have one."

The *troika* swung around a group of trees into a little clearing on the edge of the forest. We jumped out and went into a shack built of pine-boards. We passed a compact little kitchen and went into the dining-room. There the head sister was waiting for us. She was rather astonished to see me. She did not know who or what I was, but with true Russian courtesy she pulled out a chair and said in French, "Don't bother talking until you have had your breakfast." The breakfast was a revelation. It consisted of hot coffee with real milk, white bread and fresh butter, sausage and eggs, and all the sugar I wanted. Colonel Hurd is blessed with a never-failing appetite, so there were no explanations until he had finished. The head sister must have thought that all Americans had the same kind of appetite, because she seemed very astonished when I would only eat two eggs and refused a third cup of coffee.

Colonel Hurd told her I had come down there

as a guest of the Red Cross to write stories and take pictures of the work they were doing, but that the other sisters were not to know. To them I was to be a nurse. News of my arrival had evidently reached the wards where the girls were nursing, because every now and then one of them would pass the window and peep in. I was just as curious as they were and could n't pay much attention to the conversation.

After breakfast the head sister took me around on a personally conducted tour. The building we had breakfasted in consisted of a portable house, forming one wing, and a frame building, forming the other wing at right angles. In the corner were two buildings, joined by the kitchen and passage. The front of the building looked upon open ground and the railroad; at the back were the sleeping quarters of the nurses. The other wing contained the dining-room, linen-room, and pharmacy. This was the domain of the head sister. To the left, a neat little house of logs contained three rooms, where the chief (Colonel Hurd) and the three junior doctors slept. To the right and a little in front was the hospital itself. The surgery was in one corner; in front of that was the surgical ward. A smaller ward was for serious cases, and three small rooms, with one bed in each, were used for officers. In the center was the entrance, and on the right was one main ward, with three large wards running off at right angles. In all,

there were four hundred beds. At the back of these buildings were several dugouts, all built by the soldiers, working under Colonel Hurd. One was an ice-house, containing enough ice for the entire summer; adjoining this was the cold-storage room for meat. Another room contained inflammable material, such as benzine, and the things used in hospital work. There was a bath-house, a cowshed, a poultry-yard, sheds for the men, field-kitchens, stables, and sheds for hospital wagons. In fact, it was a complete camp. There were also nine tents, each containing a bed. All the buildings were camouflaged with pine-boughs. The tents alone stood out in the open, each one flying a huge Red Cross flag. A short spur of the railroad ran up to within a hundred yards of the hospital. This was used by the evacuation train. There were two hundred soldiers, fourteen nurses, and three junior doctors, besides a doctor who had charge of the evacuating train and the assistants who were under his orders.

It was all most interesting to me. Probably if I had known how long I was to stay there, I should have been more interested on that first day. As we were making our tour, the aeroplane which had followed us on our drive from the station flew back again to the German lines. Anti-aircraft guns were firing at it from every direction. It seemed as if there was a circle of them around us. We had to take shelter from the shrapnel, because men

or nurses were often wounded by falling pieces of shell.

Dinner came at one o'clock. We sat at a long table, Colonel Hurd at the head of it, the head sister at his right, and myself at his left. Next to me sat the doctor who had charge of the evacuation train, Nicolai Nicholaivitch Orloff. Next to him sat the three junior doctors. At the foot of the table was the fat sister who had charge of the housekeeping. Colonel Hurd spoke Russian, and when he had something to say to the head sister that he wanted no one else to understand, he spoke to her in German. She did not speak English. As I did not speak Russian fluently, I spoke to her, as well as to Nicolai Nicholaivitch, in French. All the others spoke Russian, so at meal-time a brisk conversation was carried on in four languages, because, of course, Colonel Hurd and I spoke English to each other.

The first day I did nothing but walk around, taking snapshots of everything in sight, watching the wounded coming in on the Red Cross cars, looking at the men being moved and watching the girls at work. The next morning I was informed that if I wanted to stay there, I would have to work. Upon my arrival the Soldiers' Committee had passed a resolution stating that there was to be no free board, and it had sent a delegate to Colonel Hurd to inform him of this action. He came

to me and asked me if I would be willing at least to make a bluff.

"If you cannot do anything else," he said, "will you spend so many hours in the hospital, so the sanitars (orderlies) can tell the men you are working there?"

"I am perfectly willing to work," I answered, "if I did not have to stand the night watch; and if you will teach me, I will work with you in the surgery."

That pleased him, so next morning at nine I reported for work, much to the astonishment of the two sisters who were in charge of the surgery. When a patient was brought in, the sister in charge of the ward in which he was placed came in with him. One of these girls had evidently taken a dislike to me. She was bandaging a foot, and I sat watching her, thinking what a dirty foot it was. She looked at me and said in Russian, "Are your hands clean?" I answered, "Yes." Without a word she handed me the bandage and walked off. That was the first time in my life that I had ever had a bandage in my hand. Colonel Hurd saw what had happened and walked over. Without appearing to do so, he instructed me in English how to bandage the foot. I was very nervous, but I evidently did my job well, because I heard the little green-eyed sister who did not like me remark, "It is not true; she is a nurse."

About half an hour afterward a man was brought in and placed on the table. I went up to Colonel Hurd and asked him quietly, "What are you going to do now?" He threw one word at me—"amputation." One of the junior doctors and the nurse gave the man an anesthetic, and Colonel Hurd said to me, "Stand here and take the dirty instruments as I use them." I thought he was taking a lot for granted, because he knew I had never seen an amputation before. In France I had seen many terrible things in the hospitals, but I had done no nursing and had seen no surgical work. To my astonishment, I found that I was extremely interested and acquitted myself not too badly, until, turning quickly, I stumbled over a pail. I stooped down to push the pail out of my way, and, staring up at me, was the amputated foot. It had not seemed very horrible to see it cut off, but it did look horrible sticking out of the pail. I decided I had had enough for that morning, and went out.

I went over to the pharmacy and began telling the head sister of the morning's work, when an orderly arrived. He saluted, and said in Russian:

"The compliments of the *nachalnik* (officer commanding). Will Sister Florencia Williamovna please come to the surgery at once?"

There was nothing to do but to obey, so I went back. This time it was an intestinal operation. A convoy of wounded and sick had just arrived.



Lieutenant-Colonel Eugene Hurd of Seattle, Washington, in his troika



The wounded arrive in two-wheeled carts

All the nurses were needed, so this time I had to be there, because my help was necessary. I do not know how I lasted through that morning, but evidently my work had not been so badly done, because Colonel Hurd told me at dinner that none of the nurses had the slightest suspicion that I was not an American Red Cross nurse.

That was the morning's routine. Every morning, after the dressings were attended to, the operations and amputations took place. If the hospital was not crowded, we had from after dinner until four o'clock to ourselves, but from half-past four until seven I was on duty again in the surgery. Every two days the hospital was evacuated of all the patients who could possibly travel. The train held three hundred, and it never left without at least two hundred and fifty aboard. Most of the sick were scurvy cases. A great many were suffering from pleurisy. Apart from these, all other cases were surgical. The hospital was usually full, except for an hour or two after the train had left. Very often we had to turn away convoys coming up from the front. There was a Siberian unit near, which took all the cases we could not handle. Colonel Hurd never turned away the bad cases, because he knew that at his hospital the poor men stood a much better chance than they would at any other. The difficulties under which he had to work were tremendous—short of supplies of all kinds, his appliances all home-made,

the wounded arrive in two-wheeled carts

and the nearest supply dépôt at Minsk. It did not do much good to write there for necessities, because the dépôts at Minsk were just as empty as our own storeroom, and it took from two to four weeks for supplies to reach us. This was true despite the fact that it took only twenty-four hours by a slow train.

If there was a possibility of saving a man's life or limb, Colonel Hurd would work day and night, never giving up until it was too late. One morning three gangrene cases came in. One died within a few hours. The second had to have his leg cut off below the knee. The third had a bullet wound halfway between the foot and the knee, and the chief decided there was a chance to save this limb.

"If I were in France," he said, "I would have my appliances all ready, but as I have n't, we will have to make them."

He begged two bottles from the head sister, and had the blacksmith cut holes in them. Into these holes he fitted corks. Into the corks he put a piece of rubber tubing that he dug up from some corner. That was the principal part of the apparatus. The man's bed was raised by means of blocks of wood, an upright board being strapped to the foot of it. On this Colonel Hurd placed the irrigator. By putting one bottle on the floor and one on a chair and then running the tubing through the wound, he managed to establish a draining

system that seemed to work very well. The man's temperature began to go down.

While Colonel Hurd had been arranging this apparatus everybody in the hospital had heard of it. The nurses who could do so came in to watch it. It took him four hours to do it, because everything had to be done under his supervision. It was impossible for him to explain, because they had never seen anything like it. The next day the patient was moved into the surgical ward to have the wound examined. At once trouble began, because the adhesive plaster holding the rubber tubing in the wound would n't stick. It was placed time and time again, and Colonel Hurd would just be having a well-earned five minutes' rest when the sister in charge would come to him and say, "Doctor, it leaks." Without a word, Colonel Hurd would begin all over again. I never have seen a human being as patient as he was. Thompson came along and watched him for a few minutes. Then Colonel Hurd remarked, "I wish I had some good American adhesive tape." Thompson went out silently and brought back several rolls of adhesive tape that he used to seal up the tins containing his film. He handed them to Colonel Hurd, who was just as delighted as if somebody had handed him a million dollars. After that everything became easy. That American tape held, where the Russian tape would not do at all. That man got well. This is only one incident to show

what one American can do, and the need for American help and supplies.

Every one connected with the hospital was proud to have an American surgeon as chief. His fame had spread all over the country. The men themselves could see the work he did, and they knew that very few Russian surgeons had either his skill or experience. Every day there was a stream of people,—peasants from the country around,—waiting to see him. The majority suffered from toothache. Of course, there was no chance to have a tooth filled, so the only thing possible was to pull it. Colonel Hurd would take them into a little dressing-room and point to a chair. The man would sit down and open his mouth. An orderly would hand Hurd the forceps. Then a good big pull and the tooth was out. Sometimes there were two or three teeth to be pulled. The man would spit out the blood, stand up, give a little bow, or many bows, and go off smiling. I wondered if these men ever complained. They seemed to have no sense of pain.

Women brought their babies to be doctored. There were cut fingers, queer bumps to be cut off, and all kind of diseases. Colonel Hurd would do the best he could, advising the simplest remedies, so that they could understand. One old woman came, mumbled something about his greatness, and pointed to her eye. Colonel Hurd looked at it and laughed.

"How long have you been blind in that eye?" he said. She told him eight years. He gave her an eye-wash and told her to be sure and use it on the other eye, but I am sure that the blind eye gets bathed regularly. Her faith in him is so great that she feels sure her blind eye will get well some day.

The next day this woman returned with a younger woman. From the description of her ailments, I felt certain she had every disease under the sun, and I expected her to collapse there and then. It was all I could do to keep from laughing when Colonel Hurd ordered her to take calomel and salts. The woman took the medicine and went off, grateful and happy. I wonder if she was as grateful and happy the next morning!

It was pitiful to see these people come in. Some of them had never seen a doctor before, and all had implicit faith in Colonel Hurd and his medicine.

CHAPTER VI

ONE day shortly after I arrived all the nurses were ordered to be in the dining-room at three o'clock. Curiosity made me arrive there at the same time. In one corner of the room a small table had been placed, with a clean cloth covering it. The Easter decorations were still up, so the pine-boughs formed a green bower. Standing there was the priest, wearing a gorgeous robe, a robe of yellow all stiff with gold. It did not become him very well, because his hair was greasy and his face was dirty. I stood near the door, watching what was taking place. The chief came in and stood beside me. He explained that the nurses were going to take their oath of allegiance to the revolution. One could see that the girls were taking it very seriously. They were visibly impressed. They felt that they were helping shape the destiny of their country, as, indeed, they were, because thousands and thousands of Russian women took that oath. Most of them had no idea what the words meant. To them they were words, but the thought and spirit of the words was a closed book to them.

As her name was called, each girl went up and,

placing her hand on the Bible, repeated the following oath:

I swear on my honor as a citizen, I promise before God and my conscience to be always faithful, constant, and devoted to the Empire of Russia, my native land. I promise to serve it to the last drop of my blood, trying with all my strength to promote the glory and good of the Russian Government.

I further promise to obey the temporary government which directs at present the affairs of the Empire of Russia, until we have a government chosen by the people, with the aid of their deputies. This service which is put upon me I promise to fulfil with all my strength, having in my heart only the welfare of the empire, giving my life for the good of my country without regret.

I swear to obey all those who are over me, fulfilling all their commands in all cases, according to my honor and right as a citizen of my country. I swear to be honest, conscientious, and brave, and not to break my oath for profit, for my family, for friendship, nor for hatred.

In conclusion and promise thereof, I make the sign of the cross and sign my name.

She then kissed the cross, crossed herself, and retired to her place in the line. When the last one had taken this oath, the priest gave a short address on their duty to the new and free Russia.

They were very subdued, and I am sure they meant to do their best to keep the oath they had just taken. A few weeks later every one of them had broken that oath, both in spirit and in deed, being in open rebellion against all authority.

Our head sister, Maria Constantinovna, was a little white-haired woman of good family. She

spoke French and German fluently, and was anxious to learn English, despite the fact that she was nearly sixty. She was a splendid type of Russian woman. At the beginning of the war she was immediately stationed in a hospital at Warsaw. Her previous experience in the Japanese War gained her this position. Sometimes during long summer afternoons she would take an hour off and tell me stories of what she had gone through. The most awful experiences she had had were after the big gas-attacks, when the men would be placed not only in the wards, already overcrowded, but in the halls and on the streets.

She was an Imperialist, because one of the grand duchesses, a sister of the czar, had been at the head of the hospital and she had seen the splendid work done by this woman. She belonged to the old order that was passing away. I think, as the revolutionary ideas permeated through the staff, her heart was slowly breaking.

During the first few weeks there was no evidence of the change, but gradually I could notice it. At first it was a little order that would not be carried out, or one of the nurses would attempt to argue. Of the fourteen nurses, only four were over twenty-five. The others were from eighteen years up. They were too young to withstand the contamination of socialism.

It has been said that no Russian woman was safe anywhere near the front. This is quite true. The

demand for nurses was so great at the beginning of the war that the Red Cross and the *Zemsky Zyus*, a similar organization, recruited nurses from all ranks of society. The Red Cross was more particular and got the pick of the women, but the *Zemsky Zyus* was not as fortunate. The result of this was that women, even the Red Cross nurses, were not treated with respect and had a bad reputation near the front. I have seen several instances of nurses in field-hospitals who were there not so much to nurse as to ply an ancient and dishonorable trade. Because of this, girls who were serious about their work and who were respectable had to be extremely careful.

Maria Constantinovna was very strict, not because she wanted to be, but because it was absolutely necessary. As the "all-men-are-equal" doctrine reached the front, the soldiers began to cast longing eyes at the young nurses. Until now the nurses had been their superiors. Now they were all equal. A growing discontent became noticeable. The soldiers were dissatisfied because of the strict discipline enforced by the head nurse. The girls were restless, because they said they were not school-children, but free Russian men.

The three junior doctors helped themselves. Each one made his choice. The youngest and cleverest chose a little green-eyed blond sister, named Nadine. She was flattered, and the result was seen very quickly. The first sign was a pair of

earrings. A day or two later she appeared with her cheeks rouged. Gradually she became so overbearing in her manner that the other girls, one and all, banded against her. One of the other doctors chose the prettiest girl. She and Nadine became great friends. The third doctor soon made his selection. She joined the other two girls. These three were virtually ostracized by the rest. The other girls, during the afternoon when they were n't busy, would hold indignation meetings. Very often they would come in and tell me their troubles. By this time I had learned enough Russian to understand them.

The head sister could do nothing. Every time she remonstrated with them she was told that they would get up a petition and ask the Red Cross to send her to another hospital. As soon as she interfered, the fourteen would band together against her. It was a family quarrel. Colonel Hurd saw a great deal of this, but he did not see it all. They stood in awe of him and were cunning enough to keep out of his sight.

For a few weeks things drifted along, until a notice was received that a convention of nurses was to be held in Moscow. A meeting was held and one of the older girls, Vassilieva (nicknamed "Vasca"), was elected as delegate. The girls felt very important. They felt that they were having a share in the government of their country. That nurses' convention was more important to them

then the old Russian *soviet*. Vasca departed with good wishes and cheers following her. She was away for ten days. During that time the entire topic of conversation was what was happening in Moscow. After we had given up all hope of seeing her, one morning we discovered that she had arrived about four o'clock. She had a very bad cold, so her report had to wait for two days. What she then had to say proved most interesting. The convention opened with a row, because the other organization refused to acknowledge the *Zemsky Zyus*. The nurses belonging to that organization first tried to fight it out, and then left the hall in a body, hired another place, and held a convention of their own. The chairwoman of the convention was the wife of a doctor in Moscow. The convention was opened by a general. Evidently the doctor's wife was not as serious as some of the nurses would have liked, because, while the opening speech was going on, a note was passed from hand to hand until it reached the platform and was opened by the chairwoman. This note ran thus:

You should be ashamed of yourself to carry on the way you are doing! You are wearing a short skirt, silk stockings, and high heels. Your face is rouged, and you are flirting with the general. If you do not behave yourself, we will not only kick you out, but beat you as well!

The chairwoman immediately had hysterics, the general went to her rescue, and there was pande-

monium. No one knew who had written the note, so the guilty party was not punished. Another chairwoman was elected, who wore longer skirts and cotton stockings. The convention did not get down to business for four days. It opened early in the morning and lasted until late at night, but during the entire four days it did nothing but fight. Finally several motions were carried. Among them were the following:

There were to be no more head sisters. The head sisters could remain, but without authority. They were to stand night-duty like the other nurses, attend to the pharmacy and the linen, attend to the burials, lay out the dead, etc. Their pay was to be cut. When necessary, they were to be allowed to represent the nurses if distinguished visitors arrived.

Each hospital was to be run by a committee. This committee was to consist of six nurses for a body of one hundred, or four nurses for fifty or less. All questions concerning the duty of the nurses were to be decided by this committee.

Uniforms were to be worn only when the nurses were on duty. Off duty they could wear any clothes they pleased. They were to work with the sanitars as comrades. (Until now these orderlies had been under their authority while on duty in the hospital.) They were not to be held accountable for anything done while off duty.

In other words, no one could criticize them, no

matter what their conduct was, except while on duty in the wards. There were no resolutions passed to help them with their work. They threw off the yoke and became "free women." For Maria Constantinovna, the end of the world had come. She belonged to the old order that was passing away, and she did not want to live in the new. As she listened to the lecture on liberty which Vasca was delivering, the tears began running down her cheeks. I could have taken each one of those girls and thrashed them. It was pitiful and tragic. One could see the end in sight.

Vasca had lost no time in enjoying her new freedom. Our *batouchka* (priest) came over for funeral service a day or two after Vasca returned. She was still in bed with a cold. The priest looked around the table and asked for her.

"Sister Vassilieva has a bad cold," the head sister replied. "She has n't been well since she returned from Moscow. She is in bed. I do not know what is the matter with her, as she refused to allow me to take her temperature or to look at her."

"But she was quite well the night she returned," the priest said, in surprise. "I met her at Krevichi." This was a junction station twenty versts away.

The head sister, who had an instinct for news, remarked innocently:

"Oh, you did not notice that she had a cold, then?"

"No, she was quite well," said the priest, who loved to talk. "She got off the train and found she had missed connections for Broussi. As she wished to return that night, she asked me if I could get her a carriage in which to drive over. A doctor from the Siberian unit was there with his *troika*. I asked him if he would take a passenger, and he said he would be delighted. I introduced him to Sister Vassilieva, and was very glad that I had been able to do her this favor. I knew that she would arrive safely."

"What time did they leave?" the head sister asked.

"But shortly after they arrived," replied the priest. "I was n't more than half an hour arranging the r. . . It could n't have been more than half-past . . . I am sorry that she caught cold during the drive."

The head sister did not answer. Nobody said a word for a moment, because every nurse there knew that Vasca had arrived at the hospital between four and five in the morning.

After lunch the head sister went to Vasca and asked her why it had taken from half-past eight until half-past four to drive twenty versts. Vasca at first refused to answer; then she said the driver lost his way.

"That is nonsense," the head sister replied. "That man knows the way. He drives over that road every day and there was no possibility of getting lost, because there was a full moon."

"It is none of your business what time I arrive," Vasca answered. "You have no more authority. I am a free woman and no one has any right to criticize me."

The head sister made it her business to find out from the driver what had happened. He told her that the Siberian doctor and the sister had got out to walk, as it was such a beautiful night. He was ordered to drive ahead and wait a verst farther on. Three hours later they arrived and got into the *troika*. Then they drove on.

The pity of this incident was that every soldier and officer in the vicinity judged the entire staff by what this girl had done. We soon knew that the news had spread, because from that time on we were bothered by officers walking or riding past, dropping in to call at all hours of the day and night, and making our lives miserable. The young sisters were delighted; the older girls were disgusted, and the four of them, with the head sister, did what they could to uphold the dignity of their position.

A few days later I saw one young doctor come out of Nadine's room. He had no business in that part of the house. It was reserved for the

nurses. I went into the pharmacy and told Maria Constantinovna. She said, "It is finished; I can do nothing."

When she had been told that she had no more authority, her answer to the girls had been: "The Red Cross pays us. We are under its orders. I remain until I receive word from the head of the Red Cross that I am dismissed. You will do the same. As long as you accept their money, you have no right to obey the orders of any one else. You have your duty to fulfill, and I am here to see that you do it." At first they were indignant. Then they laughed, because there was no possible way by which she could enforce her authority. To send a letter to the Red Cross took weeks, and for an answer to come back meant months.

One evening I heard the sound of music. This was not extraordinary, because we heard it every night, but it seemed to be a little louder and a little gayer. I was playing chess with Colonel Hurd at the time, and as he could not go and investigate, I went out. Beyond a clump of trees, out of sight of our living quarters and the various houses, was a group of soldiers. They were gathered in a semicircle. Some of them had balaikas, and others concertinas. In the center of the group some soldiers were dancing with three of the nurses. Nadine was one of these, and the three junior doctors were looking on, applauding. This was strictly against all rules, because the



Sister Marasova and Sister Nadia, with three of our peasant patients



Sister Olga, with Wassili. He was always smiling and never complained

nurses were not allowed to have anything to do with the soldiers while off duty. I went back and reported to Colonel Hurd. He did not know what to do. He was in a quandary. Finally he said, "I will leave them alone to-night, and see if it occurs again." A few nights later the same thing happened. The girls were supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock three or four of them were still out with the men.

The next morning Colonel Hurd sent for those who had been dancing. He talked to them for two hours. The gist of his remarks was as follows:

"All over the world the Red Cross is respected. It is a badge that protects any woman who wears it. When you wear it, you are officers, and, like officers, you must do your duty. In America, in France, and in England no woman of the Red Cross is allowed to associate with soldiers while off duty. Discipline must be enforced, and as long as you wear that badge you must remember that you, too, are officers who must enforce it. I have no objection to your being nice to the soldiers or to your talking to them, but you have no more right to dance with them and go walking with them than I have. How do you expect them to treat you as you should be treated, if you lay yourself open to criticism? These men want only one thing. They tell you that every one is equal now, and ask you to go walking with

them and to dance with them. If you dance with them, if you go walking with them and these men attack you in the woods, you have only yourself to blame. You are playing with fire. You are young girls. Not one of you is yet twenty. Do you realize what will happen if you keep on? Go ahead,—you are free women,—but when you come to me, because you have been attacked, abused, and ill-treated, I will only be able to say that it is your own fault. After this I am not going to forbid your mingling with the soldiers, if you want to, but remember that you are trailing in the mud a symbol which stands for the highest and best that woman has ever been able to give. I love Russia too much to allow Russian women to be the first to do this without warning them."

When he had finished, the girls were crying, and they promised him that they would behave. They did, as far as the soldiers were concerned, but the arguments used by the doctors were too subtle for them.

I think that when Colonel Hurd left, he was glad to go, because to have stayed would have meant seeing the utter ruin of all organization and discipline in the hospital where he had done such wonderful work.

CHAPTER VII

ONE day our *nachalnik* announced that we were all invited to a ball. He said "entertainment." I had made up my mind that it was to be a ball; nothing else would satisfy me. He turned to me and asked:

"Are you going with me?"

"If I am invited," I answered.

"We are all invited," he said; "it is being given for us, and we are all going."

All the nurses, except the four more serious ones, smiled. Although they do not understand English, they knew by the twinkle in his eye that this invitation was not to be refused.

"Where is the ball to be held?" I asked.

"It is n't a ball; it's an entertainment, and it is to be held at the regimental headquarters of the — Regiment."

"It is a ball. We go right up to the front, then?"

"Near enough; we'll be two versts in front of the big guns that kept you awake the other night."

That pleased me. Those big guns had kept me awake all one night. There was a certain satisfaction in being in front of them—especially at a ball! The great day arrived. It was cold and wet. We did n't care, however. There was no walk that

day. Our house was a beehive. The busy bees were washing and ironing collars and cuffs. Dresses were pressed, gloves cleaned, *kosinki* (white head-dresses) made spotlessly white, and all was made ready. There was a line that threatened to become unruly waiting for the hot irons, until one of the sisters decided that a nurse could use them for ten minutes at a time, but no more. Some took a beauty nap, but others were too excited. At tea, every one ate piles of cake. We all knew that we would be hungry before supper was served.

About five an orderly arrived with a note from the regiment asking for the loan of a woman's dress. The other sisters had only their uniforms, which they could not lend. I dug down into my kit-bag and found a dress of white serge. Fortunately, it was clean and easy to fasten. The head sister warned me that it would come back full of fleas, but "*nechevo* (never mind), we'll put it in the fumigator." So the orderly bundled it up and galloped off.

As soon as the patients were fed and settled for the night, the dressing began. Such a splashing of water, such running to and fro, such giggling was never heard! The head sister became bewildered.

"All they have to do is to put on clean collars and cuffs, and a clean *kosinka*. What on earth are they doing? What keeps them so long?"

However, at seven we were all ready, waiting impatiently. The regiment was to send over three carriages, and our own three *troikas* were in waiting. At half-past seven the carriages had not arrived. In the dining-room a group of anxious girls gazed out the window, dawning despair on their faces. The head sister sent me to the Commanding Officer to find out what had happened. He was quite unconcerned.

"Tell them not to worry," he said. "We are in Russia, and you must get used to the Russian way of doing things. They will come around eight, probably; maybe later."

The rain had changed to snow. It was cold and very windy. The gathering dusk was depressing. I began to wonder if I should go or not. Suddenly out of the dusk came a sound of bells, and three *troikas* came around the corner of the trees at a gallop. The drivers shouted, and the horses stopped, panting and steaming. Out of the first *troika* jumped two young officers. A knock at the door, and there they stood, saluting the Commanding Officer. They were jaunty and smiling, with a "party look" on their faces that made me quickly decide that if there were ten miles to drive, instead of three, I was going.

We all trooped out. They tucked us into the *troikas*, and away we went. Parts of the road were good, being soft and dry, so all we heard was the sound of the bells. Other parts were plain

"corduroy." These we rattled over like a battery going into action. We passed through a little village, where the sentries challenged us. We did n't stop. The driver shouted something, the sentries saluted, and on we galloped. A howling wind blew from the direction of the trenches so loudly that only in the lulls could we hear the sound of the guns.

By the side of the road we could see the reserve trenches, with miles of barbed wire on either side. They were like huge rabbit-warrens. We had left the woods behind us and were driving over rolling prairie country. Just as I was beginning to get a little cold, we turned off into a grove of pine trees. It was light enough to see the quarters of the men on either side. They were housed in dugouts in the sloping ground. All one could see was a small door in the side of the hill.

They were well hidden, and the entrance could only be seen from the front. From both sides and from the top they were quite invisible. Driving under an arch of evergreen, we came to a stop in front of the door of a building built of pine-logs. Branches of evergreen were stuck in odd corners of the roof and walls, to help invisibility. We stumbled up three steps, went through the door, and came into a vestibule. There was a crowd of officers waiting to receive us. They helped us off with our wraps, thanking us profusely for coming. As my Russian was very limited, my conversation

consisted of, "I do not understand Russian; I do not speak Russian; I am an American." The latter was always added to prevent them from dying of unsatisfied curiosity. In Russia, the men are as curious as women are supposed to be all over the world.

When our *apostolniki* (a black head-dress) were taken off, and the *kosinki* were adjusted to the satisfaction of every one, we were ushered into a large room packed with men. It was some time before I had the courage to look around. There must have been a thousand men in that room. In the center were benches for the officers and their visitors, about a hundred and fifty in all. Forming a circle around the room were the men, standing three deep, waiting for the curtain to go up. We were in the front row. Immediately back of us were the superior officers and their guests. In front of us was a clear space of six feet, and then the orchestra pit. The orchestra was playing when we entered, and how nice it did sound! Overhead a red curtain hid the stage. That curtain was plainly the work of the soldiers. It had a red frill around the bottom, a frill that reminded one of an old lady's petticoat. Candles were used for footlights, four to a side, and the prompter's box was in the center.

We read our programmes. Our prettiest nurse, sitting next to me, translated it into French and German for my benefit. Then we settled back in

a "we-are-here; why-don't-you-begin" kind of attitude. Suddenly there was a tremendous shout. All the officers and men stood up. I looked around and, seeing no cause for the disturbance, went on spelling out my programme. The prettiest nurse gave me a terrible dig in the ribs. I raised my head and saw the neatest little man standing in front of me. He was saying something in Russian that I did not understand. All eyes were upon us. It was an embarrassing moment. I had a horrible feeling that something was expected of me, but I did n't know what it was. Should I get up, or should I remain seated? I did n't know, so I shook hands in a helpless kind of a way and said, "Thank you." The chief, sitting behind me, smiled and whispered, "The colonel!" I was reassured, especially as I saw the other nurses do as I had done—shake hands and smile timidly. As soon as the colonel was seated, the orchestra played a short overture and the curtain rose. It rose by the obvious means of a soldier's hand pulling it to one side.

The first act was a little sketch. It was extremely well acted and very funny. Although I understood little of the dialogue, I enjoyed it thoroughly. When the fair damsel entered, her blond wig tied with a red ribbon, there was a chorus of giggles along our line, and all the sisters looked at me. According to Russian taste, the dress had been padded in the proper places. As I am built

on generous lines, there was plenty of room for padding. Every time the persecuted heroine appeared, the audience was delighted, especially our part of it. Her shy voice (a shrinking falsetto) and her coquettish red petticoat (not supplied by me) quite took their fancy. She carried a handkerchief in one hand. It is a custom among the people of Russia for a girl to carry a handkerchief in her hand when she goes out walking in the evening, as a sign that she is willing to consider matrimonial proposals. Once engaged, the handkerchief disappears. So it was with our heroine. Before the curtain fell her handkerchief was tucked out of sight.

During the entr'actes that followed we were enticed away from our seats by the officers. Through lines of soldiers we went to the back of the hall, where there was a little mess-room. There I resumed my conversation of three phrases, but they had no effect. The officers went right on talking Russian. Maybe that is their way of being polite—to ignore your ignorance. Finally one who spoke a little French came to my rescue and made things easier for me. Each officer would wander round until he saw a girl who might please him. With his heels together, he would make a most polite bow and shake hands. This constituted an introduction. Conversation followed. If she did not come up to his expectations, a brother-officer would be called to the rescue.

Another little bow, etc., and the second would take possession. The first, bowing his *au revoir*, would be off to seek another partner.

After the intermission a vaudeville performance took place. The numbers were good, every one of them. The most enjoyable for me was a chorus of soldiers. They were well-trained, and their voices were naturally good. The former colonel of the regiment had been a lover of music, and he had picked twenty out of the regiment to form this chorus. We encored them twice. The tenor solos were especially delightful. There were ten numbers. The singing *roubrette* was there. She was six feet tall, wore a *zingara* costume, a spangled skirt, and a bolero, etc., and sang in an astonishing falsetto. The impersonation was as good as that of a certain actor in America who is famous for his portrayal of the opposite sex. The caricaturist was there, too. He drew pictures of *Gospodin Romanoff* and his wife, the former empress, and also of her best friend, *Rasputin*, and his friend, *Protopopoff*, the former chief of police. There was a music-hall Apache who made a great hit with his topical songs. They cheered him. There was the funny man with his face painted white, like a clown's. There were all kinds of acts, and all good; some were worthy of the London "halls."

This lasted till midnight, when our chief thought it was time to take his family home. As

he made a move to say good-night, there came a howl of protest from the officers. The colonel took him by the arm and refused to let him go. The chief tried to break away by pretending not to understand Russian. That astonished them. Dr. Eugene Hurd, one of the only two American doctors in Russia, who had been at the front, working there ever since the beginning of the war, did not understand Russian! They suspected he was bluffing, and so he was. But his bluff didn't work. My French-speaking friend, speaking to me in French, bowed politely and asked me to tell our *nachalnik*, on behalf of the colonel, that we could not leave before tea was served. What would they do for partners, if we left? So there was to be a ball after all. I was delighted, for the chief did not have the heart to refuse.

"All right," he said, "for a little while only."

"No, no; for a couple of hours!" the officers chorused, and for a couple of hours it was.

Choose your partners for supper! My French-speaking friend chose me. The prettiest sister was taken in hand by a staff captain. Our fat housekeeper sister was gallantly escorted by one of the officers who had driven over for us. Our youngest sister, very shy, kept close to the *nachalnik*. The others all paired off, and in to supper we went. The long table was lighted by candles in candlesticks of square blocks of wood, decorated at each corner by a rose. The red roses were made of

beets, the white ones of potatoes, and both were ingeniously carved. I slipped one into my pocket as a souvenir. Supper was very gay. Our seats were long benches over which we had to climb to get in or out. The orchestra, now in full possession of the stage at the other end of the hall, played a waltz. My escort tried to be polite and wait until I had finished my tea, but the music was too much for him. With a profound bow, he requested the pleasure of a dance. I hesitated. A Russian waltz is not a thing to be undertaken lightly.

"*Sestra* (sister), *allons walzer*," he coaxed. Dr. Hurd seconded him in good American.

"Go on, have a try. See what you can do!"

Off we went. The floor was rough and the music very fast. Round and round we whirled, in true Russian style. The other sisters, seeing we had received official permission, started off with their partners. Soon the floor was filled with whirling couples, skirts ballooning, *kosinki* flying. The ball was well started.

After the waltz had left us all panting on our benches, there was drinking of more tea. Then the orchestra played a mazurka. I became a wall-flower. It reminded me of the old *schottische*. I have seen it danced on the stage often enough, but never as charmingly as those sisters and officers danced it that night. The scene was too good to be true. It was so much the Russia one had al-

ways read about. The room was decorated with evergreens and lighted by lamps. At each doorway and wherever they could crowd were soldiers who were watching the fun. Of course every man was in uniform, and every woman was in the costume of a nursing sister.

I wanted to see some of the native Russian dances. My partner was from Moscow, the heart of Russia, and like a true Russian he saw that my wish was gratified. He danced for me, or rather for himself, for the fever of the music had taken hold of him and he could hardly keep still. He danced well. When he was tired, another took his place, and then another. It is no wonder that the officers are graceful in their uniforms when they can dance like that.

After that we had more tea and ice cream, and then more waltzing. Sometimes a self-constituted master of ceremonies would call out directions in French, and then we would gather in a "Paul Jones." Up and down the room, shouting and laughing, we danced,—grand chains and rounds, right and left, change your partner, waltz, form a circle, ladies in the center,—until it broke up, as they always do, in a general scrimmage and confusion.

By this time the chief had a time-to-go-home expression that made us gulp a final glass of tea and begin a round of *au revours*. We thanked the officers for the party, and they thanked us for com-

ing. How we hated to leave! It was all so jolly and gay. All bundled up, we went out into the dark. It was pitch black, although the dawn was not far off. We groped our way to the waiting *troikas*, guided by the sound of the jingling bells. The sleet had stopped falling, and the night was clear and very cold. We drove along slowly, losing our way among the pine-trees. The leading *troika* had to be extricated several times before we emerged into the comparative clearness of the main road.

The wind had shifted a little. It was blowing steadily, cutting our faces and making us shiver. On our left the horizon was a glare of light. The flares from the trenches would go up like search-light beams; the rockets were flashes of lightning. Now and then the air would shiver with the boom of big guns. The wind blew the sound to us all too clearly. They were close enough, as it was, but the wind made it seem as if they were right behind us. The lights of home looked very warm and comfortable. We didn't waste much time in saying good-night to the officers who had driven over with us, but bolted for our quarters and the nice warm stoves.

It seemed only a moment before the head sister awakened me. We were all tired and cross, but at breakfast we revived and all came to the conclusion that it had been a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten ball.

CHAPTER VIII

IN the morning men were brought into the surgery as fast as they could be handled. Two stretchers were kept working to supply the operating table. Those who could sit up were put on stools, their bandages cut off, and the wounds cleansed and made ready for the doctor's inspection. Three sisters were on hand to give chloroform and to superintend the dressing of the less serious cases. Dr. Hurd attended to all others. There were two sisters at each table, one of whom was the sister of the ward to which the patient belonged, while the other was a sister detailed for the day as a surgical assistant. The instrument sister attended to the implement table, which no one was allowed to go near. During operations another sister was detailed to attend to the dirty instruments and see that they were put at once into the sterilizer. The chief was everywhere at once. No one could tell as well as he how badly a wound was infected. He was careful to see if the slightest cut was infected. No dressings were made without his inspection. Only when there was an amputation to be performed or a very serious operation was the room cleared.

The patients, as a rule, were very docile, and

few complained. Some, however, became nervous the moment they were brought into the surgery. When I had been there only a few days I was bandaging two finger-stumps of a man's hand. I felt him tremble and looked at him, to see tears running down his face. That was the form that nervousness took with him. Another man had a wound on his neck. As I was putting the bandage on, I felt his head become very heavy. An orderly was holding him and, not knowing what to do, I looked at the orderly, for the man had fainted. I was completely at sea. I knew enough not to let go of the bandage; otherwise I would have had to do my work all over again.

"Dr. Hurd," I called out, "what can I do? This man has fainted."

Hurd never looked around; he was at an operating table. But his voice sang out, "Bring him to."

That was all very well, but I had to reply:

"I do not know how to bring him to. I never saw a man faint before in my life."

Hurd looked around and laughed. He said I looked very ridiculous. He told the orderly to get some spirits of ammonia and to carry the man to his bed, where I could finish the bandage.

It was n't so bad when they simply fainted, but sometimes they screamed. Some men would make so much noise that you could hear them all over the buildings. I found to my horror, as time went

on, that when men like these let their nerves get the better of them, causing them to scream, it annoyed me. I had read stories of nurses becoming hardened and unsympathetic, and I could see myself gradually growing careless to the sufferings of these men. It is almost impossible not to become hardened, because, as the men passed through our hands by the hundreds, it was difficult to think of them as human beings. My admiration for Colonel Hurd was boundless, for, despite the thousands of operations he had performed, he never lost sight of the fact that each patient was a human being and that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them were suffering greatly.

When one of our patients died, the nurse who had attended him always wrote to his family, announcing the death. As a rule this was easy, because if the man died before his name and address could be ascertained, one could always find it by writing to regimental headquarters. One boy, however, refused to give his address. All we knew was his first name, Ivan. We never called him this, but always "little Vanya." He refused day after day to tell anything about himself. He had "galloping" consumption. Nothing could be done for him, except to make him comfortable. On fine days the soldiers carried his cot out to the court and one of the nurses would sit by him, reading to him or sewing. They were never ordered to do this, but soldiers would come of their own free

will and offer to entertain him. Every day we would ask, "Has Vanya told about his people yet?" One day he spoke of his mother. The nurse said:

"Vanya tell me her name and her address. I should like to write to her and let her know that you are safely out of the firing-line."

"No, no; it is better for her to know nothing," Vanya replied. "She would only worry."

This boy had a faith in Colonel Hurd that was touching. In the morning, when making a round of the hospital, Colonel Hurd would stop and speak to him. After a while he passed him in silence. He said that he could n't bear to stop and speak to the boy, knowing that he could do nothing for him. Vanya could n't understand it. At first he thought it was because he was getting well. He saw other men lifted from their beds and carried into the surgery. Most of these men got well and left the hospital, but still Vanya stayed. He thought it over and decided it was because he was not carried to the surgery that he was not getting better.

"The *nachalnik* has deserted me," he said. "He never stops now. I am going to die, and he is doing nothing to save me."

He pleaded so hard that one day I asked Colonel Hurd to stop and speak to him, and then have him carried into the surgery, even if he did nothing to him. The next morning as Colonel Hurd passed, Vanya looked up hopefully. To his delight, the

sanitars were ordered to carry him out. In the surgery Colonel Hurd used a stethoscope, gave the nurse a few directions, as to his diet, and ordered him back to his cot. All that day Vanya would say, "Now I know I am going to get well. I thought I was going to die, but soon I will be away from here."

He was only a boy. He could n't have been more than twenty-one or twenty-two. He had curly chestnut hair and blue eyes, and when a fever flush was on his face he looked like a baby. All day long his lips moved in prayer. Sometimes he prayed to God and sometimes to Colonel Hurd. He never gave up hope, even to the last. He died one night about midnight.

The day he was buried two others were to be buried with him. To my astonishment, half-a-dozen of the sisters were in the little dugout that served as a morgue. With them came one of the young doctors, a Jew. As he entered the door, the head sister looked at him. "It would have pleased Vanya," he said simply, "and it won't hurt me." I thought it was a beautiful thing for him to do.

The priest arranged a small table, covering it with a white cloth. On it he placed a Bible and a crucifix. The choir was composed of four grizzled old veterans who, in the long lost days of their youth, had been choir-boys. It was a curious scene. Three unpainted pine coffins were standing in a row on trestles. The bodies were laid on

straw, covered with a sheet. In front of them the priest stood, wearing his wonderful yellow robe, all stiff with gold, swinging the incense-burner. The nurses joined in the responses, standing up all through the long service of the Greek Church. When it was finished, the head sister covered the faces with a sheet. The soldiers nailed on the lids, carried the coffins outside, and placed them in two-wheel carts, one coffin to each cart. At the side of one was a huge wooden cross.

The priest led the procession to the cemetery, followed by his choir-boys. Then came the carts, and after them the sisters followed, walking with heads down and hands folded. I took a shortcut across the field to the little cemetery on the hill. They followed by the road and crossed the railroad tracks. In the cemetery other soldiers had the grave ready. We gathered around, standing on the pile of upturned earth that was nothing but mud. The three were buried in one grave.

As the soldiers lifted one of the coffins from the cart, one of them slipped. I heard his comrade say, "Be careful! Do not fall! Handle it gently! You know it is our little Vanya."

Surely, despite all that is happening, there is hope for a country whose men are still capable of such fine feeling.

As time went on, the Germans, content with leaving well enough alone on the Russian front, attacked less and less. On the whole middle front

there was scarcely any artillery firing. Naturally, this made less work for the hospital.

The weather was beautiful, so after dinner until tea-time we would take long walks. This was allowed when several nurses went together, but two were not allowed to go out without an escort of some kind. It was becoming too dangerous. After six o'clock it was impossible to leave the bounds of our little settlement without being molested or insulted. Our walks would often take us to a station two miles away, where there was a canteen. There one could buy anything from a complete uniform to a needle and thread at cost price. There were always hundreds of soldiers loafing about, so we had to pass through a running fire of comment for the last quarter of a mile. I went to the canteen two or three times a week to buy eau de Cologne. Weeks of work in the surgery had not accustomed me to its smells. My one luxury consisted of bottle after bottle of wonderful Russian eau de Cologne. Being a foreigner, I was allowed more freedom than the others. The soldiers did not dare molest me, so sometimes I would go alone. When the soldiers, especially the young ones, would see me climbing down the steps of the little freight-car that constituted the shop, they would begin to beg.

"*Sestritza*, sell me that bottle."

"What bottle?"

"That bottle of eau de Cologne."

They were really quite courteous, but they did want that bottle of eau de Cologne. A bottle used to cost eight rubles. They would offer me ten for it. It was strictly against military rules, of course, for the men in charge of the canteen to sell anything containing alcohol to men in uniform. Until now that rule had been respected. The soldiers had not made themselves masters of everything, as they did two months later.

I would laugh, refuse to part with my perfume, and walk on. They would follow, jingling the money in their hands. One day two of them followed me to a point within sight of our buildings. I did not know quite what to do. I could n't have a report get to the hospital that soldiers were following me, because it would put a stop to my liberty, so I related the incident to the chief. I hoped he would see that I was perfectly capable of taking care of myself, but he did not take that common-sense view of the matter. I, also, was forbidden to go to the canteen alone.

At least three times a week cases would come to the hospital of men who had become drunk on eau de cologne and toilet-water. Of course it used to poison them, but they did not care. Their vodka had been stopped. Their officers could n't punish them for being drunk. All they could do was to have the doctor physic them, so by hook or crook they would try to procure anything that contained alcohol.

Gradually we had to stop going on these long walks, unless the chief himself was with us. If he was not tired, he would sometimes take pity on us in the evening and take us tramping across the rolling prairie and through fields of grain. The country was beautiful. The white nights were just beginning, and even as far south as we were, we could see something of their glory. The sun set about nine o'clock. Until ten it was quite light. After supper we would start off. The chief, who was six-feet-three in his stocking feet, was accompanied by his flock of nurses, with Maria Constantinovna, who was less than five feet, walking beside him. Each girl tried to be at her prettiest and gayest. He was *Chantecleer*, followed by his flock.

Thompson, who was making pictures at that time with our Russian army, stayed at the hospital for a week. To see Colonel Hurd solemnly walking along, surrounded by his flock, was so amusing that one evening we almost had hysterics over it. We told him the joke, and he laughed, but then I was at my wit's end to substitute something to tell the head nurse, but I did not have the heart to let her know that the chief was laughing at the funny sight. It was entirely too undignified for her.

Vasca had been the favorite of the man who had charge of the hospital before Colonel Hurd arrived. She did not see why she should not be his favorite as well, so she started her campaign by

telling me how desperately in love with the chief she was. Of course, I did exactly what she expected me to do—I told Hurd. He thought it was rather a joke, because she was quite the homeliest of the lot. The next day she asked me if I had told him, and I said, "No." She tried by every means in her power to ensnare him. It never dawned on her that a man could be completely absorbed in what he was doing, and find enough pleasure in doing his work and doing it well. According to the Russian idea Colonel Hurd should have had a favorite. He was the reigning monarch and a Russian in his place would have made a choice long before. It puzzled them all, except Maria Constantinovna. She was old enough and wise enough to realize that, being an American, he was probably different from the Russians, and she openly adored him because he was serious.

One evening six or eight of us went on a long walk, accompanied by the head nurse. We wandered off the beaten track and lost our way. Coming to a village we walked through it, hoping to find some one who would direct us. There was no one on the street, but in the distance we heard the sound of voices and singing. We followed it and came to a little outdoor inn. As it was filled with soldiers and women, all kinds of things were going on, some of them so utterly shameful that one of the young nurses became frightened and started to cry. When they saw our uniform the soldiers all

began yelling for us to come and join the party. In the crowd there were some women wearing nurses' uniforms, so the soldiers saw no reason why we, also, should not choose from among them and, according to their idea, "have a good time." One man even volunteered to do his duty and take Maria Constantinovna. We stood there, furious, with the soldiers yelling at us. Then, telling us to follow, Maria Constantinovna turned and started back again down the street. We were followed by a group of drunken soldier who, having no women, decided that we would do. An old man directed us on our way, and for three miles we had to withstand the offers and insults of five men. In fact, almost to the very gates of the hospital they insisted that we should do as they wanted,—go back, join in the revelry, and be their women for a night. Several of the girls were in hysterics, but one or two, I think, were rather sorry that they were so well-protected. Maria Constantinovna was white with rage.

This was about the last walk we had, because, realizing that the country around us was not safe, the chief did not allow us to go out after supper, except in our own grounds.

After our walks were stopped, in the evening I would play chess with the chief. He lived in a little log-cabin of three rooms. One was his bedroom, office and sitting-room. The other two belonged to the junior doctors. The whole staff

was intrigued about these evenings. I was the only one there who could speak English, and, being more or less a guest of Colonel Hurd's, naturally he did everything in his power to make it pleasant for me. After dinner we played either chess or a silly little game called "Attack." He had read about this game and had seen it described, so he manufactured the battleships and submarines and the board. Usually he beat me, but sometimes I won. At ten o'clock his orderly would bring in a kettle of water, the spirit lamp would be lighted, and we would have tea. After two glasses of tea and a discussion, usually concerning some medical subject or about the day's doings, he would stand at the door with his electric torch, lighting the dark walk to our quarters. Sometimes the junior doctors would join us, and the evening would be spent in developing and printing snapshots.

It was all very peaceful and quiet. The big guns would make the clock rattle and shake the windows, but I had become so accustomed to it that I never even noticed it. If there was a moon, or later on during the white nights, when it was light, *aéroplanes* would visit us. Then the whole building would rattle with the boom of the anti-aircraft guns. Sometimes we would go out and watch it, but it was too much a matter of course to excite us at all.

One evening while we were discussing the fraternizing at the front, Colonel Hurd remarked,

"Well, you are going to be disappointed; there are to be no more gas-attacks. The Germans and Russians have been fraternizing and have made an arrangement that neither side is to send out any gas." He laughed, and we went on with our game.

Two nights later his secretary came in, stood at attention, and delivered a message from army headquarters. The telephone was in a dugout, far underneath the ground, with one man always on guard. The message was: "Heavy gas attack being delivered on our front between — and —." To the astonishment of the secretary, who was a Russian soldier, both Colonel Hurd and I began to laugh. Then I became annoyed, because it meant sleeping with windows closed and the place as hermetically sealed as possible, with a gas-mask in my hand.

For the next hour every one was busy making preparations. Masks were put on the side of each bed in the hospital, instructions were given to the patients, the nearest village was warned, and huge barrels of stuff was mixed for the masks for the horses. I do not know what chemicals were used, —it was none of my business to ask,—but straw was dipped in this stuff and placed in a bag, and then the bag was put over the horse's head, over which another sack had been placed, to prevent the horses from eating the straw. I went to my room and got my gas-mask, because there was no telling how quickly the gas would reach us. We went out

and tested the wind, finding that it was blowing from the right direction for an attack. We sat up a little later than usual that night, expecting further news. The wind held good for the Germans, and in my imagination I could already smell the first fumes. To every one else it was nothing,—they had been through it often before,—but to me it was most exciting.

The gas finally reached us, but only the outer edge of the clouds came near. An eddy of wind in the hollow caught the gas as it came across country, and carried it away before any real harm was done. We all suffered from headaches and felt sick, however. The patients began to arrive about four in the morning. From that time on the carts came in one after the other. Soon all the wards were filled, and then the tents, but still they kept coming. Some of them were badly gassed, and died. Others lay for hours on the white beds in the tents, coughing, coughing, all the time. Some could scarcely stop coughing long enough to ask for a drink.

During the morning Maria Constantinovna called me to help her. We made huge jugs of lemonade from citric acid. We gave this by the quart to our patients. It quenched their thirst and made them feel better. The harder she worked, the madder she became at the thought of the stupidity of these men who had actually believed the



Our ice-house



The gas-tanks that were stored next to the hospital. The camouflage of pine-boughs was removed to allow me to photograph them

Germans when they said there would be no more gas-attacks. That the Russians had believed them was proved by the fact that hundreds of gas-tanks had been sent back from the front in trucks and unloaded near us. The Soldiers' Committee of the regiment, to prove their good faith, had sent all their gas to the rear. It had reached us the day before, and was now hidden in the trees less than fifty yards from our main hospital building. It was guarded day and night until it could be moved further back. We not only had to put up with the noise of the motor-trucks passing and the dust caused by them, but had the agreeable thought that if a bomb fell on that pile, there was enough gas there to poison the whole countryside for ten versts around.

"This is a good chance to teach them," I said to Maria Constantinovna. "Why don't you say something to them and tell them what fools they are?"

"I shall, and I shall also tell them that you told me to," she replied.

"Oh, don't get me into this," I said. "It is n't my fight."

"You cannot keep out of it," she answered. "You must come with me."

We went into a tent where there were fifty men lying coughing.

"Do you belong to the regiment that was frater-

photograph them
gaseous was removed to allow me to

nizing?" she said. "Are you some of the fools who believed the Germans when they told you they would send no more gas over?"

There was a chorus of protests.

"*Niet, sestritza*, we did not do it. It was the regiment next to us."

"I do not believe you," she said. "You are lying to me."

A voice spoke from the end of the line.

"You are right, *sestritza*. We were the men, and now they are ashamed to own up."

She proceeded to give them a short discourse on the advisability of believing or disbelieving what Germans say. Finally she asked them if they had learned their lesson. One old man said:

"Yes, *sestritza*, we have learned our lesson. We know that they are liars, that they are false, and now we shall never believe them again. But the regiment next to us still believes what they say, and so do all the others. They haven't learned, and they won't believe us when we tell them. I hope they receive a lesson like this. Are we going to die?"

One could n't help feeling sorry for them. They had placed such implicit faith in the word of the enemy. They were like hurt children when they found out that they had been deceived. Even then some of them were willing to make excuses and say, "The men we talked to did not send the gas over. It was another regiment that was

sent up, and their officers made them do it." Later on there came another gas-attack. It was much heavier than the first. It was the same old story. Many of the men did not have masks, and the toll was heavy.

Friday was our bath-day. This does n't mean that we could n't bathe on other days, but Friday was the only day when we could have a Russian bath. Among the pine-trees a little log-house was built and the most primitive kind of bath installed. There was a vestibule, the farther door opening into a little room with a bench around it. The only furniture—if one could call it furniture—was a row of pegs driven into the wall. On these we could hang our clothes. We undressed there and then went into the scrubbing-room. The first Friday I tried it I did not know exactly what to do. I had never taken a Russian bath, and all I knew about them was what I had read in "The House of the Dead." After lunch all the nurses who were off duty rushed out, calling, "*banya!*" They took their white enamel wash-basins from their rooms. Into them they put their clean clothes, wrapped up in a clean towel. Each one carried a coat or a sweater, even in mid-summer, and they all trooped off. I waited behind, more from timidity than anything else. The head sister came to my rescue. She said to me: "I have my bath during the tea-hour. If you do not mind having your tea a little later, will you come with me?" I

accepted her offer that day, but the next week, after lunch, I went off with the crowd of nurses.

After stripping in the dressing-room, I went into the large room that had a bench running around three sides and a long table in the center. At the other end of the room were huge kettles, one of ice-cold spring-water and the other two full of boiling water. We put our basins on the table and taking dippers that were hanging to the edge of the tanks, filled them. The girls took dippers of the hot water and threw it on the floor, making it nice and warm for our feet. The first thing to do was to take a brush and give yourself a preliminary scrubbing from head to foot. After sluicing myself off with a basin of water, the girls made me go into the steam-room. I suppose all Russian baths are built alike. The bath described in "The House of the Dead" might have been our bath at the front, except that instead of rows of convicts, greasy and ill-smelling, mouthing their vile oaths, the steep benches were filled with girls, laughing and giggling and playing all kinds of childish tricks.

At the foot of the benches, which reached right up to the ceiling, was a furnace. The oven was filled with round stones. Each of the girls in turn would take a basin of water, and while another opened the door, would throw the water on the stones. The steam belched out in clouds so quickly that the basin would be dropped and she

would duck to let the steam pass over her head. It would have scalded her flesh. The top bench, right up by the ceiling, was so hot that I could n't even climb up there. The second bench was as far as I ever got.

Armed with little bundles of twigs tied together, we would be beaten from head to foot. Every time the steam gushed out, filling the little room, it was so hot that the twigs felt like bars of red-hot iron. I can stand the comparative coolness of the hot-room of a Turkish bath very well, but I never could stay in the hot-room of our bath at the front.

When I was sufficiently steamed, which meant that my flesh felt as if it had been boiled, I would go into the other room for another scrubbing. Knowing that it was my only chance for a hot bath for a whole week, I scrubbed and scrubbed. Seeing that I was having difficulties with my back, one of the girls offered to scrub it for me. Immediately four or five of them gathered round, fighting for my brush. Peace was restored when one of them suggested that they should take turns. I had neither enough rudeness nor common sense to tell them that one scrubbing was enough. When they finished my back felt as if it had been flayed alive.

At first the girls were rather diffident. I knew they were accustomed to having a good time on bath-day and was rather sorry that my presence had put a damper on their hilarity. I had a big

rubber sponge and, filling it with suds, I threw it square in the face of the oldest and most serious of all. There was silence for a minute, and I thought perhaps I had gone too far. Then they all shrieked with laughter. The ice was broken, and I could see that they accepted me as one of themselves.

In the dressing-room again. You stand in a basin of hot water in order to keep your feet clean. It is rather difficult to dress with both feet planted in a tiny little basin, but I managed it until I came to my stockings. I wear my stockings rolled and twisted below my knees. My knees are always bare, like a kiltie's. This amused the girls very much. They could n't understand how my stockings stayed up. Then I heard one girl whisper to another, "I can see that her stockings are silk on the outside, but do you suppose they are silk on the inside?"

After saying a nice, polite "*pazhoolista*," she fingered my stocking to see if it was really silk on the inside.

When I saw those girls dress, I knew why I had been tortured by fleas and why they had escaped. A flea would have broken his heart before he could get close enough to bite them. They wore a thick cotton chemise that came down nearly to the ankles and was high around the neck. Over this went their corsets. Their garters held up the thickest kind of cotton stockings, so thick that no flea could

ever bite through them. Over their corsets were other thick and cottony garments that came down below the knees and into which the chemise was tucked. These ended with a frill. Camisole and innumerable petticoats were all of the same thick cotton. It was no wonder that fleas never bit them. They examined my underclothes inside and out. Because my petticoat was of silk, they said it was a dirty habit to wear underwear that could n't be washed. This made me so angry that I threw the clothes I had taken off into a basin of water to prove to them that soap and water did not hurt them. This was so unusual to them that when we returned to the hospital they asked me to show the head nurse the kind of clothes I wore. The clothes that I wear are just the clothes that are worn by eighty per cent. of all women in America. I am sure, however, that they somehow thought that they were 'nt quite respectable.

Saturday was doctors' day at the bath, and during the other days the soldiers took turns, so I had the satisfaction of knowing that at least once a week every man in our little community had a good scrubbing.

The first bath-day that Donald Thompson was there, Dr. Hurd told me that he was going to have his rubber treat him well. When Thompson came out of the bath, I said to him, "How do you feel?" He looked at me for a minute, and then replied, "I

never knew what hell was, but now I know. It has nothing on that place!"

As we were what is called "a field hospital at rail-head,"—which is the exact translation of the Russian *etapni lazaret*,—it was quite impossible to see that the patients were bathed, because hundreds of them were there for only one night, to be sent out the next morning to the clearing station. Sometimes, however, they were sent away a little cleaner than they came.

One nice day, after the rush was over and all the sisters were busy in the wards, except the instrument sister and myself, a man was helped in and put on the table. There were always belated cases that wandered in at the last moment. On one of his feet was a torn bandage. Just as I had cut it off, Dr. Hurd walked through, looked at the foot, and turned to leave. As he reached the door, he finished his instructions with, "and also wash between the toes." That annoyed me. That foot was incredibly filthy. In fact, it was the dirtiest foot I had ever seen. I knew I should have to give it a thorough cleaning before putting on a bandage, so it was rather mean of the doctor to rub it in. I used so many tampons of benzine and so much soap that the instrument sister began to object. That foot was scrubbed cleaner than it ever had been before, to a running accompaniment of remarks. The only one who understood English was the chief, and he had left.



These tents were used for gassed soldiers



The Austrian prisoner with the dirty foot

"This is without a doubt the dirtiest foot I have ever seen. I bet he has n't had a bath in a dog's age! He will know better after this. Orderly, hold that foot steady! I know it tickles; I can't help it if you are ticklish. You should n't have been so dirty. I have to get all the dirt off. Some of it has been on for weeks, more likely, months. I wonder if he is black or white. Impossible to tell from this foot, and I have no desire to look at the rest of him to find out. Probably he is as dirty as his foot!"

The orderlies began laughing. It always amused them to hear me talk to myself, even if they could not understand. At last, the dirt was banished, the wound cleansed, and the foot bandaged.

"There, that is a good job, if I do say it myself!"

I stood looking at the man's feet, marveling at the difference between them.

"Thank you, sister," said a quiet voice.

I looked up, utterly astonished. He had a nice young face, with fine blue eyes and a thatch of curly brown hair. All that I could see was his dirty foot and head, but I could not help liking him. He was such a good-natured, merry, young devil. He was so different from the usual stolid Russian type that we saw by the hundred.

"Who are you?" I said.

"Austrian prisoner, sister."

"You came in yesterday?"

"No, sister, I came in to-day."

The day before a large convoy of sick prisoners had arrived, but I had heard of none on that day.

"But where did you come from?"

"I belong over there," waving his dirty hand. There were gangs of Austrian prisoners working in a village back from us a little, and that is where he had come from.

"Then what are you doing here? Why did n't you go to the Siberski outfit?"

Near the village where the prisoners worked was a hospital unit from Siberia.

"I wanted to come to the American doctor. I come from Meran. Perhaps you know it? We have many Americans there."

Who doesn't know that beautiful place? I won his heart and made him forget my just criticism of his condition by talking of Meran and the Tyrol for a few minutes. Later on, when he was in bed, I went in to see him. He was reading a little book, which he showed me. He had learned to write Russian, and had written down the Russian words with their German equivalents.

"I do not speak Russian, and it is rather lonesome here," he explained.

That made me sympathetic. I did not speak Russian to any extent myself. We spoke in French, which he spoke fluently, as well as Italian. Four months in America had taught him a little English, even if it had not taught him the benefits

to be derived from an occasional bath. I looked over my stock of books, consisting of a Bible, a dictionary, a diary, and a magazine that a kind friend had loaned me. I gave him the latter, and he was very grateful. I left him smiling and happy, holding a copy of the "Smart Set."

"What was your work over there?" I asked as I left.

"Oh, I was the cook," he replied.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN Colonel Hurd arrived back from Petrograd at Easter, there was no Soldiers' Committee. The committee idea was just coming into being along the front. This form of government is a natural form in Russia. I suppose it is a relic of the tribal system. They understand it, and are satisfied when a committee is ruling them. Rumors reached Colonel Hurd that his soldiers wanted a committee. From his experience in the state legislature in the State of Washington he knew how to handle men. From one of the nurses I heard that the soldiers were going to form a committee, and I immediately told Hurd. He forestalled them. He sent for his head men and kindly informed them that, as Russia was free, they should govern themselves. He requested them to form a committee of four to decide all questions pertaining to their work, their life, in fact, to everything but the government of the hospital. The committee was to be responsible to him, the soldiers being responsible to the committee. He asked them not to bother him with any questions, unless they were vital ones.

The soldiers were delighted. He was the most popular man within fifty miles. That very night a meeting was held which every man in the place

attended. Our two dining-room men and the cooks were there. We had to wait an hour and a half for dinner, until the meeting was over. Every one expected the *nachalnik* to be furious, because he was always hungry at meal-time, but he sat waiting with a beaming smile. At half-past eight the meeting was over. The committee consisted of one of the junior doctors, who had political tastes, the head sanitar, who was devoted to Hurd, and two of the soldiers. The next morning Colonel Hurd sent for the committee. He congratulated them, delivered a nice little speech, and then proceeded to business.

Before he had left for Petrograd he had given orders that a field of potatoes should be planted for the hospital. When he came back the potatoes were still unplanted. The soldiers refused to do farmers' work. After getting the committee in good humor, he told them he wanted to have the potatoes planted. The committee was uncomfortable. They couldn't refuse him. It was practically putting it up to them to make the soldiers do work which they had already refused to do. I do not know what happened at the general meeting, but the potatoes were planted. Colonel Hurd won the everlasting admiration of the men by overseeing the work himself, explaining to them the American method of planting potatoes. They saw it was much superior to the Russian method, and out of curiosity and also to see the *nachalnik*

work, half the orderlies in the hospital were there, doing their work that they had said was the work of women.

The cook—and a very good cook he was—announced one evening that he would not cook the dinner on the following day. He made this statement to the head sister, who was in charge of the commissary. He came into the pharmacy where she was working.

"*Sestre*," he said, "I do not want to work tomorrow. I shall not cook the dinner."

"Tell the *nachalnik*," she answered.

"I won't tell him," he said; "that is your business."

"It is not my business," replied the sister; "it is the business of your committee. After you get permission from them, tell the *nachalnik*. That is what your committee is for. It has nothing to do with me whether you work or not."

He hesitated.

"I do not want to go to the committee."

"That is your affair, not mine," she answered.

The cook went out. He was back in the kitchen the next morning and was most amiable. The committee had made short work of his complaint. He had taken things rather easily during the Easter holidays, which the soldiers knew. Seven men were allowed to have leave at one time. The committee decided which ones should go. The men were naturally jealous of their leave and were

not going to allow the cook to do any man out of his home holiday. The cook was back on the job the next morning, and he stayed there until his turn for leave arrived.

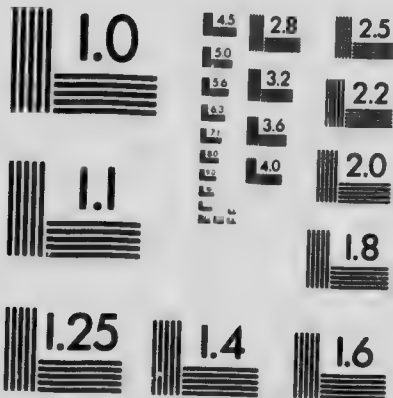
For a while everything went along beautifully. The work was done. All Colonel Hurd did was to give orders to the committee. It began to dawn on the soldiers that they were doing more work than they had done for some months, and that the orders for this work came from the committee they had elected themselves. They did not want to dismiss the committee, because our hospital was the only one for miles around where the chief had voluntarily asked to have a committee formed. This allowed them to "swank," but at the same time they did not want to work. It was only a matter of weeks before a new committee was formed. This committee did not get along any better than the first one. A third committee was formed. The third committee was composed of what I might call "the radicals." Then things became rather disagreeable.

Attached to the hospital was a herd of fourteen cows. They gave enough milk to supply all the patients and the staff. The soldiers began to cast longing eyes at the pails of cream that were left over after the hospital had been fed. For dessert we would have bowls of sour milk. This is rather good. It does n't sound very appetizing, but when sprinkled with sugar and eaten with bread and but-



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ter, it is not bad. We also had *blinchiki svara-gom*, delicious little pancakes filled with cottage cheese or "crowdy," and eaten with thick cream and sugar. It is a delicious dessert and one of which I became very fond.

The committee, at the request of the soldiers, passed a resolution that the staff was only to be allowed half a glass of milk a day. This was just enough for our morning coffee. The remainder of the milk was to go to the soldiers. In order to see that there was no cheating, a soldier accompanied the housekeeping sister every night and every morning when she milked the cows. He would measure off the milk for our kitchen, measure off the hospital supply, and carry the rest away to the soldiers' kitchen. I do not know what they did with this milk, because what was enough for fifteen or twenty people could n't begin to feed two hundred men. The head sister tried to tell them that they were foolish, that they would only get about a teaspoon each, but it was no use. According to them, they had a right to it, so we could n't have it.

Meat was becoming very scarce. Fourteen carloads had been condemned. It had been shipped to the Tenth Army. Part of it was consigned to us. It had been weeks on the way, but the trainmen were too busy forming committees to bother about such details. When it arrived at our station, it was putrid. The men had to be fed, so a cow

was killed. Representatives of the committee attended the killing and cutting up, to see that the head sister did not get more than was absolutely necessary to feed the staff. After a diet of fish for several days, I was astonished to see meat once more on the table. Presently the head sister told me the story. The meat had been divided among the men. We received the leavings. A week later, at dinner, I was eating something I could not recognize.

"You are enjoying your dinner?" the head sister said very politely.

"Well, it is n't bad," I said, "but what is it?"

She answered:

"It is the lungs of the cow we killed last week."

Dr. Hurd asked me why I did n't finish my dinner. I told him I was n't educated up to cow's lungs.

"Well, never mind," he said, "I have two lame horses that we are going to kill next week. Do you like horse-meat?"

"I prefer it to lungs," I said. "But," I continued, "don't you think it is the turn of the soldiers to have the lungs, and let us have some of the meat?"

After that I simply ate and never asked what I was eating. I was too hungry to care, and I was afraid of what the answer might be.

One day Colonel Hurd was looking at a flock of nine geese. They were my special pets.

"I think we will kill that one and have it for our Sunday dinner," he said.

He gave the order to the head sister, who passed it on to the butcher. When the time came to cook the goose, there was no goose there. She sent for the butcher and asked him what had happened. His answer was that the committee had forbidden him to kill it.

"That has nothing to do with me," she said. "It was an order of the *nachalnik*."

"It is none of my business either," he replied. "It is between the *nachalnik* and the committee."

The committee was sent for. Colonel Hurd asked them why they had refused to have the goose killed. They hesitated for a moment. Then the spokesman said:

"You see, *gospodin nachalnik*, all of the geese are not fat enough. We are going to fatten them all, and then we shall kill all of them and we will all have goose. Why should you eat goose, when we have only fish?"

I do not know how they expected to divide nine geese among more than two hundred men, but there was no goose killed for us.

The power of the committee grew daily. If Colonel Hurd ordered a *troika* to be ready at a certain hour (he had many visits to pay to Red Cross headquarters, headquarters of the army, etc.), there would be a committee-meeting to decide if the horses could be harnessed or not. Now on the

Russian front no one beneath the rank of a colonel is allowed to drive in a *troika*. It is a sign of rank that the old régime was very strict about. The committee attempted once or twice to send him off with only two horses. Each time there was a terrible row. Of course Colonel Hurd could not leave without three horses harnessed to the *troika*. The soldiers argued that, as all men were equal, he had no more right to have three horses than they had. Little things like this, while rare at first, multiplied daily, until one could do scarcely anything without first securing permission from the committee.

The two waiters in the dining-room refused to serve us any longer. It was undignified for them, free men, to wait on women. One morning at breakfast there was no breakfast, no man to serve us, and no cook in the kitchen. Outside, the two dining-room men were watching through the windows. Colonel Hurd said nothing after the head sister told him the waiters were on strike. The head sister had prepared the coffee, and had put the bread and things on the table. Colonel Hurd looked around and saw the coffee-urn. He got up and helped himself. He finished his breakfast and went off to the surgery without another word. When he got through with his work there, he sent for the committee.

They had promised him not to interfere in the running of the hospital without his permission.

He did not attempt to give any orders, but he simply told them that they had given him their word of honor and then had broken it. He added, "I cannot work with men who are liars. I am leaving for Petrograd to-day."

In less than half an hour there was a general meeting of all the nurses and soldiers. The result of this meeting was drawn up in the form of a petition which requested him to stay and promised that there should be no more interference. The waiters came back to the dining-room, and there was peace once more. It was a constant fight, however. Colonel Hurd would get the better of them on one question; half an hour later another would come up. They seemed to go out of their way to avoid all work, to disobey all orders, and to rebel against all authority. I believe they spent all night in thinking up new ways to annoy the chief during the day. There was nothing personal in this. They had a respect and admiration for him that was marvelous. They had a complete and childlike faith in his ability, and were tremendously proud of him. They called him the "miracle man." It was just the canker of socialism eating into their hearts and destroying all that was good in them. I think that, left alone, these men would have been willing to "carry on" as before, but all around were other hospitals where the soldiers had complete charge and were running everything. Not only was this true in the

Florence Harper having a lesson on the balalaika





Some of my fellow-workers

hospitals, but in the regiments as well. The regiment stationed close to us was probably the worst. The colonel was a splendid old man, but unfortunately he belonged to the old régime. He and two of his officers were arrested. They were sent to Petrograd under guard to be judged by the Duma. The charge was that they were anti-revolutionists. The soldiers had taken complete charge of the commissaries and all supplies. The officers of the corps of our district were each allowed by the soldiers three pounds of sugar a month, and half a pound of meat a day when there was any meat, which was very seldom. They were allowed one glass of milk a day, and the same black bread was made for all. If an officer gave an order that was distasteful to the men, he was simply placed under arrest and either shot or sent to Petrograd to be tried. All the officers knew that they were doomed. It was only a matter of time until they would all become victims of the revolution.

Driving down to the front line one day with a young officer, I was astonished when he pointed to a little cemetery and said:

"Soon I will be there."

He seemed so pessimistic that I asked him why.

"If I order my men to attack, and they refuse, they will kill me," he said. "If there is no attack, and things go on as they are going now, then I shall kill myself."

"But, why not stick it out," I said, "and 'carry on' and do what you can?"

"If I were an Englishman," he answered, "or a man of any other nationality, I should; but I am a Slav, so I shall shoot myself."

He could n't be blamed, because he had already seen many of his fellow-officers shot by the soldiers.

Nearly every day visitors would come over to the hospitals and regiments and give glowing accounts of how they were running things. To them our organization seemed old-fashioned. It smacked of czarism. Then our committee would plan some new annoyance for the chief. The situation was hopeless. One could n't reason with them, because they always agreed with the last man. Colonel Hurd was obeyed more than any other commanding officer for miles around. This was because he was an American and belonged to the nation that gave birth to freedom. They could n't talk to him about equality; he was born free and with constitutional rights. They knew this and were willing to be guided by him to a certain extent, but as time went on it became too difficult. He could n't attend to his work and settle disputes with the committee. Life was becoming impossible.

Each Red Cross unit had a priest attached to it. He conducted service occasionally and attended to the burial. They were usually young and of a type that I dislike. Their long, greasy hair and

long black gowns, which were just as greasy, made them look most unprepossessing. Every priest I met was extremely fond of talking. Our priest could talk for hours about nothing or anything, and never even waited for any one to agree or disagree with him.

One day he went to Moscow to attend a conference of priests. Like every one else, the priests had to have their committee. On his return I asked him if any business had been done. He said, "No, unfortunately," because a question had come up at the very beginning that caused such prolonged discussion that the conference ended without the question being decided. I asked him what this question was. He replied:

"Under the old régime we were not allowed to attend theaters, but our wives were permitted to go. The first day of the conference a married priest asked the committee to decide whether priests should be allowed to go to the theater. The chairman of the committee asked him what reason he had for wanting to go. He said that he so desired because he had noticed that the wives of the priests who went to the theater seized this occasion to arrange a rendezvous with their lovers and be untrue to their husbands. He asked for permission, because he thought the priests ought to be allowed to go and watch over their wives. Some of the older priests (who evidently were passing time whether their wives were true to

them or not) disagreed with him and said that priests should not be allowed to go to the theater. It was too worldly, they declared. They discussed this question pro and con during the entire convention, and, as I said, the question has yet to be decided."

At the same time that the priests had their convention in Moscow, the thieves held a convention. About four hundred of them gathered from all parts of Russia to elect a committee to manage their affairs. There really was no reason why the thieves should not be in the fashion. Every one else had a committee, so why should n't they? A committee was elected, and a man who was one of the cleverest burglars in Russia was made chairman. They could do this with impunity, since all prisons had been opened during the revolution and all records had been destroyed. Therefore they could only be imprisoned upon sufficient evidence, and as every one in Russia was stealing and killing, it would be difficult to convict a man. One of them, who evidently believed in improving the shining hour, picked the pocket of the chairman of the committee to the extent of a few hundred rubles. The minutes of the meeting ended with the discovery of this loss.

I said to the priest:

"You and the thieves do not seem to have had much success with your conventions."

"No," he replied, "but in time it will come.

We must get used to governing ourselves and to organizing our own affairs."

There were never more than two thirds of the necessary number at the hospital, because at least one third was away all the time attending conventions or committee-meetings of one kind or another. In one week Colonel Hurd was invited to eight meetings of various committees. He had been elected to most of them as an honorary member out of compliment to his nationality. He attended only one. He left at five in the morning to drive seventy versts. The meeting lasted five hours. For four hours one man read a speech. The other hour was taken up in drinking tea. He came back tired and disgusted. He never attended another meeting. These committee-meetings and conventions were called not so much to arrange a working programme, as to give the men and women a chance to make speeches. Any Russian is always willing to make a speech on any subject at any time. If he cannot make a speech, he will do the next best thing—be willing to listen to one. Thompson proved this one day by getting up in front of some soldiers, not one of whom spoke or understood English, and giving them a fifteen-minute talk on American democracy. They listened to him; then they cheered him. They told each other what a fine speech he had made. It wouldn't have mattered if he had

spoken in Russian because they would have done the same thing. They always agree with the last man, and as long as they have a speech to listen to, it really does n't matter to them what it is about.

In a field hospital near us there was a young Russian surgeon who spoke English fluently. He would drive up about twice a week to tell his troubles and get advice. He was a splendid young man. Men of his type are going to pull Russia out of the chaos into which she has fallen. Sometimes Colonel Hurd would take me down to this surgeon's part of the front on a visit. I knew the way very well, so one day, when Thompson wanted to take pictures there, I accompanied him.

As we neared the little settlement in the forest, I noticed a line of men outside a dugout. When we were seated around the dining-table drinking tea, I remarked to the surgeon:

"Bread lines are common enough in Petrograd, but why do you have them at the front?"

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Back a little way along the road," I answered, "I saw a line of men standing outside a dugout. What on earth were they waiting for?"

His expression became serious. He excused himself and left the room.

I waited and waited, until I thought he had forgotten all about me. Finally he returned. His face was white, and I could see that something serious had happened. I asked him what was

wrong, and had it anything to do with the bread line? He answered:

"I wish to God it had been a bread line! Some of the men had gotten a woman from among those working on the railroad track some versts back and had persuaded her to come into that dugout!"

It was curious to see, week after week, how the soldiers, unchecked, became more radical. At first they only dared go far in little things, such as in not saluting officers and in forming their committees. They gradually realized, however, that the power was in their hands. In the beginning they could have been restrained, but left alone, they soon passed all bounds and reached a point where it was impossible to stop them. First of all, like children, they seemed to take pleasure in doing little things to annoy, but afterward these annoyances became crimes that reacted to their own detriment just as much as to the harm of their officers.

One day our priest, who lived at a hospital six versts away, came over to attend a burial. He always made a day's visit. He said the food was better and the company more pleasant. That was because we were polite enough to listen to him. He talked by the hour. When he was ready to leave, about six o'clock, I heard a sound of voices and wandered out to see what was happening. The priest's driver, three or four soldiers, and the priest himself were having a lively argument.

Our orderlies had refused either to feed the horse or to give the driver anything to eat. He had been there since ten o'clock in the morning, and naturally was rather resentful. Colonel Hurd was wise enough not to interfere. He carefully avoided all trouble, because the soldiers would not have obeyed him, even if he had ordered them to give the man something to eat. As he could n't find out why they had acted in this way, I volunteered to satisfy his curiosity as well as my own.

About a week before Colonel Hurd had lunched at the hospital where the priest was living, when he was on his way to a committee-meeting. There the men had absolutely refused to give the horses even a bucket of water. His man, who was a splendid old driver, had to sit and watch the other men eat, being refused even a glass of tea. When he returned, he related this incident, so, after all, our men were only paying back what they had received. Incidents like this took place every day.

Presently rumors began to reach us that here and there the doctors were being sent away. At first it was only the assistant-doctors. Then, becoming bolder, the soldiers decided that they could look after the wounded, so why allow so much money to go to one of the hated bourgeoisie? The result was speedily seen. Some of the finest doctors and surgeons in Russia were thrown out of the camps, and a few escaped with nothing but their lives. Hospitals were left without one qualified

doctor, and the wounded were left to the tender mercies of whoever among the soldiers would volunteer to help them.

That was the only cheerful fact about the desertion of the troops at the front, because, as the fighting died down, I knew there would be fewer wounded left to die in filthy hospital beds or to rot from gangrene. Some of the older men, more sensible than the others, realized that this condition was all wrong. They did their best to stop it, but they were in the minority, and while they may have delayed it for a little time, their voices were too few to carry much weight.

CHAPTER X

ON my return from the front at the end of June, I found Mrs. Pankhurst occupying the center of the stage. She and Miss Jessie Kenny were tireless. They seemed to me to work day and night. Wherever I went I found them, and when I did not go I heard they were always there,—at receptions, committee-meetings, interviewing this man and that man, holding meetings of their own. They seemed to me to work twenty-four hours a day. I do not know what good was accomplished in the end, but I was very sorry that Mrs. Pankhurst had come to Russia, because she was foredoomed to failure. She went, according to her own words, "to help the women of Russia, to organize them, and to teach them how to use (that panacea for all ills) the vote." Her motive was good; she was sincere; but unfortunately the women of Russia were too busy revolutionizing to bother about being organized.

The women had just as much to do with the revolution as the men; in fact, they had more. because it was the bread riots of the women that started the first revolution. It was the women who kept it up. There were just as many women fighting in the mobs as there were men. The women rioted just as much as the men, and what

is more, they knew what they wanted even better than the men did. Mrs. Pankhurst said that the factory women, the working women, did not understand the meaning of the vote, of all that it meant to them, of the wonderful power it put into their hands, the power to help Russia and through Russia to help the world, so she came to give them the benefit of her experience.

Having pestered the British Government for a number of years and having accomplished little in comparison to the annoyance she caused, she obtained the consent of Lloyd George to do "her darndest" in Russia. The truth of the matter was that Lloyd George was probably very glad to get rid of her for a while, although since the war began Mrs. Pankhurst and her satellites have been doing splendid work.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Pankhurst personally made a great impression on the Russian people with whom she came in contact. Her personality is charming. She was charming even to me, an avowed anti-suffragette. She was not very well during her Russian visit. The food disagreed with her, as it did with everybody, but, weakened by years of hunger strikes, Mrs. Pankhurst was less able to thrive on it than the others who had not had her experiences. Despite this, she looked remarkably well, and when she adopted the regal manner she looked every inch the dowager queen of the militants.

She held a meeting in the Astoria Hotel one evening to receive and consider suggestions on the best way in which to reach the Russian working women and teach them the meaning of politics. Mrs. McAllister Smith was in the chair. There was a fair sprinkling of ambassadors and members of the diplomatic corps. In fact, it was quite a representative gathering of the foreign colony of Petrograd as it existed at that time, with several of the Root Commission, as well as a good many Russian officers. Mrs. McAllister-Smith read her address; Mrs. Pankhurst spoke. Neither speech nor address was particularly interesting, and we were all settling down for an evening of boredom, when Mrs. Pankhurst asked if one of the members of the Root Mission would make a speech. Immediately there were calls for Charles Edward Russell. Mrs. Pankhurst said, "I do not know Mr. Russell, but if he is present, will he kindly come forward and address the meeting?" There was more slang and more "punch" in his speech than there was in the combined speeches of all the others. In two seconds he had the audience in good humor. In three he had them laughing. Then they became busy,—at least, the foreigners did,—trying to puzzle out what his Americanisms meant. We thoroughly enjoyed it. It was like a breath straight from the Land of the Free. But, unfortunately, Charles Edward did not choose the

uplifting of the women of Russia as his theme, but spoke at length on the *soviet*. He had been attending the meetings of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates and was rather keen on the work they were doing. His subject was socialism, from beginning to end. Mrs. Pankhurst was visibly annoyed. Whether the enthusiasm of the audience or the waste of time annoyed her, I do not know. It was with regret that we saw him sit down. The meeting rather broke up after this, as nothing was done. I believe that a few resolutions were passed, but nothing ever came of it. This was typical of Mrs. Pankhurst's work in Russia. Her motive was good and she worked hard, but nothing ever came of it. I have heard it said that the reason for her failure was the refusal of Kerensky to support her. This is not true. Kerensky may have refused to support her, but that was not the cause of her failure. She failed because she did not have experience in dealing with the Russian people, especially the women. She did not understand them, and they did not understand her. While the Russian women and Mrs. Pankhurst may be working for the same thing in the end—the ennobling and enfranchisement of women—their methods are different. They accepted her sympathy and appreciated her effort, but they resented the fact that a woman from a country where women are comparatively free

should try to teach women who have been struggling for many years against the blackest oppression.

A girl, a violinist of genius, said to me after the meeting at the Astoria:

"What right has Mrs. Pankhurst to say she is capable of helping or teaching us? In England, compared to Russia, there is no cause for a rebellion against the government. Here we have suffered for years things that Englishwomen have never even dreamed of. We have been struggling against conditions that are absolutely unknown in the western world. What right has Mrs. Pankhurst to think she can teach us? We accept and appreciate her sympathy, but that is all. Let her go home and go on with her war work."

The sister of the speaker had been working for fifteen years for the freedom of Russia. Her father told me that she had been in nearly every jail in Russia, and for five years he had done nothing but bribe judges and officials to prevent her being sent to Siberia. Women like this know better how to deal with the conditions that have arisen in Russia than Mrs. Pankhurst could ever know.

I think her championship of Botchkarova antagonized women who might have helped, because not all Russian women approved of the Women's Battalion. They acknowledged their bravery and the spirit of self-sacrifice that prompted them, but

they considered that more good could be done by working in other ways. Mrs. Pankhurst undoubtedly paid a great deal of attention to Botchkaro^{va}; consequently, women of intelligence, who might have helped her, held aloof. It was a great pity, but perhaps, while on the whole her visit was a failure, enough good was done here and there to justify it.

The first Women's Battalion of Death was not the first shock battalion, but Botchkaro^{va} evidently received her inspiration from the shock battalions that had been formed along the front during the spring. Her history is now well known, so there is no need for me to go into detail. Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst speaks of Botchkaro^{va}, I think, as "that wonderful, splendid woman." I do not agree with Mrs. Pankhurst. The object of the Women's Battalion was to inspire the men to fight. They failed in this. It was a splendid failure, but nevertheless they failed. That these women were brave, goes without saying. They were sincere and patriotic. No doubt many of them enlisted for the adventure of the thing, but they enlisted while knowing that they were playing with death.

Botchkaro^{va} was a *maitresse femme*. It is impossible to think of her as a woman. She is muscular and strong. She walks and talks like a man, and she has the face of a man. She has as much pride in her physical strength as she has in being the first woman officer of the first women's bat-

talion. It is said that a great many girls left the first battalion because of the discipline. That is partially true, but a great many of these girls left the first battalion because they could not stand the personal conduct of Botchkarova. This was proved by the fact that eighty per cent. of these girls joined the second battalion and made good soldiers.

The only man who expressed admiration for the Women's Battalion was a private of the Death Battalion that rescued them from a dangerous position at the front. He said the women were splendid, but at the same time he added, "When the soldiers saw them, they laughed, and a great many men who were willing to fight refused to fight, because they said fighting had become woman's work and therefore there was no need for them." Although this man admired them, he did not approve of the idea. He had splendid stories to tell of their bravery, but said they did more harm than good.

The movement was impossible from the first and was doomed to failure. Where many women could be found to enlist, it was impossible to find officers for them. Botchkarova had spent many months at the front with a regiment of men. She was capable of officering a battalion of women, but for the other battalions other officers had to be found. There are not many Botchkarovas in Russia. It was her personality that carried the first



The women took their drill seriously



The girl-soldiers loved to wrestle. On the extreme left, Botchkarova is looking on

battalion through. The girl-soldiers were just ordinary women. Some of them were accustomed to hardships, because they had worked in the fields, but the majority were town women. Botchkarova herself never knew the meaning of "fatigue." Her discipline was merciless. There was nothing womanly about it. As far as I know, no other battalion went to the front—no other battalion could, without Botchkarova to lead it.

I have been accused of running down my own sex, because I say that I do not approve of women-soldiers. It is not because I want to run down my own sex that I say the whole thing was doomed to failure, but because I think so highly of it. Women of France and England have shown us what women can do. They have worked in munition factories and hospitals day by day, night after night, for over three years. Their influence is all the stronger because they do woman's work. Their example is uplifting to every man who comes in contact with them. No man—Russian, Frenchman, Englishman or American—has anything but admiration for them. There were twenty thousand Russian women enlisted as soldiers. If these twenty thousand had devoted the same energy and sacrifice to their own woman's work, their example might have made itself felt.

The day the first battalion left for the front, a farewell mass was said for them at the Kazan Ca-

The girl-soldiers loved to wrestle. On the extreme left, Botchkarova is looking on

thedral. It was a day of showers and sunshine. While waiting for them, the altar was placed outside on the steps in order to have an outdoor mass. When the rain came, it was moved inside. When the sun shone, it was moved out again. There were thousands of people there, crowding the open space in front of the cathedral and jammed on the steps. It was only with difficulty that the priests could keep a lane open down the steps and a space in front of them for the women-soldiers. A mass was supposed to be said at four o'clock. At half-past four Botchkarova had not arrived. At a quarter to five word was received that they were getting ready to leave the barracks. At a quarter after five they arrived. I heard soldiers around me talking about them. They were saying, "If they are due to attack, and wait an hour and a half to powder their noses, what will the Germans do to them?" They were cheered by everybody as they marched up and took their places at the foot of the steps. They stood in a semicircle, with Botchkarova in the center. They carried the ordinary Russian trench-kit, which is exceptionally heavy. Two of the girls left the ranks and sat down on the steps to rest. Their faces were white. They had reached a state of utter exhaustion. I stood on the steps, with the priests on one side of me and Lady Georgina Buchanan on the other. Mrs. Pankhurst was represented by Miss Kenny. With the exception of

the wives of two newspaper correspondents, we were the only foreign women there.

A mass was said, and then a priest delivered a short address to the women—a priest with the exalted look of a saint on his face and in his clear eyes, the only one like that whom I have ever seen in Russia. He began, "Women of Russia, who are offering yourselves as a sacrifice," etc., etc. He spoke of their sacrifice and of the spirit that had prompted it, and finally bade them go forth to battle, strong in the faith that their lives would not be given in vain. He was more like the prophet of the Old Testament, blessing them in the name of Jehovah, King of Hosts, than a priest of the Greek Church, whose symbol is the Cross of Christ.

From my place on the step I looked down upon a sea of faces. Back of me a crowd surged to and fro, the women frankly crying. Some of the men, too, had their handkerchiefs up to their eyes. Admiral Skrydlov was there, with tears in his eyes, for his tall, brave daughter stood with the great gold banner, which he had presented to the battalion when his daughter enlisted. It was difficult to realize that these soldiers were women. They looked so like the ordinary young recruits just called to the colors. That is what they were, of course, but they were called by patriotism and a burning desire to serve Russia in the best way they could, according to their ideas. That they did not

have the right idea of service did not lessen the bravery of their action. They may have been ludicrous in their ill-fitting uniforms—one man said that they looked like “a chorus of a third-rate burlesque”—but they inspired admiration as well as pity. They were splendid in their devotion. My own eyes filled with tears when I said, “Good-bye; good luck; God bless you!” It is not saying much for the men of Russia, whose spirit is so pitifully stupid and dull, that their women deemed such sacrifice necessary.

That Kerensky knew the situation was critical was shown by the fact that these women were sent into action almost immediately. After a training of only a few weeks, they were put in barracks at the Dvinsk front. From there they went into action and acquitted themselves heroically. Enough has been written about these women, but no book which describes the events of the past year in Russia would be complete without some mention of the Women's Battalion.

After they had been in action and the wounded were to be found in the hospitals of Petrograd, not one of them had anything but good to say about the others. Each girl was full of admiration for her comrades, and their devotion to Botchkarova was touching. Botchkarova herself was wounded, and upon her recovery a mass was said for them in the same cathedral where one had been celebrated when they left for the front.

Knowing the length of a Greek mass, I declined to go into the church, but waited outside for Botchkarova. She was very pale, and her fighting spirit was subdued. In fact, I have never liked the woman so well as when I saw her come out of the church on the arm of a Polish officer, more of a woman than I had ever seen her. The church was filled with relatives of the girls who had fought and died. A soldier, standing in front of the cathedral, remarked, "I do not see why they are making so much fuss over these women. They only enlisted for the purpose of prostitution, and that is why they went to the front." His remark was overheard, and immediately a crowd began gathering around him. At first they only abused him with words. Very soon they came to blows. The women were more enraged than the men. They rushed at him, like terriers around a wild animal, scratching his face, hitting him, and pulling his hair. He stood quietly, with his arms hanging, making no attempt at defense.

"Kill me if you like, but do not insult me," he kept saying, "I only spoke the truth. Kill me; you cannot make my words untrue. I am a Russian soldier; do not insult me. Kill me!"

The crowd increased until it became a mob. It grew more violent. I was afraid they were going to trample and beat him to death. My natural antipathy to mobs made me stand by him, and, without actually seeming to, I shielded him as

much as possible. The men began abusing him as well, spitting at him and hitting his face, which was covered with blood from the scratches of the women. One fat old man, who looked like a woman, spat at him, but unfortunately I was the target he hit. That was the last straw. I swung around and punched the old brute in the stomach. Immediately his wrath turned against me. My escort, an officer of the British General Staff, kept pleading, "For God's sake, come out of there! You will be killed!" Fortunately, he was in mufti; otherwise he could not have been in the crowd at all.

Seeing that I would n't leave, he went off and brought back a militia-man. The crowd surged and fro, no one daring to make a move to pull the soldier down. If he had fallen, he would have been trampled to a pulp in less time than it takes to tell it. The fat man whom I had punched called me a spy. This distracted the attention of a few of the people from the soldier to me. Things were looking very black, when the militia-man arrived. Immediately the whole crowd began explaining the situation to him. He sent a small boy for help, which arrived on the run, a reinforcement of six. Between them they got the man out, surrounded him, and marched him off to the police station, a distance of about eight blocks. The crowd trailed them, threatening to kill the man at any minute, but they arrived at the police-

station in safety. As far as I was concerned, the incident was closed.

This man only gave voice to a persistent rumor that one heard. It was part of the talk of those who did not see why the women should be soldiers. I do not think his remark was true, but in a company of three hundred and fifty women, naturally one would find a great many who were not like Cæsar's wife, "above reproach."

CHAPTER XI

AN idea seems prevalent in America among people who have never studied the geographic position of Petrograd that the climate there is cold all the year round. When I have mentioned that it is hot there in the summer, people appeared astonished.

The sleighing is good until the end of March. The snow is packed hard in the streets, making several inches of splendid sleighing surface. On the pavements the walking is slippery. In winter it is very cold. Every one muffles up the ears, both men and women wearing what they call "goloshes." These are not rubbers, but American overshoes. They are made of hard leather and are worn over either slippers or boots. They are very warm and comfortable. Upon entering a store or restaurant, a house or any building, in fact, one must remove goloshes and fur coats, because the rooms are kept so hot that it is impossible to sit in them while wearing outdoor wraps. Every room has a porcelain stove built into the wall. In private houses these stoves are magnificent, made of porcelain tiles of a color to match the scheme of decoration. They are not too ugly. In fact, I do not think they are any uglier than

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The orderlies liked to have their pictures taken



The arm-grip; one method of carrying a wounded man

steam-radiators. The hotels are steam-heated, and the shops and office-buildings seem to have central heating. At least, all that I went into were heated in this way.

One sees few closed carriages, even in midwinter. Every one drives in open sleighs. Russians may like this and may be accustomed to it, but I found that two blocks in an open sleigh was all that I could stand. During the revolution in March it was so cold that, even with heavy woolen stockings and boots and goloshes, after standing around for an hour or two watching the Cossacks charge the mob, my feet would feel as if they were frozen. When I was a child I would stay out sleighing and tobogganing until I would be so cold that tears would run down my face, despite myself. Last winter in Russia I sometimes felt the same way,—just plain miserably cold,—but all winter I never once caught cold.

Toward the end of March the snow begins to melt. Then one wades through two feet of slush. No city in the world can ever have such slush as Petrograd. It was impossible to buy rubbers. I had none in my trunks. One day, in passing a store, I saw a queue over a block long. I asked what they were waiting for, and was told, "to buy rubbers." As the snow was still hard on the ground and there was no possibility of wet feet, so far as I could see, I laughed. Four weeks later I would have stood in line for many hours to

have obtained a pair of rubbers, but it was impossible to get them.

When the slush was at its worst, I went south to the front. There the birch-trees were in bud, making the country like fairyland. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Russian forests of pine and birch in the spring. The marshy places are filled with big yellow flowers; the prairies are dotted with wild flowers, like our Western prairies. As I left before the slush was over, I do not know how long it lasts in Petrograd, but when I returned from the front it was hot. The sleighs had given place to rickety old *droshkys* and the smell of clean cold had given way to a smell of dirty streets and stagnant water.

It is n't fair to judge Petrograd by the state it was in that summer, because the sewers were not cleaned out. The snow is carted away and dumped into the canals, so that, instead of being many feet below the street level, in places they are built up to it with dirty snow and street refuse. That year this was all allowed to melt, and the sewers were not flushed out. As the summer wore on, the smell from the canals became at times most disagreeable.

Fortunately, Petrograd, like New York, always has a breeze. Situated as it is, it is rare that there is not at least a slight breeze blowing. It was this wind that saved the city that summer. An American doctor, who was leaving with the Root Com-

mission, came a few days before his departure and told me that if there were even rumors of an outbreak of cholera I was to go at once to the Petrograd branch of an American drug firm and buy cholera vaccine. He told me that directions would be on the package, and I was also to ask them how to use it.

People began dying from dysentery. In the consulates, embassies, and public buildings warnings were pasted on the walls, telling people to avoid eating all fresh vegetables and fruit, or if one insisted on eating them, to wash them in sterilized water. The strawberry season was in full swing. For a while I resisted the temptation of luscious baskets of strawberries in the shop-windows. This resistance was due not so much to my own strength of mind or to the fear of dysentery, as it was to the price of the strawberries, because, as they got cheaper, I fell from grace and had strawberries every morning. One day Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenny saw me eating strawberries. They were horrified. They had religiously refrained from touching one, and seemed rather regretful that I appeared able to eat them and suffer no harm. But the bad food was having its effect. Sometimes I felt as if I had ptomaine poisoning. I thought of my old friend, castor oil. The only way that I was able to eat with any kind of appetite, or to digest the food that I obtained, was by taking castor oil with my dinner once a week.

Every one was suffering from stomach trouble of one kind or another. It was not unusual to ask a man how his wife was, and to get the answer "Oh, she has been ill for a week—stomach, you know." Nor was it extraordinary to cancel engagements, and give as the reason, "I am sorry, but I do not feel well—stomach, you know."

My standbys were hardtack, caviar, and sardines. The sardines were dear, but one could buy them. At the beginning they cost four and one-half rubles per box. Later on the price went up by leaps and bounds, until I felt wickedly extravagant when I bought even one box. Spread on a piece of hardtack, it made quite a palatable sandwich. The caviar was delicious. It cost thirteen rubles for the Russian pound, which is seven eights of ours. One day I went into the best shop in Petrograd to buy some, the first time I had been there to buy it myself. On a table were jars full of various qualities, from a few rubles up to thirteen rubles. Behind them was a second row of pressed caviar. In a glass, like a toothpick glass, were little flat pieces of wood. One was supposed to take one of these, scoop out a little caviar, and taste it as a sample. I stood there for a moment, wondering if the eleven-ruble caviar would be as good as that costing thirteen rubles. A Russian officer and his wife came up, deciding which quality they would buy. She took one of the little wooden spades, dipped out a generous helping of

the best quality, ate it, and said to her husband, "That is very good." He dipped into the eleven-ruble jar, and said, "But this is also good." To my horror, she dipped the little spade she had just been licking into the eleven-ruble jar, while he did the same with his spade in the thirteen-ruble jar. They went down to the three-fifty caviar and back up again to the thirteen-ruble quality. I left them there debating which quality they would buy. I went into another shop and bought quickly, before anybody could come in and taste the caviar. I have seen Russians do the same thing with fish. After that I did my shopping by proxy.

The honey I had for breakfast came from the country. An Englishwoman who had been a few weeks near Smolensk brought me back as much honey as the authorities would allow her to carry. While she was there, she had white flour, fresh butter, cream, milk, fresh eggs, meat, and, in fact, everything good to eat. When she was leaving for her home in Petrograd, they only allowed her to carry as much as she could smuggle away. The peasants absolutely refused to let any food-stuffs get to the city. They declared it was full of anarchists and German agents, and that they were not going to feed them. This woman managed to bring me some honey, because her maid was the daughter of the big man of the village. She also brought me a little piece of cheese that was more valuable than gold. I was never fond of cheese,

but through not being able to get any and thus having to do without it, I had a craving for cheese that at times annoyed me.

Of social life there was practically none. The difficulties of the food situation were so great that there were no large parties. Sometimes a table or two of "bridge" would be arranged, sometimes a few would gather together to dance to the music of a victrola. These occasions were real parties for us. As the warm weather came along, a drive around the islands and dinner either with friends who had a summer home there or at "Felicien's" was the utmost limit of our dissipation. At the restaurants the food grew worse and worse, and the prices rose higher. At "Donon's" dinner consisted of soup, usually cabbage-soup, fish that was generally good, an infinitesimal piece of game or occasionally some meat, a salad of two leaves of lettuce (which no one ate because of fear of dysentery), and a water-ice. During the summer this meal cost nine rubles. Despite the fact that rubles were cheap in New York, they were dear in Russia, as the government rate was three for one dollar, and it was this rate that one had to reckon with in counting up the cost of living there.

A welcome visitor was one who came with full hands. I shall never forget the sight of a caller at the apartment of a friend one evening. He

walked up three flights of stairs carrying a piece of bacon, two tins of alcohol, a paper bag of white flour, and two pounds of sugar. He had to make two trips, because one tin of alcohol was almost as big as himself. If he had brought a million rubles, he could not have been more welcome. The excitement of seeing real American bacon was so great that then and there we arranged a luncheon-party simply for the purpose of eating it.

Russian parties usually begin at nine or ten o'clock, and they continue until all hours of the morning. About twelve o'clock the guests gather around the supper-table for sandwiches and tea. There is music and dancing (if there are Americans present) and arguments on every subject under the sun.

There was always a delightful uncertainty about any social engagements. One was never sure whether's one guests would arrive or not. Many times I accepted invitations and started out to keep an engagement, but had to turn back because of shooting in the streets. One evening a young English doctor, attached to the Russian-English hospital, was coming down with a friend to play "bridge" with me. He lived on the Vladimirski in a large house taken over by the hospital authorities for the staff. At half-past eight I remarked that he was half an hour late. At nine o'clock he telephoned.

"Do you mind if I am a little bit late?"

"Yes, I do mind; I want to begin to play. What's keeping you?"

"Well, there is a pitched battle between the Bolsheviks and the Cossacks outside my door. I do not mind leaving, but I can not very well risk having the ambulance shot up." (The only way he had of coming was to drive himself down in the huge truck-ambulance belonging to the hospital.)

"Well, it won't last long," I said. "Come as soon as things are quiet."

"All right; good-bye."

At ten o'clock he telephoned again.

"There are eight dead horses outside and things are quiet, but the *dvornik* (porter) says that they have gone for reinforcements. If you can get a fourth man from your quarter of the town, I will be down, because Harrison won't come. He is nervous when there is any shooting, and he says he won't go out to-night."

"I will telephone around to get a fourth," I replied, "and I will let you know in a few minutes."

By the time another man had promised to come and I had Bingham's telephone number, the "bridge"-party had to be called off.

"They went away and brought back their friends," he told me ruefully, "and I am afraid it is an all-night business. How about to-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night will do," I said.

"All right. If these fools will only stop shooting long enough I will take the ambulance and be over at eight."

That "bridge"-party never took place. For a week the streets were impassable at night, and when things had become quieter, I had so much work piled up that I had to stop playing "bridge."

On another occasion we were forced to stay at the house of a friend until four in the morning. While we had been enjoying a quiet sociable evening, some of Lenine's friends had decided to demonstrate that they were the real masters of Russia. When nobody seemed inclined to dispute this assertion and it was slow shooting because no one would shoot back, they decided to go home and to bed. Finally, at four o'clock, we were able to motor through the streets in comparative safety.

Occasionally the American Embassy was thrown open for small receptions. One of these was given for the Red Cross Commission upon its arrival. The entire American colony was to be found there, not so much for the pleasure of meeting each other socially, as for the opportunity afforded to get something good to eat. After saying "how do you do" to the ambassador and whoever was in line with him quite shamelessly one would walk straight upstairs to the tea-room. It was the only time during my entire visit to Russia when I had real white bread and real ice-cream. It is no wonder that reports sent from the American Embassy were more

optimistic than the actual condition of affairs justified. Those of us who lived in hotels knew what the scarcity of food meant. After eating the dinner that the "Astoria" afforded, I would go to my room and hunt in every available corner for food. One evening after dinner I was sitting on the couch and eating a piece of dry bread and some chocolate. I had just finished dinner downstairs but was still hungry. Colonel F—— came in. He and some other officers were taking me to a friend's house to play "bridge." When he saw me, he laughed.

"Come into my room," he said.

I went with him, still carrying my bread and chocolate. In his sitting-room were two British officers who were eating bread and cheese. Simultaneously we said:

"Where did you get that chocolate? Where did you find the cheese?"

"I will swap you a little piece of chocolate for a little piece of cheese," I said.

The exchange was made, and the three of us finished our dinner. One has to be really hungry before one can eat with relish dry bread and chocolate, or dry bread and cheese—after a full course dinner!

Sometimes I could n't sleep because I was so hungry. One night I consoled myself with the thought that each passing moment brought me nearer to breakfast-time. The fuse in my room had burned out. I could n't even make myself

some tea. At eight o'clock I rang for the boy. The usual conversation took place.

"Bread?"

"*Nieto.*"

"Milk?"

"*Nieto.*"

"Butter?"

"*Nieto.*"

"Coffee?"

"*Yist.*"

"Very well; bring me some coffee."

So my breakfast consisted of black coffee and sugar. I usually had a fair amount of sugar on hand. People would take pity on me and bring me a few lumps or half a pound now and then. I guarded it jealously, and hid it away carefully. In fact it was the only thing in my room that was always locked up.

Once, for a whole week, I lived in luxury. An officer of the armored-car corps gave me a tin of "Ideal" cream, a plate of hardtack, and a tin of army jam. Every morning while eating this jam I wondered how the Tommies could "grouse" because they only had plum- and apple-jam. I have never tasted such good jam.

While there was no white flour for bread in Petrograd, it was a curious thing that every afternoon at the Astoria Hotel the pastry chef made French pastry. Each room was allowed two cakes. For them one paid forty kopeks each, or

about twenty-five cents for the two. By bribing the waiter, one could usually get more. These cakes were made of white flour, pastry flour, so during the days when it would be impossible to procure bread, one could always be sure of having two small pieces of French pastry.

There was another place in Petrograd that was supplied with white flour. This was the "Café Empire." Even during the revolution, when the people were rioting because even black bread could not be had, at the "Empire" one could always get white rolls and coffee with milk. This café was a rendezvous for the demi-monde. About four o'clock in the afternoon one could always find there eighty per cent. of the visiting Americans. The first time that I found out about the white rolls you could get there was when an old Englishman brought his wife four white rolls. Every afternoon he went to the "Empire," ordered coffee, and put the rolls in his pocket. It wasn't a place where a respectable woman should go. I went there, however, at least three or four times, because by the time four o'clock came around and I had had nothing to eat since the night before, I would have gone anywhere for food.

After the revolution all restaurants were closed on holidays. Once, between two trips to the front, not being able to find a room at the "Astoria," I went to the "Hôtel d'Europe." Evidently my experiences at the front had so unnerved me that I

was suffering from a slight nervous collapse. Anyway, I was too ill to leave my bed. Around noon I rang for a waiter. A maid came in and said the service-room was closed. It was a holiday; everything was closed, and no food would be served until the following morning.

"I am ill; I cannot leave my bed," I said. "You cannot leave me without food from last night until to-morrow."

"*Netchevo*," she replied, "the room is locked; you will have to wait until morning."

At six o'clock Thompson came in to see how I was. All he had had during the day was some black coffee for breakfast. While we were discussing the best means of procuring food, an American friend arrived. Upon hearing our tale of woe, he took Thompson to his flat, gave him something to eat, and at the end of a couple of hours returned with some gray bread and butter, a couple of hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle full of cold coffee. If it had not been for this man, I should have gone thirty hours without food of any kind.

It was on holidays like this that I sought refuge at the "Café Empire." I do not know where the management of this café found flour. The fact that they allowed their upstairs rooms to be used for political meetings may have accounted for a great deal of the immunity from mob violence from which other cafés suffered.

Another peculiar fact about the bread situation

was that at a time when shops were being stormed and people were starving for lack of the rotten black bread,—which was the only bread they knew,—the *isvorscheks* were feeding bread to their horses. Horse-fodder was so scarce and so dear that, even when procurable, it was too dear for them to buy. So during those dark days some of the horses were kept alive on black bread.

This may give some idea of the graft and of the condition into which the pro-German officials who were at the head of affairs had allowed the country to sink.

In fact, the only money made by Russians at that time was through graft. Despite the fact that workmen were getting more than they ever had made in their lives, the cost of living was going up so rapidly that they were no better off than before. I wrote a long article on the high cost of living in Petrograd. A couple of weeks later I copied it out, only to find that I had to change all the figures. Before I could send the article to America, these had changed again. I found it was quite hopeless. The cost of living was mounting so rapidly that no one could do justice to it. I could n't keep up with it. I tore up the manuscript in despair.

As an instance of this, a friend of mine was sending his wife and baby to England. The child was ill, because they could not get proper food for it. He bought tins of baby-food, enough to last until their arrival in England, but owing to the fact that

the traveling permit did not arrive in time, the journey had to be postponed for a week. He went back to the shop to buy an extra tin, and found that during that week the price had gone up from seven and one-half rubles to fourteen. Very often it was impossible to find the article one wished to buy. When one did locate it, the price was exorbitant. I tried to get white material for my Red Cross head-dress. The finest I could get was coarse cotton. Darning wool was non-existent, as well as mending wool and silks. Black materials could not be had. One found imported goods, because the supply had not yet run out, but as the summer went on this reserve supply was exhausted and many shops had to close, because they actually had nothing to sell. Even shops that sold Russian manufactured goods had to do the same thing, because workingmen were either on strike or were speech-making, or because the factories had to close from lack of raw material.

When the snow began to thaw, and I searched Petrograd for a pair of rubbers, it was impossible to find foot-covering of any kind that would protect my feet from the wet. Consequently, for weeks I waded through slush and mud, and hundreds of people did the same thing. Many a time I was sorely tempted in a café or an apartment-house to steal a pair of rubbers I would see in the cloak-room.

It was impossible to ride in street-cars. They

were jammed with soldiers who, aware of their new power, refused to pay. If one did manage to find room on a street-car, one was invariably insulted. Fortunately, I did not understand Russian well enough to know what they were saying, but I did understand enough to hear a boy say, when I shouldered him out of the doorway, so that I could get off the car:

"What are you doing, you damned bourgeois with a hat on? Soon we are going to kill all of you!"

Only millionaires could ride in cabs. For a ride that would have cost fifty kopeks a year before, one would pay ten rubles now. In March I was able to get a cab from St. Isaac's Square to the corner of the Catherine Canal and the Nevsky for a ruble and a half. In September six rubles was charged for the same ride. The *isvoischeks* would invariably ask eight, and then the bargain would be concluded at six. It is no wonder that they were able to buy black bread for their horses.

Despite the scarcity of food and the high cost of everything, the cafés were always crowded. One could only get a table at "Donon's" or "Contant's" by engaging it in advance. Champagne cost one hundred rubles a bottle. Ordinary white wine sold at sixty rubles. It was served in the form of a wine-cup, as the cafés were supposed to serve no wine at all. Despite this, one could see a wine-cup on at least fifty per cent. of the tables in a

restaurant. There was very little drunkenness. With the exception of a few soldiers during the days of the March revolution, I did not see any one who was what one would call drunk, save one young officer. One evening in the "Astoria" this officer came down the stairs, gloriously drunk, singing at the top of his voice the former Russian national anthem, "God Bless Our Czar." It was harmless as long as he remained on the upper floors, but as he came down toward the lobby, friends tried to stop him. It was not only as much as his own life was worth, but a risk to the lives of every one in the hotel, to have him reach the lobby while singing that song.

CHAPTER XII

THE name "Kronstadt" brings a vision of a brown fortress mantled with guns and of an impregnable island surrounded by the ice and snow of an almost Arctic winter, a vision of deep dungeons below the water level, of fortification plans jealously guarded, inaccessible and grim. The Kronstadt that I saw was an island of green and white situated in the Gulf of Riga, halfway between the Finnish Coast, with its pine-forests, and Peterhof, one of the country homes of the Czar. From Kronstadt one could see on clear days the summer resorts along the shores of Finland and, on the other side, the villages along the road leading to Peterhof. The first disappointment was that there was no fortress to be seen. The second impression was admiration for the beautiful dome of the cathedral that rose above every other building. The day I went to Kronstadt I had been told that it was impossible to approach the island. The Bolsheviki, including the entire garrison and the sailors stationed on warships in the Baltic fleet, had taken possession of the whole island. The Provisional Government, headed by Kerensky, had declared them outlawed. They were proscribed traitors. Knowing the strength of their position,

they simply laughed. Whenever there was any uprising in Petrograd, they proved the stuff that they were made of by boldly invading the town, shooting and rioting, siding with the anarchists, and sailing back to Kronstadt, unpunished and free.

On embarking on the Kronstadt boat at Petrograd (the boats ran regularly), we were warned that we should not be allowed to land. Thompson just grinned and marched aboard with his cameras. It took us an hour to reach there. Sailing up the Neva, we passed the islands at the mouth and crossed the bay. From what seemed a blur of gray on the horizon, we saw the dome of the cathedral emerge, then one by one the houses and trees. It was a beautiful sight. The town itself is picturesque and clean. The docks and wharves are in splendid condition, as this is a rendezvous of the Baltic fleet. It was a broiling hot day. The sky and water were as blue as the Mediterranean in midsummer. As it was a saint's day and a holiday, there were more people on the dock than one would ordinarily expect to see. They asked us who we were, and two men in civilian clothes at the gangway examined each passenger. Through his orderly Thompson explained that he had come to make cinema pictures and to see the men who were making history in Kronstadt. Thompson has a way of appealing to the vanity of men like this that they can seldom resist. We were allowed to land

and directed to the *mairie*, which was the headquarters of the Bolshevik Committee, who were running the town. There were a few *droshkys* in sight, but they were all engaged, so we packed the cameras and started along a cobbled street to a little park, then through the park along shady walks that ran parallel to the main street. I was surprised to find the town so large. Where I had expected to find nothing but the fortress, I found a small town that looked more like Finland than Russia. The streets were cobbled with stones, the houses were built of stone and cement, and there was an air of prosperity not only in the town itself, but in the dress of the townspeople, who were all out enjoying the holiday.

Thompson went into the *mairie*, passing two Bolshevik guards at the door. The next two guards stopped him, and again he had to explain why he was there. One of the sentries took him upstairs to a man who evidently was some one in authority. He was Partchevsky, the Bolshevik *commissaire* of police. This man had been a naval officer. Now he wore an old straw hat, an alpaca coat, striped trousers, and boots with elastic sides. He was dirty and unshaven. His unkempt state was camouflage, to hide the education and breeding of an officer. This man was one of the few I met in Russia who was willing, for the sake of saving their own lives or for a little temporary power, to forget birth and position and go

over body and soul to the Bolsheviks. I have seldom met a man whom I hated so thoroughly at first sight as I did that man.

On all sides one could hear men addressing each other as *tovarish*. Where I thought to have found a fortress in which discipline was upheld by martial law, I found discipline forgotten in a stronghold of socialism. The soldiers and sailors looked like ordinary men. They were out walking with their wives and families, sitting in the sun on the park benches, well-behaved and orderly. It was impossible to believe that they were the same men who had committed such horrible crimes during the revolution.

Tovarish Partchevsky was delighted at our arrival. It seemed that of late he had fallen into disfavor, and he was anxious to reinstate himself. The idea of having cinema pictures made of Kronstadt, featuring the committee and some of the leading Bolsheviks, was one that he knew would appeal to the people. He immediately had two motor-cars placed at our disposal, one small one of the Ford class, driven by a sailor, to carry the cameras, the other a touring car to carry Thompson and myself. He kindly placed himself at our disposal for the remainder of the day. He not only did this, but he collected a few of the Bolshevik officials and placed them at our disposal also. Constituting himself our guide, he led us on a Cook's tour around Kronstadt.

First of all we visited the cathedral and the huge square in front of it. In one corner of this square is a large grave completely covered with waxed funeral wreaths and banners. The inscriptions are all on the order of this one: "To the memory of our brothers who died the death of heroes, gloriously fighting for freedom." In the graves are buried six of the butchers who were killed on the night of Wednesday, March 14.

When the revolution gained headway in Petrograd, Kronstadt was a day or two late in getting started, but once started, it made up for the delay. It gathered in the admiral and his staff, the commanding officers of the island, and then held a meeting to judge them. The meeting took place late at night. The old admiral and sixty-eight officers naturally had no defense. They had only just heard of the revolution in Petrograd. They did not know why they were being tried. They were finally shot, because at that midnight meeting the crowd, impatient and becoming bored, attacked them, shot them, and beat them to death. It was during this fight that the six butchers were killed. Their bodies were buried with great pomp in the cathedral square. The bodies of the admiral and his officers were picked up and thrown into a ditch outside the town. Somebody must have buried them, because later they were found covered with earth, but no one seems to have paid any attention or cared what happened. Other offi-

cers were attacked in their homes, where they barricaded themselves in rooms. The revolutionists, not eager to risk their own lives, simply bombarded the houses with heavy artillery. When an unfortunate officer was caught, he was mutilated and tortured before he was killed. The people whom I saw walking around so quietly and happily were the same people who had attended that midnight meeting and had helped trample those poor men to death.

Thompson had some difficulty in taking a picture of the grave or the cathedral. Every time he would arrange his camera, Partchevsky and his Bolshevik friends would solemnly pose three feet in front of the lens. The only way Thompson managed to finally get a picture of the grave was by telling them he had finished, start them back to the waiting motor, then turn around quickly and snap it before they could get in front of the camera. This is the only way he got any pictures at all that day, without the Bolshevik committee being in the foreground.

They all looked like cutthroats. Probably they were. They were dirty, unshaven, and most of them were without collars. Of course one could n't expect them to wear collars, because a collar was a sign of a bourgeois, and in Kronstadt to be a bourgeois was to sign one's death-warrant.

The cathedral is magnificent. Made of white stone, it looks fairy-like, despite its size. The

great golden dome reaches high above any other building, allowing it to be seen for twenty miles, and on clear days one can see the sun shine on it from the Finnish Coast. To get away from our guides, I went into the cathedral to see if the interior was as magnificent as the exterior. I was greatly disappointed. There was no great open nave, no sense of vastness or height. It was all cut up. It looked like a Christmas bazaar. A stream of people was constantly going in and out. Despite the crimes that must have been on the conscience of many of them, they did not seem to be saying prayers of remorse. Probably they were praying for another chance to kill more of the hated bourgeoisie.

Around the cathedral, and for miles around the town, are roadways built by Peter the Great. They are just wide enough for one carriage, and are made of iron blocks. On either side of these at the present day runs a dirt road, but these iron roadways are still the best roads that one can find anywhere in the district of Petrograd.

Upon rejoining my Bolshevik friends, I remarked that it was strange that the dome of the cathedral still remained, because it was covered with beaten gold, and as they had not hesitated to murder, I did not see why they should hesitate to steal. This led our guides to believe that I was not taking them seriously. Several black looks greeted me, and these, combined with the fact that

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The wonderful white-and-gold cathedral of Kronstadt. The little wooden stand was used by the speakers every afternoon





Grave of six Kronstadt sailors who were killed on Wednesday, March 14th, 1917

they took the best seats in the car for themselves, leaving me a rickety little seat, made me decide that it was pleasanter for me to drive with the sailor, holding a camera on my lap. I walked away from the big car and climbed up beside the sailor, who looked rather embarrassed. Mr. Partchevsky ran over, calling:

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, here is your seat! Come and ride with us!"

"I am not accustomed to riding with men who keep back-seats for themselves, and leave me the little seat," I replied. "Besides, I prefer riding with this man, who at least does n't pretend to be anything else than what he is."

Partchevsky walked off without raising his hat, and rejoined his friends. Thompson began to laugh. I do not know how the *commissaire* explained my refusal to ride with them, but all day long I would catch them looking at me with wondering eyes. After that none of them spoke to me. Thompson thought it was a joke.

"If you do not behave yourself and smile," he whispered, "they will lock you up in a dungeon, and I will go back to Petrograd alone. Then what will happen to you?"

We drove all over the town. Here and there we saw houses that had been smashed by artillery. Each house was pointed out with pride as the scene of another murder. Every one has a certain sympathy for the downtrodden masses of Russia.

Every one realizes that the revolution of March was justified by years of oppression, but no one could have helped feeling disgusted and sickened at hearing the stories that those men told and at seeing the pride with which they pointed out the various scenes of the glorious fight for freedom of the Kronstadt people.

At one o'clock we drove back to the *mairie* for lunch. They were kind enough to allow us to eat our lunch without their company. The *mairie* of Kronstadt was like a hundred *mairies* that one finds in France, except that the paintings were pictures of Russian history and the coloring was distinctly Russian. The same wide staircase, the same great halls, the same ballroom, the various smaller rooms used as offices—it was all exactly the same. Up and down stairs and in and out of doors were hurrying messengers and officials. With the exception of the man in sailor's uniform, every man wore civilian clothes. It was impossible to tell who or what they were. They all had the same look of fith about them.

We had our lunch at a long table placed at the end of one of the great halls. At the other end of the hall was a large green table that was used for committee-meetings. Apart from the tables and chairs, there was no furniture. It had all been stolen. Our lunch cost us sixty kopeks each. It consisted of cabbage-soup, with hunks of beef in it, *kasha*, and tea. The man who served, seeing

I did not eat the black bread, asked me if I would like white bread. I explained that Mr. Thompson had been ill and could n't eat black bread, and that I did not like it. He brought us a huge loaf of most delicious white bread. We ate half of it, and divided the other half between us. I put my share in my pocket, to carry back to Petrograd, and Thompson wrapped his up and gave it to his orderly to carry. It was too precious to be left behind. The table was crowded. There were several students, and some women. They held minor official positions in the *mairie*, and their conversation at lunch was about politics. In half an hour I heard more startling radical opinions expressed than I had heard before during my entire life. They paid no attention to us; we paid less to them. I was fed up with the *tovarishi* and their friends.

After lunch we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Rochol. He was the real political power, but I was too disgusted to be even interested in saying more than "How do you do." It is n't pleasant to be an imperialist in a hot-bed of socialism.

The great bell of the cathedral began to toll. We were told that it was the call to the afternoon meeting, so, curious to see a gathering of the radicals of Kronstadt, we walked across the little park of the cathedral square. People were coming from all directions. Men, women, and children, they were hurrying as boys hurry to see a circus

parade. In the center of the square was a flight of steps leading to a little platform built on stilts. When we arrived this was a quarter full of people, already listening to a speech. The man speaking,—and in fact every man who spoke that afternoon was of the same type,—was young, unwashed, and decidedly did not belong to the hated bourgeoisie. All the afternoon we heard them advocate a prompt distribution of the land, distribution of all property, and an immediate separate peace with Germany. We heard them discuss plans for the overthrow of the Provisional Government, for an attack on Petrograd by sea, and for the shelling of Petrograd from Kronstadt. There were no plans too wild to be discussed by these people. The square gradually filled, until there were thousands of people there. When we left to catch our boat, one speaker after another was climbing to the platform to be wildly cheered by an enthusiastic crowd. The more radical his speech, the better they liked it. Unlike speakers in Petrograd, these men all agreed in regard to one thing, that is, that the hated bourgeois must be despoiled of all his ill-gotten gains and the poor down-trodden Bolsheviki must be enriched.

CHAPTER XIII

WE sailed about six o'clock. Our cameras and our presence on the boat caused quite a commotion. Everybody was wondering who we were. We were searched on leaving, to find if we were carrying any foodstuff. They did not look in our pockets, so I was able to get away with my precious piece of white bread. The voyage back to Petrograd was beautiful. We entered the mouth of the river and passed by private yachts of all kinds that had been laid up since the revolution. They were splendid-looking vessels, and we hated to think that at any time the Bolsheviki could take possession of them and use them for their own ends. There was an air of desertion about the docks that showed only too plainly that the economic life of the city had virtually come to a standstill.

All the way back I was thinking of how much I should have to bribe the fat old waiter to have him get me something to eat. At the door of my room, the hotel maid was waiting. There were tears in her eyes as she told me that all the servants in the hotel had gone on strike. She said she did not want to go on strike, but the others had forced her to. This included not only the waiters, but the entire kitchen force, too.

"But I am hungry," I wailed. "I have had nothing to eat since noon."

It was no use, so once again I got out my little electric-heater and made some tea. She helped me, and while doing so, she told me about the strike. As all men now were free and equal, the waiters had objected to living on their tips. They were demanding fifteen per cent. of all the profits, to be paid in cash each month. This was rather hard on the hotel management. The "Astoria" was run by the government for the benefit of officers, foreigners in particular, who had only their pay to live on. As living was so high in Petrograd, it was impossible for these men to live as they should on their pay. Therefore the government subsidized the hotel and ran it at a loss.

The hotels in Petrograd had decided not to give in to the demands of the strikers. Consequently there was not a restaurant open nor a servant in any hotel. That night I did not mind it much, because I was very tired, but the next morning it was rather a bore. My breakfast was the same as my dinner had been the night before--tea with sugar. At lunch-time I began to wonder what was going to happen, when Thompson walked in, followed by his orderly. Both had their arms full of loaves of what we called "white bread," but it was really like our graham bread, only a little soggier. It seems that some of the kitchen-men had consented to work, to keep the guests of the hotel from starv-

ing, but they refused to serve it, so each one had to go to the kitchen and procure what he could in the way of food. My lunch consisted of sardines, strawberries, bread and tea, with no butter, no milk, no knives and forks, and, of course, no plates. By dinner-time we knew the ropes, so Thompson's orderly brought me up a tray from the kitchen with the ordinary dinner.

When I had finished, I kept the dishes I needed and put the others outside my door. As I did this I noticed that outside quite a number of doors were trays containing empty dishes, so I went around and collected what I needed in the way of cutlery and dishes, washed them, and hid them in a little cupboard in my bathroom.

About eight o'clock I went down to the lobby to get some newspapers. Standing at the desk was a French general.

"I want my dinner," he said to the clerk.

The clerk, who was nothing but a boy, answered:

"Go to the kitchen and get it."

The general sighed.

"I have been to the kitchen. They have no dishes. Where can I get dishes to put my dinner on?"

"If they have none in the kitchen," the clerk replied, "you will have to do without. I do not know where there are any dishes."

This scarcity of dishes was due to the fact that

during the attack many dishes had been smashed and much cutlery stolen, and the management had never replaced them; consequently, the guests at the hotel had to be served on what remained of the dishes that had been used in the servants' hall.

The Frenchman stood for a moment, and then said:

"I am tired; I shall go to bed without my dinner."

I turned and went upstairs, following him. I felt so sorry for him, and the thought of my little cupboard full of dishes made me feel guilty. Finally I said:

"Monsieur, I have dishes. If you like, I will lend them to you."

At first he refused, thinking it would bother me, but I insisted.

"My room is right here," I explained. "If you will come in for a moment, I will give you enough to enable you to get your dinner."

The general came in, and I got a little tray and a plate and knife and fork, also a little jug for coffee. Then I sent for Thompson's orderly and asked him to go down and forage for the general. The poor man was so tired that he sat in my sitting-room, too despondent to really care whether he had any dinner or not. Boris brought him his dinner. He put the tray on his knee while he ate. It was a poor dinner, but at least it was food. He finished, thanked me most courteously, and went out.

The next morning I decided that my room needed cleaning, so I found the service-room and, armed with a duster and a broom, managed to make my quarters more habitable. Next door to my apartment was the headquarters of some officers belonging to the General Staff. I went in there and found an orderly doing his best to clean up. Using a towel for an apron and another for a head-dress, I helped him, and when lunch-time came the rooms were clean.

The strikers had gathered in a crowd outside the front door of the hotel. They were beginning to worry because their terms had not been granted. On Sunday the hotel was very peaceable. It was with regret that I heard that the management of the hotels had given in and granted the fifteen per cent. division among the employes, and that the servants would return to work on Monday. After that, every week, fifteen per cent. of the gross was added to our bills. This sum was distributed among the staff. The only good thing about this arrangement was that there was no more tipping, although some of the men did not play fair and still demanded tips. We soon stopped this, however, by telling other servants who were honest.

My maid was a Bolshevik. She came from Riga, and would warn me regularly when the Bolsheviks were about to have an uprising. I would annoy her by calling the Bolsheviks "anarchists."

In Russian and in German she would try to explain the difference between "Bolshevik" and "Anarchist." All the uprisings, she said, were due to the anarchists. The Bolsheviki were peaceable people, hard working and harmless. She was only one of thousands who suffered from this delusion. I should like to know what her political opinions are now.

A few of the servants were still courteous, but the majority had become insolent. The woman who pressed my skirts and cleaned my clothes was especially insolent. One day, returning a skirt that she had pressed, she saw my shoes. She looked at them and said:

"Give me some shoes. Your shoes would fit me, and I need them. You do not need all these shoes for yourself."

I showed her that I, too, needed new shoes, because mine were worn out. They looked better than they were, because I kept them clean and in "trees." I had to show her how each pair was torn, where my boots had been resoled and new heels put on, where the leather had cracked. My satin slippers were in ribbons, and finally I said:

"You see it is all I can do to get along with the shoes I have, because they are all so worn out. I am nearly walking in my stocking feet."

"But you have lots of clothes," she went on. "Give me some clothes."

"No," I said, "you get your fifteen per cent.

"Go and buy yourself some clothes." She laughed, and said:

"Oh, well, I shall get what I want, anyway."

Shortly after that I noticed that a petticoat, a dressing-gown, and a few other little things had disappeared. I have a dim suspicion as to who took them. Things were stolen constantly—a little box of jewelry, an evening bag, opera-glasses, a sweater. Each day something would disappear. If one locked up things, the locks were either forced or other keys were used. I complained to the manager of the hotel. He threw up his hands and said, "What can I do?" The military commander, who had charge of the management and was responsible to the government for the hotel, did not dare prosecute any one for theft. It was too difficult to replace servants, and if one were discharged, the whole staff would go on strike.

While the "Astoria" was being renovated, right after the first revolution, I stayed at the "Anglais" next door. Every Sunday the waiter brought me my bill. One week the manager gave me a room which was a little larger than the one I had had, so I changed on Thursday, and on Thursday the waiter brought me my bill. I paid it and tipped him two rubles eighty. I meant this as an extra tip, but not as his weekly tip. He looked at it and handed it back to me, saying something under his breath.

"What did you say?" I said.

"That is not enough," he replied.

"What do you mean by 'not enough'?" I asked.

"I mean that it is not a big enough tip," he answered. "I run my feet off and wait on you, and you give me only two rubles eighty."

"You do not run your feet off," I said; "you never wait on me. I only have my breakfast in the hotel, and the boy brings it."

"Well, the boy or myself, it's all the same thing; if you tip him, you tip me."

"I am not going to tip you any more," I said. "This is n't your weekly tip. It was an extra tip, and as you don't want it, I will take it."

He rushed out, and a minute later brought in the poor boy, who was terrified.

"Here is the boy," said the waiter. "Give it to him."

I gave the latter the two rubles eighty and told him not to give it to the waiter. The boy fled. The waiter said:

"Now what do I get?"

I was in bed, and he stood over me, a great big man, looking as if he were about to murder me. At first I had been frightened. Now I became furious.

"I'll show you what you get!" I said.

I threw off the bed-clothes and jumped up in my nightgown, grabbing the electric reading-lamp off my table as a weapon.

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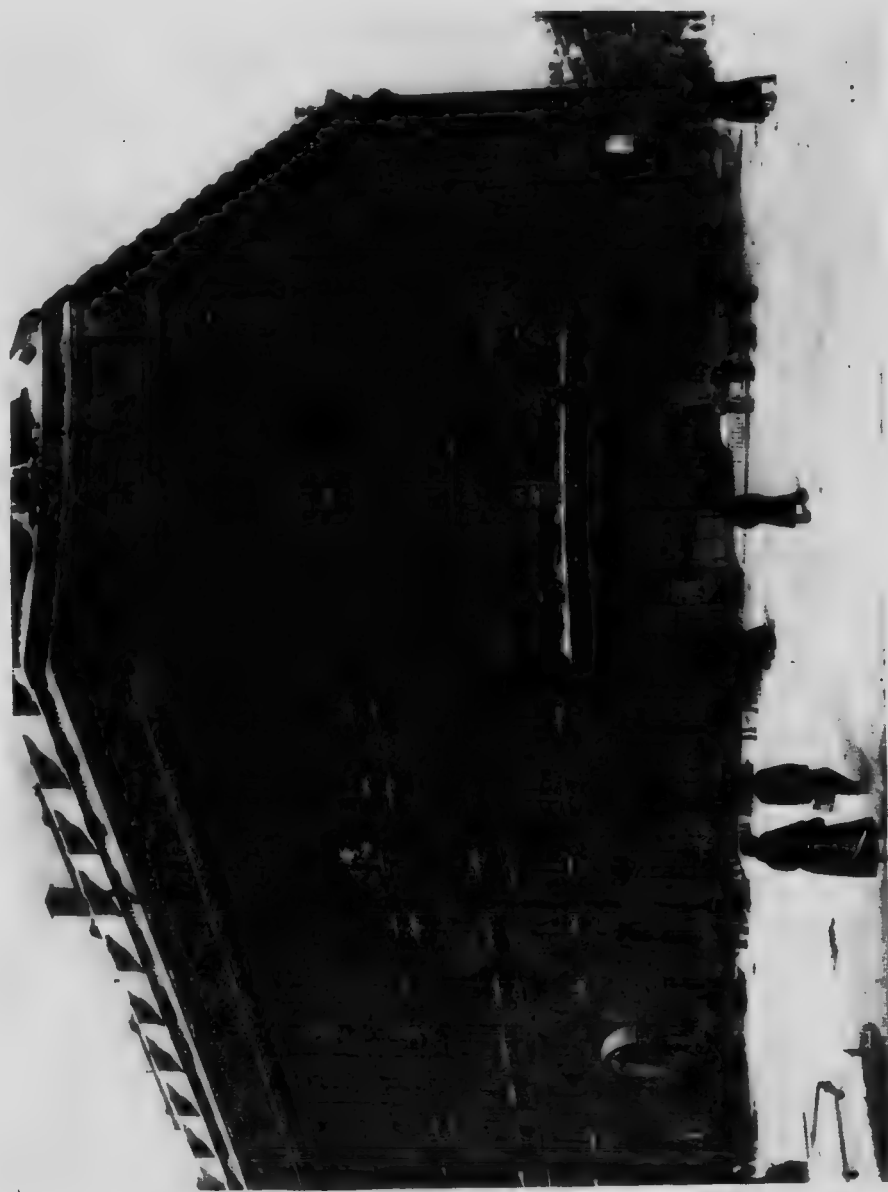
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Lobby of Astoria Hotel, riddled with bullet-holes and stained with blood





Astoria Hotel after it was sacked. March 13th, 1917. Boards were put up in place of the broken windows

"You want to know what you will get?" I cried.
 "This is what you'll get!"

The plug pulled out, and I made a rush at him with the lamp. Before I could reach him he was out of the door and down the corridor. I never saw him again. When I wanted a waiter, it was the boy who served me. I asked the boy if he still had the two rubles eighty. He said he did, and that when the head-waiter had threatened him, he had refused to give it up and had offered to fight.

The man who cleaned the boots was annoyed because I cleaned my own boots. They were the kind of boots a man could n't clean. One morning I wakened up to feel some one poking around under my bed. I looked down and saw the valet reaching under the bed for my shoes. I told him to get out.

"I clean your boots," he said. "You tip me."

"I don't want my boots cleaned," I said. "Get out of here!"

He left, but the next afternoon when I was sitting in my room at work, the door opened softly and he came in.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I come for your boots," he repeated. "I clean them."

My experience with the waiter had taught me something. I took up an empty mineral-water bottle and threw it at him. He ducked. It missed him and hit the door. He never bothered

me again. An Englishman at the hotel had the same experience with him, but he kicked him. That was the effect of the revolution on hotel servants. It was useless to appeal to the manager. The manager was a naturalized German-Russian. His chief worry was to know when to wear a uniform and when to wear mufti. If the Bolsheviks were parading, he would wear mufti. If the town were filled with Cossacks and loyal troops, he would wear his uniform. He was a political weathercock.

As every one else was organizing, the family domestic servants decided to organize, too. They formed a parade, coming from all parts of the city to a central meeting-place, and marched to the Duma. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon (April 1). I followed them to the Duma, where they had gathered hundreds strong. Each company was in charge of a student. Hundreds of women were jammed in the driveway leading to the Duma. The street was full of them. From every roof-top, every fence-post, and anywhere where there was a footing above the crowd, a man was addressing them. Every now and then the bands would play. There was a little clear space on the grass between the two ends of the semi-circular driveway leading to the door of the Duma, and a gap in the fence allowed the women to climb over to get into the Duma. I stood near that gap, watching them climb the fence. They

were of all kinds and conditions, young and old, alike only in one thing—they all wore colored stockings. Purple was the favorite tone. Next to this came electric blue. One old woman wore stockings of alternating stripes, emerald green and scarlet. Not one of the women whom I saw wore either plain black or plain white. They were chattering like sparrows. In fact, they were having the time of their lives. All the afternoon and evening they were parading, going to and from the Duma. I felt sorry for the poor Duma, sitting inside and listening to all their speeches.

They organized, and organized effectively. Some of the resolutions they passed were that they were to revert to the old Russian custom of calling a mistress by her Christian name. They set a scale of wages and a scale of working hours. They were to have one whole day off each week, and were not to work after a certain hour at night. In fact, the resolutions they passed, and carried out, were ideal for them. One American friend of mine soon felt the result of this, because if he were late for dinner, there was no dinner. After eight o'clock his servants absolutely refused to work. Here and there a servant of the old school would "carry on," just as if nothing had happened, but at least eighty per cent. of the servants of Petrograd were "free" men and women and only worked when it pleased them. It was either putting up with this, or else doing without servants. Of

course, from their point of view, they were quite right, because if they worked as they had worked before, they would have no time for speech-making or parading, and as these things had now become the serious business of life, everything else had to give way. Like all Russians who had been bitten with the new bug of freedom, it was quite immaterial to them that they were paid to do certain work. They seemed to think that this money was a gift, and that they only had to work when it pleased them.

Every pretty maid in Petrograd had at least one soldier lover. It was not wise to object to company in the kitchen, because one never knew when the good will of the soldiers who visited your maid might protect the whole household from being robbed of everything it possessed, or from something far worse. Many American friends of mine put up with what seemed to me like whole regiments visiting their kitchens, only to reap their reward when the rioting came and their apartments or houses were marked as those having the good will of certain regiments.

CHAPTER XIV

MUCH has been said of German intrigue in Russia, and more has been written about it, but no one can do justice to the terrible harm that Germany has done. Immediately after the first revolution her agents changed their tactics and began a personal propaganda among the peasantry and soldiers. This was carried on in Petrograd, to a great extent, by Russians who came from America in March, 1917. Among the peasantry and workmen it was carried on by men who posed as Russian socialists, but their socialism bore the stamp of Berlin. Among the soldiers the work was done by students. All of these men posed as Russians. Most of them were from the Baltic provinces, or from Germany proper. They hesitated at nothing. The doctrine of "freedom and equality for all" was one which appealed to all Russia after the czar abdicated. In the beginning they were very careful and used the argument that all men were brothers in order to stop the Russians from fighting. As time went on they became more radical in their statements. Soon the cry changed to, "divide all property." The desire of the peasants for land, and the soldiers' natural weariness of fighting, made these two classes an easy prey.

When Russia began putting her ideas into practice and the "no indemnities, no annexation" policy was formed, it took away all motive for war. The peasant does n't care what government is in power at Petrograd. In the bottom of his heart he does n't care if there is a czar, a president, or a dictator. Having no idea of Russia as a whole, he does n't see what connection the central government in Petrograd has with his own particular government, or closer still, to his own particular *mir*, or village community. He has always been interested in the *mir*, because that is a part of the village life. He has obeyed its customs and its laws, because the peasants themselves have a voice in the *mir*. Beyond this, government does n't exist for him. That is why the great bulk of the peasantry have not been moved by the revolution. The Russian soldier is not a fighter because the bulk of the army is made up of land-loving peasants. They went to the front because they were told to. They stopped fighting because they realized that there was no reason, as far as they could see, to keep on. The world aspect of the war is something beyond their comprehension. They do not see what they have to do with a war either of aggression or of defense, since Germany has not invaded one single Russian village. Poland, to the average Russian soldier, is not a part of Russia. Neither is Galicia nor Lithuania. The German agents told him that the war was brought on by

the capitalists of France, England, and Germany, and that America joined the Allies because the money power forced the President to declare war. These lies were never contradicted. He was willing to hear the other side, if there had been anybody to tell him, but as time went on and he only heard the arguments of the pro-German socialists, despite his innate common sense, he believed.

Under the old régime discipline was strict. When a private soldier said "Good-morning" to a colonel or other officer of superior rank, it sounded as if he were making a speech. He saluted, and rattled off, "*Drásh-ulíae vos vashes visokee—Prehodetelstvo.*" When he saluted he took three parade steps, turned at right angles to face the officer, saluted, waited until the officer had passed, took three more parade steps, and was then allowed to go about his business. Naturally, when the infamous *Prikase* No. 1 was issued, doing away with all this etiquette, he felt himself the equal of those officers whom he had previously been forced to salute. That was the seed from which the present disorder has sprung. The removal of discipline left a blank in the daily routine of his army life that nothing replaced.

He found he was immune from punishment. Where formerly he would have been severely punished for the slightest breach of discipline, he now found that he not only went unpunished, but had the power to judge and condemn to death or im-

prisonment those officers who had been able to order punishment for him. In many instances, colonels and other officers were tried by the Soldiers' Committee of the regiment and condemned to imprisonment or death for no other reason than that they had been strict in enforcing discipline during the first two years of the war.

As discipline was removed, the soldier began to wonder why he was at the front and could find no reason. There, on every side, were German agents, ready with forcible arguments to prove to him that he was there only because England had forced Russia into the war. Where the men were especially ignorant, the most outrageous lies were told them. Every day the German aeroplanes dropped newspapers into the Russian trenches. These papers were printed in Russian and were called by the names of various Russian newspapers. One I remember particularly was called the "*Pravda*" (The Right). Among other things it said that England had brought about and financed the revolution, and had forced the czar to abdicate, because Sir George Buchanan was to be made czar; that England already had Archangel and had taken possession of the whole northern part of Russia; that she was allowing her allies, the Japanese, to take possession of Siberia as far as the Ural Mountains; that President Wilson was trying to resist the money interests in America, who were forcing him into the war; that

the English laborers were all on strike and that peace riots were occurring daily all over England.

The more intelligent among the soldiers did not believe all that was published in these papers, but among the great mass at the front were found many who believed every word. They were willing to believe in order to excuse themselves in their own minds for deserting and going back to their villages. They were also told that the peasants who remained at home had divided the land among themselves. In three months over a million men had deserted and had returned to their own villages to claim their share in the distribution. This was partially true, because the peasants in some places did divide the land. These deserters received their just punishment, because, on arriving in their villages, the *mir* in many instances passed laws forbidding any land to be given to any soldier who had deserted or left his regiment without leave. As these marauding bands of soldiers left the front, they pillaged and ransacked every estate they passed. Where there were no trains they marched from village to village, plundering and looting. Where there were trains they took possession of them, sometimes throwing out the wounded and nurses. Leaving them at wayside stations and climbing on the trains by hundreds, they forced the engineer to take them wherever they wanted to go. The pillage of these estates was due to the class hatred stirred up and fostered by Germany,

who used any weapon, no matter how despicable, to gain her own ends and to keep Russia in a state of chaos.

In one section of the country I know of seven estates where there was no article of furniture or living animal left. As the leaven of German propaganda worked through the masses the organization of the railroads went to pieces. This prevented supplies from getting to the front, so the soldiers not only had to resist the poison of German lies working in their minds, but also semi-starvation and physical discomfort greater than they had hitherto undergone. In the beginning the great mass of people had confidence in Kerensky and his cabinet. As time went on, they saw how ineffectually he dealt with each crisis. He seemed to slide around responsibility, instead of shouldering it, and each day his power diminished. If any man could have saved Russia in the beginning, Kerensky could have done it, if he had been a man of action, instead of a demagogue. That there was still hope for the Russian army was proven in July.

In May the better element among the soldiers formed what they called "shock battalions." (Shock does not originate from the English word "shock," but from a Russian word meaning "to check.") The idea originated in the south. These men formed themselves into battalions and took an oath to die while attacking. They pledged

themselves to an offensive, to do everything in their power, unto death, to uphold discipline and to fight for Russia. This idea spread like wildfire. One regiment would telephone the news to another, and in a space of days it had spread from Galicia to the Baltic Sea. Many officers—hundreds of them—joined these battalions. Generals enlisted as privates, many going over the top with men they had previously commanded. These men wore a red and black mark on their arms. At this time, also, the Cossacks were loyal to a man, so Kerensky had a great percentage of the army and all the Cossacks sworn to uphold his defensive and the Provisional Government.

The real seat of trouble at this time was at Petrograd. There the German agents swarmed. One could hear them talk at the street-corners, in every assembly, and in every committee. By this time they were quite brazen in their statements. The most radical of these agents were Russian Jews who had returned from America. As soon as America declared war on Germany, these Russians left America to avoid conscription, knowing that in Russia the field was ripe for them. Their arguments were not apparently pro-German, but they were strongly anti-American. No one in the United States can realize the tremendous harm that has been done by these men. If they had been beaten and starved and persecuted in America, they could not have been more violent in

their statements. If America, instead of opening her arms, taking them in, and giving them work and protection, had thrown them into the vilest dungeons, they could not have said worse things about her. Some of their statements were so ludicrous that they probably will not be believed.

A man who had been in America for five years told me that there were anti-conscription riots in every town in the United States. In many places Americans had been killed, he said, and the police were constantly being called out to protect the recruiting officers; that the men were driven to camp at the point of a gun and the camps were all surrounded by high barbed-wire entanglements to prevent the soldiers from running away; that the workmen of America would call a general strike, in fact that many of them were striking already; that the President was strongly against the war, as well as the entire population of America, with the exception of the capitalists; that big manufacturers, especially those of munitions, had forced the President to make a declaration of war, because, seeing that the Allies were already beaten, they were afraid that their big munition contracts would fall through and their profits would be lost. These are only a few of the statements that were made by these men. The Russians who heard them said, "It must be true, because these men have just returned from America, so they saw and they know." It was no use telling them that it was

not true; it was no use showing them American newspapers to disprove these statements. All they said was, "You do not know. You have n't been in America for some months. The newspapers are forced to print what the government tells them to."

America's loan or gift to Russia only helped make matters worse. Prompted by Germany's agents, the *moujik* asked, "Why does America make us a gift of money?" He was told, to show her friendship, because Russia and America are fighting for real democracy. The *moujik* would answer, "Oh, no, America does n't give something for nothing. She is like England; she is going to strangle us financially. If she gives us money, it is only because she expects to get much more money back."

That America was really disinterested, they could not believe. This idea was prevalent not only among the peasants but among a large percentage of the educated classes. A Russian colonel said to me one day:

"Before we go any farther, we want to know exactly where we are going. England has been lending us millions. She will have a stranglehold on Russia that way, and now, in case we become too suspicious of her, she has persuaded America to do the same. They are working hand in hand, and for us there is no chance either now or afterward. Let England declare her intentions in regard to

Russia, and then we will decide if she is still our ally or not."

When men of intelligence and education talked like that, it only shows how far German propaganda had reached.

One day I asked this man:

"What are you,—an anarchist, a monarchist, a Bolshevik, or a Socialist?"

"I am an individualist," he replied.

"What is that?"

"It would take too long to explain," he said, "but if you wait in Russia long enough, you will see what it means." Then, when I insisted that he explain, he said:

"The kind of an individualist that I am is a man who will take what he wants, no matter what is the cost to others."

"But that is the worst kind of anarchy," I said.

"No," he replied, "it is individualism."

"One man with your belief might be harmless, but many of you would be a menace," I said.

"Yes," he said, "a menace to others who have what we want, and what we are going to take when the time comes."

Every foreigner in Russia could see the end in sight. The evidence was too strong to be ignored. At first the Bolsheviks were composed of only a small part of the most radical members of the *soviet*. No one attempted to check them. Keren-sky might have done so, if he had shown a little

more decision. Korniloff made one splendid attempt, and failed. Then Kaledine took up the work, only, like Korniloff, to be declared a traitor.

The Bolshevik group is composed of a small percentage of the proletariat, which numbers about six million out of the one hundred and eighty million people in all Russia, and yet they have virtually controlled Russia for months. Their demonstrations in Petrograd at first took the form of parades. In the beginning the men marched without arms. As time went on, however, and they found that these demonstrations were unchecked they paraded with arms. The next step was the using of what arms they had. This led to small riots at first, then to the general uprising in July. Their weakness was shown by the ease with which Kerensky quelled this riot. A few regiments of loyal troops were brought back from the front, composed mostly of Cossacks, and order was restored in a few days. The Bolsheviks threatened to "carry on," but upon the proclamation of the Cossacks that any one firing on them would cause the entire force of the Bolsheviks to be killed, they stopped, and order was restored.

In September, Kerensky, frightened by, or jealous of the growing power of, Korniloff, distributed arms to forty thousand of the Bolshevik workmen. This was for the supposed purpose of defending Petrograd against the traitor, Korniloff, and his rebellious troops. In reality it gave to the Bolshe-

viki the one thing necessary to them for the complete mastery of Petrograd.

At the same time the "Red Guard" was formed. The Bolsheviki, having everything necessary for success, only waited until word came from Lenine, and almost over night they took possession of the government. The growing power of what has been called the "red left of the red wing" could have been checked by a man who would have been willing to sacrifice not only himself, but his career, in case of failure. This is where the weakness of Kerensky caused him to fall. He was either unwilling to risk failure, or the weakness and indecision of his character made him unable to take advantage of the many opportunities he had to save Russia from anarchy.

The heralded reign of the Bolsheviki did not arrive when promised. With their customary impudence, they had announced the date of the *coup d'état*, but, being Russians, naturally they postponed it for a week or ten days.

The result of this German intrigue, so apparent to every foreigner in Russia, must have been known to the governments of the Allies, but as usual nothing was done to prevent it. Either they were willing to leave Russia to her fate, or with their usual optimism, they were hoping, like *Micawber*, that something would turn up.

CHAPTER XV

WHEN I was leaving for Russia a man said to me, "For Heaven's sake write about anything you like, but don't write anything about the psychology of the Russian." I asked him why. He answered, "Because 'fools rush in,' etc. Some of the cleverest men in the world have tried to explain the Russian. None of them have succeeded."

This advice was good, but impossible to follow, because the one thing which has placed Russia in the situation in which she is to-day is that part of the psychology of the Russian which we do not understand. Where another nation has one unknown quantity, Russia has a dozen. To understand Russia, one must know not only the Russian of Petrograd, but the German-Russian of the Baltic provinces, the Finnish-Russian of the north, the Little Russian, the Cossack, the Tatar, the Armenian-Russian, the Siberian; in fact, one must know not only one nationality, but a hundred. All of these go to make up Russia.

In Petrograd one finds the intelligent Russian, who is a cosmopolitan. He is as much at home in London or Paris as he is in Petrograd. He spends his winters in Nice or Monte Carlo. Spring finds

him in Paris. For a month or two in the summer he visits his estates. Vienna sees him during "the season." In Petrograd one also finds the finest type of Russian,—men like Miliukoff, Tereschenko, and other such men of whom the world has been reading for the last year or so.

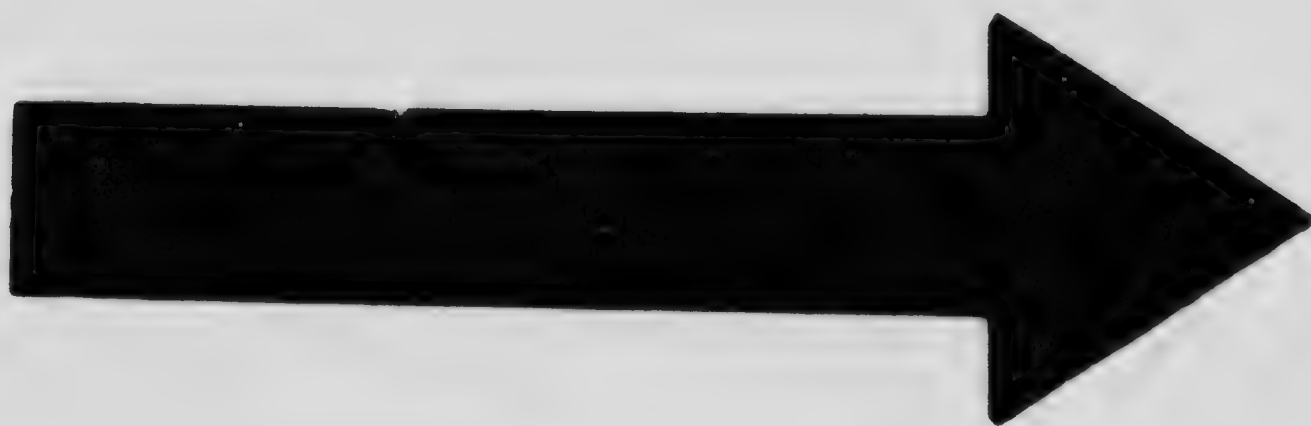
Among the lower classes one finds strong pro-German leanings. Many Russians from the Baltic Provinces, whose native language is German, are in trade here. They are too German ever to become Russianized. It was men of this class who openly rejoiced when Riga fell. The servant class in Petrograd is largely recruited from the Baltic Provinces, and the proximity of Petrograd to these provinces is responsible for the fact that a great percentage of the working class of Petrograd is influenced by German thought and teaching. It was easy for German propaganda to gain a strong hold on these people.

In Moscow, the heart of Russia, one finds the real Russian more than in any other city, but even the Moscovite, splendid as he is, is not the real Russian. To find him, one must go into the distant provinces, away from the big towns. He is the muzhik whose ancestors for generations have been tillers of the soil. Until now the muzhik has not been heard from. Up to the present the revolution has been a superficial thing to him. The great mass of the people have not been moved, except, perhaps, in the Ukraine. In Little Russia

the so-called "revolution" is a fight for independence. Autonomy has been the dream of the people just as much as it has been in Poland. Secretly they have been working for it for years, and every true Little Russian knew that sooner or later the time would come when he would be free from the sovereignty of Petrograd.

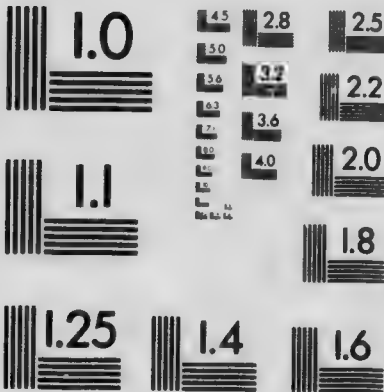
With this exception, the revolution has been a class war. The real revolution has not yet taken place. It is coming, the seed has been sown, but there has not yet been time for it to mature and bear fruit. That will take time, a long time. It will take too long for Russia to be of any help to us in this war. Before it can take place every Russian, from muzhik to prince, will have to learn the meaning of *la patrie*. Patriotism, as we understand it, does n't exist in Russia. The muzhik is loyal to his few acres. For him, that is what Russia means. Until the revolution came the one thing that held the peasantry of Russia together was the thought of the "Little Father"—the czar. For them, he was all. It was for him that millions flocked to the colors when war was declared. He called them to fight in defense of Holy Russia, and they came. They vaguely knew that there was such a thing as the Empire of Russia, but any deep-seated love for that Russia was quite unknown to them.

One day a deputation of peasants, seeing the sights of Petrograd, decided they would see Ke-



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rensky. He received them and, realizing it was an opportunity to help them, he talked to them for over an hour, trying to tell them of Russia as a whole and the need of coördination. These men were members of the council of their own village. After pouring out his very soul to them, with all the eloquence for which he was famous, Kerensky asked them if they would help, and, upon returning, would preach the doctrine of Russia the Fatherland. When he had finished, they were silent for a moment. Then one old man, scratching his head, replied:

"Alexander Feodorovitch, it is all very well for *you* to worry, but I do not see what it has to do with *us*. Our government is four days from Petrograd, and what you do here is none of our business. We manage our own affairs, so what do we care what happens to you here?"

That was the attitude the majority of the peasants took. They looked upon Petrograd as a nest of lawless, irresponsible beings, and they left them severely alone.

The Cossack, perhaps, had a better idea and a better knowledge of Russia as a whole. He always had a vision of Russia, of its vast steppes and wide rivers, that the muzhik never had. Then, as each Cossack was called up to service, the personal service of the Czar, this vision of the steppes changed to one of Russia as a whole. The Cossack has always been on the side of law and order.



Types of women who work in the fields and on the railways



Wounded women-soldiers convalescing after their first engagement at the front

This may seem strange to people whose idea of the Cossacks is that they are lawless marauders. The Cossack is, first and last, a landowner. As each male child was born, he was endowed with so much land, free from taxes. For this they gave free military service to the czar himself. When the czar allowed the Duma to tax the lands of the Cossacks, he signed his abdication more surely than he did that day at Pskoff. The Cossack is opposed to the Bolsheviki, because a redistribution of the land will mean that the wide lands of the Cossacks will be taken from them and distributed to the peasant. The Cossack will cease to be a landowner, as he understands it, and will degenerate into the muzhik class. For the free Cossacks, this is an utter impossibility. They are men of character, splendid character, and they will never deteriorate into the peasant class whose horizon is bounded by the ditches surrounding their own few acres.

The only germ of a real revolution to-day is in the minds and hearts of the Cossacks. Once they find themselves, they will bring order out of the chaos into which all Russia is plunged. They are the only ones the uneducated millions who know, or at least partially realize, that discipline, law, and order must be reestablished. They know that men can be free and equal, and still acknowledge the authority of a chief. Above all else, they are loyal and true, Now that they are relieved of duty in the personal service of the czar, their en-

Wounded women-soldiers convalescing after their first engagement at the front

ergy and innately constructive impulses are dedicated to the welfare of Russia. They represent the other side of the picture. On the one hand is Lenine and Trotzky and anarchy; on the other, in the south of Russia, is this immense force, which as yet is not aware of its own strength. The Cossack never could be an anarchist. That is why one hears it said that the Cossacks will save Russia.

The German agents spread their sinister propaganda among the Cossacks. It had a certain slight result, but the majority of these splendid men are still uncontaminated by it. In 1914, at the time of mobilization, there were three million Cossacks. At the present time there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand capable of bearing arms.

I had heard a great deal about the wild Cossacks. I do not know what I expected to see. I had seen tame ones, but when I heard that several regiments of wild Cossacks were to come to attend the funeral of those who had been killed by the Bolsheviks in July, I was most curious to see what these wild Cossacks would be like. To my astonishment, they looked just like the others, the only distinguishing marks being a red stripe down each trouser-leg and the lovelock (a tuft of hair allowed to grow long at the right temple) that bushes out from their caps. Otherwise, they looked just like any other Russian troops.

In the Caucasus one finds an astonishing mixture

of races—Armenians, Turks, Tatars, Caucasians, Georgians, and hundreds of tribes—each one differing from the other in language, tribal customs, dress, in fact, in every way. These people understand even less than the others the meaning of patriotism. When one studies the mixture of races in the Caucasus alone, one begins to realize the problem that Russia has to solve.

Beyond this, there is the question of religion. There are thirteen million Mohammedans who are Russian subjects. They live side by side with Christian Armenians, but not peacefully. The government at Petrograd has for years kept them quiet by stirring them to fight. That is more plausible than it sounds, for to keep them from rebelling against the rule of the Czar, they were constantly set at each other's throats by skillful agents, who stirred up all their race hatred and religious fanaticism. These neighborly wars left them with neither the time nor the energy to rebel.

It is n't a question of the government of different races. It is a question of finding a government that is satisfactory to men of different religions, whose civil life is governed by their religion. This means different laws, different punishments, and different schools. Then, in the forbidden part of Russia, beyond the Caspian Sea, are thousands of miles inhabited by tribes that few Europeans have ever seen.

The Caucasian troops are splendid. Many peo-

ple think that the Caucasian troops and the Cossacks are the same race. The Cossacks come from the wide, rolling prairies and steppes, from the Don and the Volga, to the far away Amur River, and from the wide plains around them. The Caucasian troops come from the south, the Caucasus. A Caucasian officer wears a long coat, belted in at the waist with a very narrow belt, and flowing skirts, a high fur cap, usually made of Persian lamb or Astrakan (which they wear all summer), and has a cartridge belt across his chest. Most of them are dandies. I remember one old Caucasian officer who was in Petrograd for the first time in his life. He had the face and eyes of an eagle. One could see that he was a mountaineer born and bred. He had come all the way from his home in the Caucasus to give his support to Korniloff. He had been on the train for over a week, but he was just as smart as the young Caucasian officer who was attached to the staff in Petrograd and always looked as spic and span as only a Caucasian can.

In July, when the line in Galicia broke and the Russians retreated by thousands, the fleeing troops started a pogrom in Kalicz and Tornapol.

When the Germans retreated from Kalicz, they did so on purpose. Before leaving, they had every cellar filled with wine and the vilest kind of alcoholic drinks. They knew about the disorganized state of the army and realized what the result

would be. The Russians, following them closely, fell into the trap. The Germans intrenched a few miles beyond and waited.

In Kalicz indescribable things took place. The greater part of the population had fled. Soldiers broke open the wine-cellars, bringing the casks out on the street until the gutters ran red. Houses were broken into; the men were murdered and the women were violated and horribly mutilated. Fires were started, furniture was smashed, and all valuables were stolen. The screams of the victims could be heard a mile and a half away. Even news that a German cavalry patrol was approaching did not stop this orgy. The population of Kalicz was composed mostly of Little Russians and Jews. Some of these poor people, thinking to save a few of their valuables, put a little money into sacks and tied them around the necks of the children. A soldier discovered one of these, and immediately no child was safe. They were mutilated and killed. The destruction and sacking of these towns is a tale of horror that no fiction writer would dare to invent.

A Caucasian officer attempted to stop some of the soldiers who were committing horrible crimes of brutality. He was told to mind his own business, and that if he attempted to interfere again, he would be shot. When the fact that the Germans were advancing on the town was realized by the soldiers in their drunken state, they went to

this Caucasian prince and told him to pick two companies of Caucasian troops and stop the attack. What could he do? It was impossible for him to stop the looting of the town, so, like a true Russian, he did the only thing possible. He took his two companies of men out along the road, established his outposts, placed his machine-guns, and held back the advance patrols of the enemy until his men were almost wiped out. Then, with the few who were left, he retreated in the rear of such soldiers as were sober enough to walk or ride. He led his men back through the town of Kalicz, where less than ten per cent. of the civilian population remained alive. In the gutters, red with wine and blood, were lying drunken soldiers, dead men, and the bodies of women and children not mercifully killed, but violated first, then mutilated, and then left to die in agony.

The Germans advanced, knowing what they would find. They had their photographers there, armed with batteries of cameras to gather indisputable evidence of the atrocities committed by Russians upon their own people. Remember, when stories of these pogroms are told, that German propaganda and German wine caused these horrors to take place.

This incident merely shows the difference between troops which have been demoralized by German propaganda and those who were strong enough

to see through it and resist it. This is only one small result of German intrigue working through such men as Lenine and Trotzky.

Bolshevik doctrines have spread into Siberia. Before the revolution the Siberian troops were among the best that Russia produced. The men were splendid horsemen, and could shoot as well as the real old-time Western cow-boy. In fact, they were more like our men from the West. They come from a land of plenty, a land rich in forests and farm-land. They have the virtues and strength of a great race, vigorous and simple with the simplicity of people who lead clean, sane lives, guided by clean, sane thoughts.

The German propaganda took longer to work evil among the Siberian units than among the men who came from White Russia, but in time they, too, were influenced. If there had been anything done to counteract the effects of German intrigue, if the Allies had used some weapon and spread the propaganda of true democracy among these men, they would have been loyal to their ideal. But they were left to their fate. Month after month they listened to nothing but lies, lies that were never contradicted. They had no way of disproving them, so can we blame them that they believed? They saw other regiments murder their officers, throw off all discipline, and remain unpunished. They saw them leave the front, and, in turn, were

forced to retreat to save themselves from being surrounded. Is it any wonder that they, too, feel victims to the vile lies spread by the Huns?

In Petrograd, clearing snow off the streets, one would see gangs of men who looked like Chinese. I thought they were Chinese, until a Russian told me that they were Russian subjects brought from farthest Siberia to do that work. Thousands of these men are employed in various towns. I suppose, with study, one can distinguish between the Chinese Mongolian and the Russian Mongolian, but I could n't. To me, they all looked alike.

The tribes that hibernate in the North, the hunters and farm-people of Siberia, the Russians of White Russia, the Letts, and the people of the Baltic Provinces, those of Russian Poland, the Armenians, and the various and bewildering nationalities of the Caucasus, the wild tribes in Transcaspia—all are called Russians by us. Russia is not a melting-pot, like America. There is no community of interest. The loyalty to their idea of the "Little Father" was the only thing that held them together and made an empire out of Russia. The "Little Father" has gone. Is it any wonder that Russia has fallen to pieces like a house of cards? It may be that out of this chaos will emerge a league of small nations, or, as the Bolsheviki say, "a republic of *soviets*." That seems to be the only solution. In time this republic of *soviets* will become welded into one vast republic, with a com-

munity of interests that will make Russia a dominant force that no other nation will be able to ignore. When this new Russia speaks, the world will listen. The Russian muzhik is a child of dreams. The real Russian will sit and look at the horizon for an hour, and then look into his own soul for three hours. He is a lover of peace. He is an idealist, and his ideal is a Utopia where each child shall have a chance from birth, and before birth; where there will be no poverty, but communities of workers who respect their work and are respected because they work; where there will be no parasites, but where each man will justify his existence through work. That is what I see in the real heart of Russia.

Recent events have proven that, despite the doctrine that Trotzky is trying to put into force, despite the horrible civil war that is taking place in Russia, other nations are beginning to realize that there is something more to the message which Russia is trying to give them. There is something finer and deeper and more far-reaching than we have grasped as yet.

CHAPTER XVI

TRAVELING, especially on military trains, was a nightmare. One was never sure of arriving at one's destination. The soldiers were forming a habit of turning out passengers and taking possession of the trains themselves. One journey I'll never forget. For discomfort, it surpassed any I have ever taken.

The station square was crowded. There were thousands of soldiers on foot, and hundreds of carts. We made our way slowly, soldiers by our side clamoring to carry our baggage. Sometimes the greediness for tips led to riots and rows that would end in ambulances being called. I picked out two soldiers who looked strong and more or less peaceable. They walked at each side of our carriage, one hand on the hood and the other warding off other soldiers who were trying to oust them from their places. As soon as we reached the station, they took the baggage and fought their way through to the train. It was a fight all the way. There was no order of any kind. No one seemed to know from what platform the train would depart. I followed them all around the station, until finally we reached a platform from which they said my train would leave. Around

us was a mob of peasants, soldiers, and women with children. Each one had enough baggage for a dozen. There were rolls of bedding, tea-kettles, trunks, baskets of food, and everything imaginable. I wondered why there were so many civilians waiting for the train. Afterward I learned that the Russians had not evacuated the villages behind the lines, as the British and French have done.

After waiting half an hour, the train pulled in. I stood still. If I had moved, I would have been trampled upon. Every one made a mad rush for it. In a short while one of my soldiers found me. He was delighted because he had procured a first-class seat for me. The other man was standing guard over it. We fought our way through the corridor and finally reached the compartment, where it seemed to me that every place was taken. It was no use trying to sit down, because there was no place to sit. Every available space was taken up with baggage. I whispered to one of the soldiers that if he would clear the compartment for me, I would give him a good tip. He did not hesitate. He demanded the tickets of the men and women in the compartment. Finding out that some of them were second- and third-class passengers, he and his comrade cleared the place, until there was only one officer's orderly and myself left. I placed the two soldiers on guard at the door, to prevent any one else coming in. Sometimes they had to fight, sometimes talk was enough, but finally

the train started and I was left in comparative comfort. The officer came and took his place, accompanied by a friend. We arranged our luggage, and the three of us sat down. My bags were on the upper berth, which insured me some place to lie down at night.

For three hours no one said a word; we sat and read. Finally a conductor appeared and, looking at my ticket, told me I had a second-class ticket, and that I was traveling in a first-class compartment. I tried to explain that it was a mistake at the office, and that I was willing to pay the difference. That was satisfactory as far as it went, but he said something else which I could not understand. Then one of the officers turned and, translating into French, told me that the conductor said he was n't allowed to take the money, but that I would have to get out at the next station and buy a first-class ticket. From my accent he knew I was an American, so he continued, talking in English, and offered to get out and buy my ticket for me.

This officer was very anxious to know what America thought of Russia.

"Of course," he said, "I know you think we are quitters. But what can we do? I am going down to my estate near Polosk to try to raise some money. I have wood cut there, but the peasants won't let me sell it. A man there is willing to pay me cash, but every time my agent attempts to make a bargain

with him, there is trouble. The last time they beat my agent and threatened to kill him if he again attempted to sell the wood. They won't let me cut any more wood. They have pillaged my house and destroyed everything. They opened the stables and tortured the cattle. Some of the horses were burned alive; the cows were turned loose after being horribly mutilated. Some of them were cut open, while others had their udders cut off. They did not steal anything, because the Russian peasant does n't steal. All that is left are the walls. They have no grudge against me personally. They have always been well treated. One old man who came to Petrograd on business told me about this, with tears running down his face, yet he had been one of the most active in the work of destruction. My wife and boy are in Petrograd, and I have n't enough money to buy them warm clothing or shoes for the winter. I am going down to beg them to let me sell a little of the wood, so that I can get my wife and child to England. I know they will refuse, but it is my last chance. My leave is up in a few days, and I go back to the front. I hope I do not go back leaving my family destitute."

This man belonged to a family well known for generations, a family that has always been wealthy and respected. They have never been immensely wealthy, like a great many of the Russian aristocrats, but they always have been comfortably well-to-do. He told me how hopeless the situation was

for men of his class. They had no influence, no power. All they could do was to go to their regiments at the front and "carry on." This man, like all educated Russians, spoke French, English, German and Italian. He had joined the army because it was the natural thing for him to do. It is the only career for a man of good family in Russia who is not gifted with exceptional intelligence or genius. I do not suppose he had ever harmed any one, but he had done his best in his own way. He is only one of the thousands of victims of the revolution.

We talked for hours about Russia and America. What seemed to hurt him more than anything else was the fact that the honor of Russia was stained.

"How can I offer my hand to a French or British officer, knowing how we have betrayed them?" he said. "Even if Russia does rehabilitate herself, the shame of her betrayal will always be remembered."

I could n't offer him any consolation or deny what he had said, because at that time stories were reaching us of the way Russian officers were being treated in London and Paris.

About nine o'clock we stopped at a station where we were allowed twenty minutes for dinner. He took me into the station restaurant, where we had a meal of *bitochki* and tea. While we were eating, an officer came up and spoke to him. He introduced me. The other officer was a brother of

Prince Kuropatkin. He seemed interested in hearing why an American woman was traveling on a Russian military train, wearing a Red Cross costume. I explained that I was after news and wanted to see the life at the front, and so had accepted the only possible means of getting there.

The three of us spoke of the situation in the country, which is the sole topic of conversation, once one leaves Petrograd. The news was not reassuring. Other estates were being treated the same way as that of my friend, K— K—. No one could suggest a remedy, and it made one feel not only pessimistic, but quite hopeless.

When bedtime came I climbed mountain high to the upper berth, covered myself with my cape, and went to sleep. I slept fairly well, that is, as well as I could, because the place was infested with fleas. Now mosquitoes are my friends, and I have even become accustomed to "cooties," but I never was and have never been able to be friendly with fleas.

In the morning I was awakened by a voice saying, "Here is some tea and a good English cigarette to start the day with." My officer friend had descended at a station and secured some tea. He called the conductor of the car and made him clean the wash-room. No one who has not been on a Russian train knows what that means. I have seen and smelt foul things, but no imagination can do justice to the wash-room of that car. It is impos-

sible to realize how human beings can be so filthy. While I got my dressing-bag, he stood guard at the door of the room, which was at the end of the car, to prevent any one from going in. This was necessary, because the corridor was filled with soldiers. He told me that all night long soldiers kept coming into our compartment, but he had managed to keep them from remaining by explaining that there was an American "sister" in it and that they must show her some courtesy. This argument was effective because during the day we kept the place clear by using it.

At lunch-time I shared what was in my basket with him and with two officers who had come aboard at a wayside station.

The Russian is very curious. Every time another man came into the compartment, I would have to explain who and what I was, to save him from dying of unsatisfied curiosity. The questions they asked me were curious. I was wearing a "Norfolk" suit, the skirt of which buttoned up the the front. One old colonel, who rode with us for a short time during the day, could n't take his eyes off these buttons. Finally he leaned over and said:

"I congratulate you on your costume. You Americans are wonderful. It is the most practical and becoming traveling dress I have seen for a long time. Are those real buttons and button-holes?"

I proved that they were by unbuttoning the last

one. He said something in Russian that made every one laugh. An officer translated it into French. He said. "The colonel wishes that Russian women would adopt the same kind of skirt" After this I declined to discuss my clothes with any Russian.

All day people kept coming and going. Sometimes women would come in, carrying, so it seemed to me, the entire furniture of their homes. But at night we were fortunate enough to be disturbed only three or four times. The second night passed like the first. I was continually battling with fleas and dozing. The three officers were asleep in the lower berth,—that is, two were there, while the third lay on the floor.

Early the next morning my friend, K—K—, left me. I have neither seen nor heard of him since, and have often wondered how he succeeded in his mission.

My station was a little further on. I had to change there to a train that ran directly to the front line. I had two valises, one of them very heavy. I knew I could n't carry both. I opened the door of the compartment and saw the corridor was so full of soldiers that there was no possibility of making my way through them unaided. A great big brute was sprawling on a valise in the aisle. As soon as I opened the door, he shot both feet into the compartment, in order to stretch. I thought he might as well help me, so I kicked him on the

shin. He withdrew one foot, so I kicked the other foot a little harder. He poked his head in, wondering who had dared to kick a free Russian.

"Pick up those bags and carry them out," I said in English.

Of course he could n't understand a word, but my tone was enough. His training stood me in good stead, because he picked up the heavy bag and, when I pointed to the end of the car, began shouldering his way through the crowd. I followed him with my dressing-bag.

About halfway to the platform, it dawned on him that he was not only obeying an order, but obeying an order given by a woman. He put down my valise and, taking a firmer grip on his rifle, turned on me. I drew my foot back and gave him another kick, a good hard one, on the shin. Then I said in English:

"No nonsense; carry that bag out at once!"

Without a word he took up the bag, carried it to the platform, and threw it down on to the tracks. Then he turned and faced me, furious. I was just as angry as he was.

"Pick up that bag and carry it into the station!"

I pointed to the waiting-room. He hesitated, then picked up the bag, carried it to the door of the waiting-room, and stood looking at me. I gave him one of my best smiles and a big "thank you." He could n't make it out; he was quite bewildered. I am sure he does n't know to this day why he

obeyed me. There was a shout of laughter, and some soldiers standing near began to tease him. He turned on them and made them suffer for the indignity he had undergone. I did not care what happened then, because I had my bags off the train, so I walked into the station to get some tea to the accompaniment of sounds of a free fight outside.

There is only one way to treat a Russian of the uneducated class, that is, with a strong hand. They only understand that method. The next generation or two may understand different treatment, but for the present generation nothing but force will do.

When I arrived back in Petrograd, I met a friend of K— K—— and told her how charming he had been. She was astounded.

"That is unheard of," she said. "No Russian man would wait on a woman. It must have been because you are a foreigner. If you had been a Russian, he would have had the upper berth and you would have brought him his tea. Only the fact that you always speak the truth enables me to believe you at all."

CHAPTER XVII

WHILE I was at the front, the Root Commission arrived in Petrograd, practically unheralded. As soon as the news reached us, I was asked at least a dozen times a day, "Who is *Gospodin* Root?" The soldiers who asked this question would continue, "Was he one of your presidents, like *Gospodin* Roosevelt? Is he a famous man in America? Why did they choose him to come to Russia?" It was very difficult to explain exactly why Mr. Root had been sent, because I did not know myself. However, I told them that he was very famous in America and was esteemed and respected by all, and that Russia should feel complimented at having such a splendid man sent by America to Petrograd. It was difficult to convince them, because invariably the conversation would end with, "Roosevelt I know—we all know him and we all like him—but *Gospodin* Root none of us know."

It is no wonder that the Mission was optimistic about Russia. They were lodged in the Winter Palace and were fed better than any one in Russia. They had white bread and meat and sugar, and the entire wine-cellar of the czar was placed at their disposal. The men of the American colony in

Petrograd would fish shamelessly for invitations to lunch or to dine with friends belonging to the Mission. Several times I listened enviously to stories of what they had had for dinner or lunch. How could they judge of the state of semi-starvation that Petrograd was in, the horrible black bread that every one else had to eat, the rarity of fresh eggs, and the almost complete disappearance of milk or cream, when they had white bread and all the good things to eat that Russia could provide? One young member of the Mission was heard to remark, "I do not see what you fellows are grumbling about. I have n't had such good meals in years."

The Commission saw what they were meant to see. They heard only what was intended for their ears. Of the actual state of affairs they had not the slightest conception. Around them the entire foreign colony of Petrograd was raging, disappointed and furious that such an opportunity should be thrown away. If the Mission was meant for the people of Russia, why did n't it go to the Russian people and spread the right kind of propaganda among them? If it was sent to the Provisional Government, why was it sent to a government which everybody knew was doomed to extinction within a short space of time? Even the most fanatical optimist could not help acknowledging that the Provisional Government was tottering. The Allied colony of Petrograd was dis-

appointed and disgusted when the date of departure of the Mission was announced. They knew that if the Mission only waited a little while longer, they would see an exhibition of rioting that would convince its members how weak the Provisional Government actually was.

In Petrograd no one could tell at what moment the shooting would begin. The Bolsheviki would announce a parade for a certain day. The mere fact that it was announced was enough. Only one parade in ten would take place on the date set. Suddenly, without announcement of any kind, the parade would take place two or three days later, or sometimes it was postponed for ten days or two weeks. It always took place, however. So when the Bolsheviki announced a demonstration for a certain Sunday, it was practically a threat to shoot up the town. On Sunday it was business as usual. A week from the following day no one was astonished when, about half-past ten at night, the sound of firing was heard. During the afternoon there had been trouble at the Duma. The Extreme left were demanding a change of ministry. No one paid much attention to this, as they were always doing the same thing. However, this time they evidently meant business. Also, in the evening a Bolshevik parade passed around Admiralty Quay. There were thousands and thousands of them on the march. For an hour and a half they passed, carrying banners, but without bands.

When the Bolsheviks parade without bands, they mean to be a little nastier than usual. About ten o'clock I noticed that St. Isaac's Square was rather deserted. That was a sign I had learned to respect, so I was prepared for what happened a few minutes later.

Two armored cars drove up in front of the hotel, right underneath my window. As usual there was a long line of carriages standing outside, the *isvorscheks* half-asleep and the horses sound sleep. The men on the first armored car called out, "*Isvorscheks, damoi!*" ("Go home!") Without a word, the first *isvorschek* whipped up his horses and, turning around so quickly that one could scarcely see him, started off at a gallop around the corner and down the Morskaia, followed by the whole line of carriages. In another second there wasn't a carriage in sight. The armored cars drove on. A few minutes later, from the opposite corner, appeared the same carriages that had been standing in front of the hotel. The drivers had simply driven around the block, and, returning, took up their stand once more.

My telephone bell rang. I answered it, and heard a voice say:

"Hurry up! They are shooting up the town, and there's hell to pay! Tell Major Parker!"

It was Thompson, who had been scouting around, smelling trouble. I telephoned Major Parker, who was living in the "Astoria." He was

the new attaché, recently arrived on his way to join the American Staff at the Stavka. I put on a hat and walking-shoes, and sat down at the window to wait patiently until further orders were received. The sound of firing increased, and I heard machine-guns in the direction of the Nicolaievsky Bridge.

As soon as any trouble of this kind began, the "Astoria Hotel" would hum like a beehive. At least sixty per cent. of the people staying there would become panic-stricken, expecting the hotel to be looted as it had been before. The corridors and lobby became full of excited women and officers who did not know what to do. The Russian officers looked nervous; the Russian women were frankly frightened. They did not know what kind of a demonstration it was. In fact, when trouble like this began, no one knew exactly on which side the armored-car men and the machine-gunners were fighting. Their politics would change over-night.

Thompson rushed in, followed by some Russian officers and Major Parker. The Russian officers removed all their decorations and their swords and side-arms, asking my permission to leave them in my sitting-room. I had enough Crosses of St. George to decorate a company. One cannot blame them, because if all the regiments were on the side of the rioters, it meant instant death for an officer to be seen walking along the street. At the front

door of the "Astoria," a crowd had gathered, wondering what was going on. Curious to find out, we started up the Morskaia. Two British Tommies escorted me. They were British armored-car men who were on leave in Petrograd. Behind us walked Thompson, with his orderly, and two Russian officers. I was n't frightened; it was too exciting and I had no time to become alarmed. Ahead of us and around us we could hear the shots fired by snipers. The escort of those two Tommies gave me more confidence than if I had had the entire Russian army back of me. As we neared each corner we walked a little slower, to find out first if it was safe to cross the street. This meant that if we did not hear bullets going past nor shots actually fired at the corner, it was more or less safe.

At the corner of the Nevsky there were groups of people, every man armed with a rifle, civilians and soldiers. In our doorway were people who were afraid either to go on or to turn back. Our objective point was the Litainie Prospekt. Whenever there was fighting, that was always the place that it became the fiercest. We went up the Nevsky to the accompaniment of machine-gun fire, armored cars rushing by on both sides. Isolated rifle-shots from snipers came frequently, as the latter were evidently out for a little target-practice.

It was a long walk, and I became tired. About

halfway up the Nevsky I stopped and decided to turn back. It was the same old story—machine-guns and rifles, one street safe, the next street sure death. We had been through it all before, and I was fed up with it. Besides, as I said to Thompson, "You cannot take pictures now. Why stay out all night, wandering around? To-morrow morning we will get out early and get some good stuff." Nobody else wanted to go back, so the others went on. Many people have asked me if I was insulted or annoyed while wandering around Petrograd. I was so little annoyed and insulted that, without a second thought, I now turned round and walked back to the "Astoria." It was about midnight. The worst element of the town was out, armed and shooting. The only risk I ran was that a stray bullet might hit me. As far as insult and annoyance go, there was absolutely no danger.

On my way back an armored car passed me, driving very slowly. There was a huge search-light on the front. It was sweeping the street from side to side. It caught me in its glare and for a whole block played on me. That was the only time I felt nervous, because I was the only person walking on that block. It was probably curiosity that made them do it, because they passed me slowly and turned down a side-street.

Thompson got back about one o'clock. For his long walk he was rewarded by hearing a little extra firing, but that was all. His orderly pre-

pared some coffee for two or three of the British officers who also had been scouting around. We sat in his room and talked over the events of the evening. About two o'clock, while I was sitting on the window-sill in Thompson's room, a procession marched from the opposite corner across the square until they reached the corner of the "Astoria." It then halted. It was quite dark. I could not see if it was composed of soldiers or civilians. We turned the lights out—that was the first precaution—and all gathered by the window to watch. A consultation was held among the men who were evidently the leaders of the procession. We were wondering if they were going to take possession of the hotel or not, and if not, why they were there. At the end of over an hour they formed into line again, turned at right angles, and, headed by their band, marched past the hotel. As they went by, looking down I could see that they were carrying rifles and bayonets. It was an extraordinary sight, because, as the music of the band died away in the distance, all one could hear was the tramp of their feet on the wooden pavement.

No one knew who or what they were until the next morning. Then I found out that it was one of the garrison regiments which had been brought out under false orders. They had been told that the Provisional Government was in danger, and that they were to go to a certain spot and take possession of it. As they were crossing the square

an officer stopped them and explained to them that their orders were false and that they were acting against the orders of the Provisional Government. Thereupon they held a conference and decided to march back. It was a weird sight, and not at all quieting for the time being.

Some of the regiments were on the side of the Bolsheviks. The Pavlovski Regiment, always the most radical, was with them heart and soul.

On Tuesday morning the Nevsky was said to be very unsafe, so Thompson piled his camera into a big auto and said, "Come on!" He was in khaki; on the front seat his orderly and chauffeur were both in uniform. I wore a blue Italian military cape, so we looked rather military. The tripod of the camera sticking up in the tonneau looked not unlike a new kind of gun; in fact, it looked so dangerous that it gave us clear passage up the Nevsky. We went up the center of the street, without any one stopping us, at full speed. The lower part was fairly quiet and deserted, but as we neared the corner of the Litainie, we found it black with people. We took up our station at the corner and waited. Around us the crowds surged, and soon trouble began. The Bolsheviks met the Cossacks, who were coming from a side-street, with machine-guns on both sides. Thompson set up his camera in the tonneau and proceeded to crank. One minute the street was a mass of people, the next they had fallen flat to escape the bullets, or

were running for cover. For a moment I felt frightened—felt as if my mouth were full of copper and my bones had turned to water. Then it was so exciting that I'd forget and be all eyes, like a boy at a three-ring circus. All the time Thompson cranked away. His coat was off, and strapped to his belt was a Colt army revolver. The chauffeur showed signs of panic. Thompson drew his gun and said, "You do as I tell you, or I'll shoot your head off!" He ordered him to drive around and face up the Litainie, so there would be a means of escape if they swept the place with machine-guns. The poor man was terror-stricken, and in his excitement drove up on the pavement and tried to go through a plate-glass window.

An officer of the Cossacks rode up and volunteered the information that they were going to clear the corner with machine-guns, so that we had better move. We did, and so did everybody else. Those who could not run fast enough, threw themselves flat on the pavement, and soon there was no anti-provisional-government demonstration to be seen. Then we discovered that we were quite worn out.

One American newspaper man called out, "Thompson, you must be crazy! You had better move!" Another told the Ambassador that Thompson was taking pictures of the fight on the Nevsky, with a gun in each hand; that he was loaded down with ammunition, and that there was

a woman in the car with him. However, after the Cossacks had cleared the corner, the Bolsheviki decided to move, and the shooting gradually died down until, except for enormous crowds that blocked the street, things became as usual.

I wanted to go to the bank, which is near the Field of Mars, and away, as I thought, from all trouble on that day. Thompson said that he would go, too. Leaving the camera at the hotel, we persuaded an *isvorschek* to drive us there and back, while the chauffeur was at lunch. Going over, there was no sign of trouble, but during the ten minutes in the bank the scene changed. When we started for the hotel there was shooting on all sides, but not on the street along which we had to drive. Around the Ekaterin Canal we could hear the sound of machine-guns, and also in the Moika, the street parallel to the one that we were on. We turned into the square of the Winter Palace and were halfway across when, by the column in front of us, there broke out a terrible row, and we saw explosive bullets, like minute shrapnel-bursts, exploding in the air. They were shooting at the General Staff from the Moika Canal, and we were directly in their way.

Our driver either must have lost his wits and become panic-stricken, or else he was so accustomed to such things that he held them in contempt, for he kept right on. Any second we expected to see a car with machine-guns round the corner, and we

both yelled, "To the right! To the quail!" That brought him to, with a big poke in the back to help, and turning his old horse around, he beat it to a gallop. We were the only living things in that big square, and for a few minutes it looked as if we would not be alive long. That old horse lumbered along the street and around the corner to comparative safety. The driver wanted five rubles more than his fare. He said that he had n't bargained to dodge machine-guns in action, but merely to drive us to the bank and return. As we were entering the hotel a kind friend said, "You know you 'd better keep off the Nevsky; there has been shooting there."

All that afternoon chance encounters between Cossacks, loyal to the Provisional Government, and parades of Bolsheviki, led to small shooting frays. But none were as serious as that we had been through in the morning. During the evening several people were killed on Vladimirska Street and on the Litainie, and during the night, too, to a less degree. The bridges were the scenes of these encounters, but a big thunder-storm did more to calm the people than the news that a joint commission had been formed of Bolsheviki and ministers to decide on the questions over which the fighting had begun.

Wednesday, July 18, it poured rain all day, which evidently dampened the ardor of the anarchists, for they kept rather quiet. They did not

like parading in the rain. Usually I knew what the weather was, during trouble like this, without looking out of the windows. If the rat-tat-tat of machine-guns was to be heard, I knew it was a fine day. Between fights we would gather and regret the departure of the diplomatic commission. Troops, arriving from the front, marched past at all hours. They were splendid-looking men, mostly bicycle corps and cavalry. The people hurrahed and cheered them, but that means nothing; they were just as likely to be shooting at them the next minute.

Thursday, July 19, the troops of the Provisional Government were busy. Very early they lined up on the Kamenostrovsky Prospekt, where the palace of the ballet-dancer, Kchessinskaia, is situated. The Bolsheviki had turned it into a kind of headquarters, which the Provisional Government now determined to empty. The house was well-protected with machine-guns, so the Provisional Government spent all the morning in talk, deciding what to do. At twelve o'clock the Bolsheviki, seeing that the Provisional Government meant business, retreated to the Fortress of Peter and Paul, covering their retreat with machine-guns mounted on auto-trucks.

It was a glorious day. Every one was bustling to and fro, and there was much excitement. One could n't take it seriously, despite the wanton killing. The streets around the fortress were cleared



Each group of people was listening to German agents spreading German propaganda of the most pernicious kind.
(Outside the office of the "Novoye Vremya")



Loyal soldiers carrying "On With the War" banners

of people, and troops were brought up. There not much time was wasted in talk, for at one o'clock those inside the fortress surrendered. The Cossacks entered and took possession. A great many of the machine-gunners took refuge in various places, the "Cirque Moderne" among others. In time they, too, surrendered. All the afternoon auto-trucks were bringing the loot to the headquarters of General Polovtzeff in the square of the Winter Palace. I was there, right at the front. There were arrested Bolsheviki, brought up under guard, machine-guns, seemingly hundreds of them, and attending to everything at once, General Polovtzeff was the busiest man in the square. No one was allowed near the square without a special permit; sentries, who did not hesitate to shoot, were posted at all entrances. During the night there was a small shooting affair near the hotel in the next street, but it turned out to be only nine anarchists who were breaking into a store. These were put to flight by the guard. They wakened everybody, however, for any shot near by brought every one out of the rooms, wondering if the hotel was to be attacked. I went to sleep again, but as usual the nervous ones were up all night.

Friday, July 20, the morning was fairly quiet, but a rumor of fighting on the Nevsky brought Thompson with his camera. Of course I was there, too. The tripod again assured us a clear

drive up to the station square. There Thompson climbed up on the pedestal of a big statue. I left with the auto for a safer place up the Old Nevsky. No sooner was all ready and the order "Camera go!" given than the camera went—but to the ground, for from houses and autos the Bolsheviki began to fire on the troops who had just detrained and were marching out of the square. They were Cossacks and had been brought back from the front to help restore order.

A man in the uniform of a lieutenant met them with false orders, which led them past the guns of the Bolsheviki. Thompson threw the tripod and camera to the ground, and stretched out flat at the base of the statue. There was no use in crawling around to the other side, for they were shooting from all sides. I could see him quite plainly as he tried to find a place where there were no bullets flying. It was funny to watch him duck when they pinged past. When this free-for-all fight quieted down a little, a Cossack officer rode up and told him to get out, for the Cossacks were so furious at the treachery that they were going to shoot every one who showed himself in the square. Not that there were many there at the moment. They had fled, and Thompson was practically monarch of all he surveyed. He picked up the camera and tripod and moved back to us, on the Old Nevsky, with little better luck, for there was firing from the houses there as well, and the Cos-

sacks were determined to find out who was guilty. There was nothing to do but duck down in the motor and take a chance. It was safer than running away. The noise and excitement were so great that one didn't have time to be frightened. The Cossacks surrounded some houses and made a few arrests, but the majority of the traitors got away in cars, covering their retreat with machine-guns. For an hour the newly arrived troops were subjected to attacks from cars that drove up, fired machine-guns, and then drove away at top speed. Many were killed and many were wounded. It was a terrible scene; the utter wickedness and futility of it was heartbreaking.

We arrived back at the hotel, tired and disgusted. I helped Thompson and his orderly carry the cameras up to his room. There I sat on a couch. I was shaking from head to foot. Thompson sat on the other end. I looked at him and laughed. He also was trembling. His orderly was crying. It had been hell while it lasted.

The news that the line was broken near Tornapol had reached us, and the ignominious retreat of some of the regiments took away what hope we had. About twelve that night the same thing took place in various parts of the city. There was a fusillade of machine-gun fire back of the Cathedral of St. Isaac's that told us we were in for another sleepless night. It was past a joke; it was becoming quite annoying. I found that as soon as

I heard those guns begin, I would swear. From all around came rifle-shots, and again every one in the hotel was up and the whole place humming like a beehive. The Bolsheviks had fired upon troops from the People's Park, from the front of the Bourse, where machine-guns were posted, from the bridges, and from several other places. One of the victims was our chauffeur, who was on his way home. He received three bullets in his head, and the car was wrecked. Many were killed, and the front of the Bourse looked as if it had been the object of a terrific fusillade, which, indeed, it was. For an hour this kept up, gradually dying down until there were only isolated rifle-shots until morning. The next day the Provisional Government seemed to have the situation pretty well in hand, for after that the city was quiet. At least, there was no serious shooting. However, one never knew what would happen next.

CHAPTER XVIII

AS time went on and Kerensky still remained head of the Provisional Government, foreign newspapers, reaching Russia weeks late, would contain wonderful, glowing accounts of his patriotism and his work. He was called the "Russian Napoleon," "the one man who could save Russia," "the man who was restoring order," "the friend of the Allies," etc., etc. As a matter of fact, Kerensky was the friend of only one man—himself. To the foreigners in Russia it was a source of constant irritation to read these wonderful reports of what he was doing. We could see the power of the Bolsheviki growing daily, and nothing was being done to stop it. As Kerensky made mistake after mistake, we became more and more hopeless.

Newspaper reports were sent out from Russia telling of the real state of affairs. Some of these never passed the Russian censor, some were held up by the British censor, and some reached their destination, but never were published by the papers, who thought their correspondents had gone crazy. Not one newspaper man who was in Russia during that summer had a single serious article published. Whether this was the result of the blindness of the Foreign Offices at Washington and

London, or simply was due to their pigheadedness, no one knows, but the fact remains that the only articles to be published were superficial, humorous accounts of what was going on. Confidential reports must have gone to London and Washington. Despite the fact that the American Ambassador was so optimistic, enough truth must have leaked through to show Washington something of the actual state of affairs. Englishmen well-grounded in Russian politics sent reports to London. I know, too, that the French General Staff did all that they could to inform Paris of what was happening, but the Allies calmly waited and allowed Russia to slip out of their grasp, as if the breaking away of Russia from the Entente meant nothing.

I overheard a conversation between three Frenchmen. They sat next to my table at the "Europe Hotel." They were discussing the internal situation of Russia. The oldest of them, a civilian, said:

"But you must tell them; Paris must know. They must start a propaganda, or everything will go."

One of the younger men shrugged his shoulders and said:

"We have been telling them for months. We have sent confidential reports every day; we have sent men; but they will not listen. It is a waste of time and energy. They are blind, and so we are losing Russia."

It was probably impossible for the Foreign Offices of the Allies to grasp the fact that this Bolshevik movement was a thing that could not be checked, but had to be directed. It could not be checked any more than a tidal wave can be checked, and, like the tidal wave, it was destined to sweep everything before it. Only those who were in Russia could realize this. Even when this movement had spread all over Russia, there was still a chance to direct that tremendous impulse into proper channels. Before it had taken hold of thousands, it could have been checked. Kerensky could have checked it, but now it has reached into the very heart of Russia and has taken possession of the muzhik. It cannot be checked; it can only be directed. The Germans took good care to work it the way they wanted it to but it is too big a thing for even the German control. It has gone beyond them, and unless they, too, understand and act, they will be swept away by it.

It is a warning for the whole world. We are rejoiced at the accounts of labor strikes in Austria and Germany, but it would not please us as well if we were to sit down and think, for we would know that our time is coming. A little more time and we, too, will be swept away. It is not too late to control it in England and America, but if we insist on shutting our eyes to the true state of affairs, we shall suffer as Russia is suffering to-day. The thinking man knows it is as important for the

laboring man to understand the capitalist as it is for the capitalist to understand the man who works for him. One is necessary to the other. If the idea that the working man can do without the capitalist is allowed to take root in the mind of the former, then the latter will be exterminated everywhere.

As the summer passed, the unrest grew. What happened was expected and inevitable. I made up my mind to leave Russia, knowing that if I did not leave soon, I should not leave at all. Daily the sentiment of the Bolsheviki was becoming anti-foreign. This was understandable, since the only foreigners, practically, whom they saw in Russia were representatives of the hated bourgeoisie. When I announced my approaching departure, a Russian colonel told me to wait.

"Wait just a few weeks longer," he said. "We are going to hang the *soviet*."

I waited two weeks, and nothing happened. The Bolsheviki announced parades which did not take place. They demanded a new ministry and Tchernoff was driven out of a cabinet meeting. These were signs that no one could ignore.

On the seventh of September these rumors crystallized into a report that Korniloff had quarreled with Kerensky. M. Lvoff, in Korniloff's name, demanded that all power be put into the hands of Korniloff. This demand was made not only in the name of Korniloff, but in the name of a group of

men who could see that the only hope for the country lay in having Korniloff made dictator, since as dictator he could put an end to anarchy. Korniloff was perfectly willing to have Kerensky remain Minister of Justice and that M. Savinkov should remain Minister of War. He asked that Kerensky go to the general headquarters to confer with him about this matter.

There is no doubt that this demand did not come as a surprise to Kerensky. Dictatorship had long been talked of, and Kerensky must have known that it was the only thing to do, if Russia were to be pulled out of the chaos into which she had fallen. Kerensky refused to treat Lvoff as an ambassador from Korniloff, and had him arrested. Korniloff was asked to resign. Klembovsky was put in his place, and Petrograd was placed under martial law. The cabinet was sitting night and day. No one knew exactly what was happening, but, with the exception of a few adherents of Kerensky and the Bolsheviks, every soul in Petrograd was hoping and praying that Korniloff would succeed.

Korniloff refused to resign. In Petrograd, Kerensky proposed a dictatorship of six members. The Cadets objected to this and tendered their resignation. Then, with the consent of the *soviet*, the socialist ministers proposed a directorate to consist of Kerensky, Nekrassoff, Tereschenko, Kichine, Sannhov, and Tstertli. The next day

the government received word that Korniloff had firmly decided to change the régime, and that the refusal of the Provisional Government might lead to the shedding of much blood.

The night of the eighth of September I was spending the evening at the house of some friends. Every one was wildly excited. We knew that Kerensky had been talking to Korniloff over the telephone, and a Russian officer, arriving late at the party, told us that Korniloff had begun his march toward Petrograd. It was said that he had several regiments of cavalry and an artillery brigade with him. That night there were bands of soldiers parading in favor of the Maximalists, demanding immediate peace. Here and there was shooting, and several people were killed. Going home, the chauffeur drove our car at full speed. This was camouflage, because only government cars drove so fast and the chances were much against our receiving any stray bullets.

(This was the day for which I had booked my passage to leave Petrograd. Attached to the train in which I was to have gone was a carriage containing Viroubova and a party of people who had formerly been attached to the court. In Finland their car was detached from the train and put under a guard. The Bolsheviki said they were being let off too easily and would have to stand a new trial.)

Sunday morning everything was excitement.

Proclamations were issued every hour telling the people to be calm. Soldiers from Kerensky's regiments were placed at various points around the city. The militia was called out. All the public buildings were under guard. News came that the Maximalists of Kronstadt were coming to the city. They were going to shoot up the town, to revenge themselves for the Maximalist defeat of July. The sailors of the fleet voted in favor of a demonstration to demand bread and the end of the war. We knew that Korniloff was advancing steadily. At one moment he would be reported at Pskiff; at another moment reports declared he had already arrived at Tsarskoe. The cabinet had decided to allow Kerensky to direct affairs in Petrograd. Newspapers were suppressed, so no one knew exactly what was happening, except that Korniloff was coming and that Kerensky had decided to resist. Arms were distributed to forty thousand Bolsheviki. The Red Guard was formed. Trenches were begun outside the city, and the whole town was put in a state of siege. From Finland came the news of rioting because of lack of bread. Monday it poured rain. We knew that this was enough to keep the Bolsheviki quiet, and that the threatened attack from Korniloff would not take place. The Bolsheviki did not like to fight in the rain. It was impossible to work. Most of the shops were closed again. Korniloff was said to have reached Tsarskoe-Selo. No one

seemed to know exactly where he was. Rumors of pitched battles between his troops and the Bolsheviks reached us, only to be denied again the next moment.

During the afternoon we gathered at the headquarters of the British armored-car corps at the "Astoria." As each man would come in, all conversation would stop and he would be asked what news he had from the front. Each man had a different story to tell. Every now and then we would send out scouts to collect a new batch of rumors. We made plans to save ourselves, in case the Bolsheviks started trouble. We discussed all night the march of Korniloff and his troops. It was as thrilling to us as the news of help coming must have been to the defenders of Ladysmith. We thought it was splendid, and we hoped and prayed that Korniloff would succeed. Kronstadt prepared to shell the town, if Korniloff took possession of it.

At half-past two on Tuesday morning I was awakened by the sound of shots being fired in the square outside the hotel. There was only one thing to do at a time like that, so I did it. I rolled out of bed on to the floor and crawled on my hands and knees through the hall into my bathroom. Fortunately, it was an inside room, so I could turn on the light. I dressed in record time and crept to the side of my sitting-room window, which was immediately above the entrance. Across the

square I saw a mob coming. It was too dark to see who they were, but from glimpses of white head-dresses I thought there were women, too. Visions of the French Revolution flashed across my mind. I felt very lonesome. Below, at the entrance, they surged into the hotel. They were talking in low voices, so that all I could hear was a blur of sound. I decided I was too lonesome to stay by myself. If I was going to be killed, I was going to fight for it. It was impossible to turn the light on, because when things like this happened any lighted room was fired into immediately. I went to the hall-door, intending to seek refuge next door in the apartment of some British officers. I knew there were four of them in there, and that I would be safe. I pulled aside the curtain at the transom and peeped out. All I could see was two bayonets. I decided that I would n't leave my room. I got a chair, climbed up on it, and looked out into the hallway. I saw two sailors on guard outside each door. Several more were guarding the elevator and the stairway, together with the lower part of the hall. There must have been at least fifty of them. Then I heard them banging on doors and the noise of many voices. I remember thinking, "I hope they are not killing anybody." I was n't frightened any more; I was only angry. I went into my bedroom and banged on the wall, hoping to waken some one next door. Unfortunately, the next room was occupied by a young

British officer, who was too healthy to wake up when a few shots were fired.

I kept feeling more lonesome every minute. Then I decided I might just as well see what was going on, so I made myself comfortable on a chair and watched. I snipped a tiny hole in the curtain so that I could see out. I saw them march down several Russian officers under guard. Sometimes the officers were accompanied by their wives and sometime 'y women who were not their wives. One fat old officer was accompanied by two pretty girls. One girl I could have understood, but to this day I do not know why he had two. The girls were giggling; they did not care. Probably they were Bolsheviki themselves. It reassured me somewhat when I saw that no foreign officers were being taken downstairs.

The barging on doors continued. They were coming down the corridor toward my room. I got out my passports and identification papers, and stood waiting. By this time it was about five o'clock. Then I saw officers going upstairs, still under guard. Looking out of the window, I saw some officers being marched away. By this time it was light enough for me to see that what I had taken for the white shawls of women were the white summer-caps of the sailors of the Black Sea fleet. I could see by the ribbon on their caps that they did not belong to the school for naval officers, neither were they Kronstadt men. There was no

means of telling if they were partisans of Korniloff, men loyal to the Provisional Government who had been sent by order of Kerensky, or if they were making a search by order of the *soviet*. If they were the real Bolsheviki, the less said the better. They seemed to be orderly enough, so I decided that I was n't going to be killed that night.

At six o'clock I breakfasted on a crust of bread that was at least three weeks old, a piece of chocolate, and some cold coffee. Then I sat down and played solitaire. The noise continued until about seven o'clock, when my room was invaded. Two civilians, with a guard of six soldiers, knocked at the door, toppled over the chair, and entered. Hanging in the hall, I had a blue Italian army-cape. This interested them and caused them to ask me many questions. That cape had been a friend of mine for ten years. I had to show them how I wore it, how dirty it was, tell them where I bought it, and allow them to search my room. They looked at my passport and after apologizing for having troubled me, went out. I noticed that my camera, which had been hanging up near the cape, was missing, but I did not feel in a fighting mood, so I allowed them to go in peace.

About eight o'clock most of the officers had been marched away, and then the guard formed in fours and went off. A petty officer seemed to be in charge of the proceedings. Some of the men were smoking and he had to call them by name to make

them get into line. There was much joking and laughing, and an absolute lack of discipline. Their formation was so sloppy that it made one feel completely disgusted. It is easy to say that discipline is destroyed, but it is a terrible thing to see men who have been seasoned and well-drilled troops, and have made a splendid record for themselves while fighting, form in fours and march off the way those men did.

I had a bath, and then went to bed at nine o'clock in the morning.

In case any one may think that the danger of a visitation like this has been exaggerated by me, I might add that ten of the Russian officers who were living at the "Astoria" were brutally murdered one afternoon.

At lunchtime in the restaurant every one was cross and excited. With the exception of one or two of my British friends, every one in the hotel had been awake since half-past two. The officers in the apartment next to mine had slept through the beginning of the row, until the sailors banged on their door to examine their rooms. Colonel F—— opened the door. To the demand of the two men in civilian clothes and their guard of sailors that they allow their papers and apartment to be examined, he replied, "Go to hell!" and slammed the door.

Forty Russian officers had been arrested. Then they came back about ten o'clock and collected

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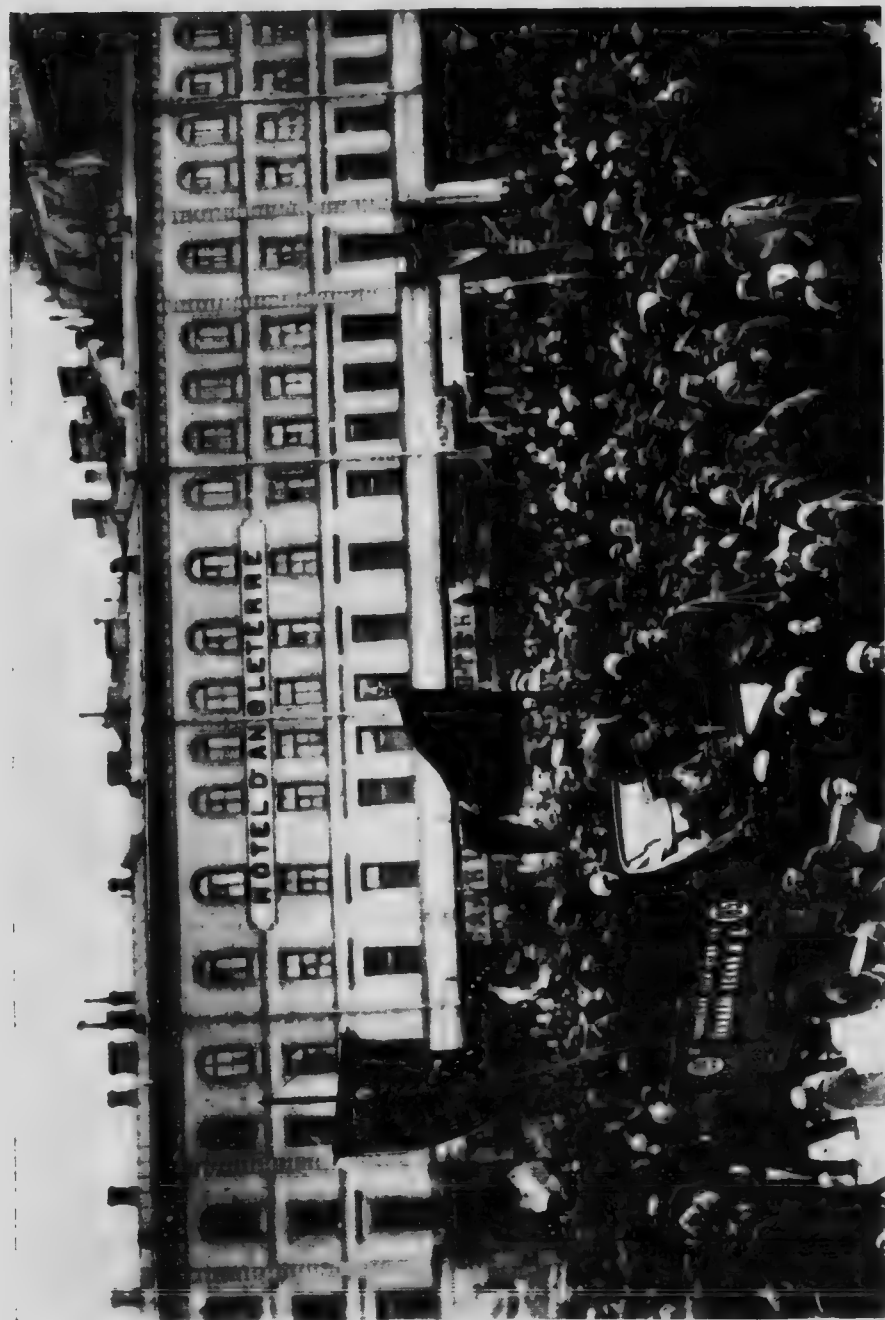
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Revolutionary soldiers proclaiming the freedom of all Russia





The beginning of a riot in St. Isaac's Square, outside the Astoria Hotel

seven more. A few of these were released during the day, but the majority were held and sent to Peter and Paul Fortress. The charge was "plotting against the revolution," an almost fatal charge in those days. It may have been true. Undoubtedly Korniloff had many friends in the hotel, but as we were all "rooting" for Korniloff, we were highly indignant over the whole affair. The hotel had been invaded by a whole battalion of sailors, so it was no wonder that all the doors and stairways had been guarded so well. They had come at the order of the *soviet*, who had been informed by spies that plotting had been going on.

Of course Kerensky was proclaiming loudly that Korniloff was a traitor. In reality, it was Kerensky who proved himself a traitor to the best interests of Russia by arming the men who a few weeks later turned him out. No one but Kerensky himself knows exactly what information he had about the advance of Korniloff. Those men in Petrograd who were best informed at that time all declare that he knew about it and had consented to it, but that at the last minute he became afraid of the growing power of Korniloff, double-crossed him and proclaimed him a traitor.

Rumors of trouble in Finland reached us daily. There was rioting, and in some towns it became virtually war between the Russian troops and the Finnish troops, who wanted to turn them out. The Red Guard of the Bolsheviks, recently armed,

were drilling and digging trenches outside Petrograd. All kinds of odds were offered as to whether Korniloff was going to take the town or whether the Germans were going to march in our direction; whether we would be blown to pieces by Kronstadt, or whether the Bolsheviki were going to take advantage of the general upheaval and kill the hated bourgeoisie. It was really most exciting. Korniloff, I may add, had the full support of Kaledine at this time.

There was a third man, besides Korniloff and Kerensky, who was supposed to know what understanding existed between Kerensky and the Commander-in-Chief. This was General Krymov. It is reported that he committed suicide, but there are grave doubts as to whether this is true. The feeling among those who know turned still more against Kerensky, because General Krymov was an undesirable witness against Kerensky, who was the only one to benefit by his death.

General Alexieff was named Commander-in-Chief by Kerensky, to replace Klembovsky. It was a curious situation. Klembovsky, nominated to replace Korniloff, had joined the party of the latter. The only one whom Kerensky could find was Alexieff, who formerly had been relieved of his command because of monarchistic leanings. Here was Korniloff, who was marching on Petrograd to hang the *soviet*, restore discipline and the death penalty, to carry on the war and pull Russia

out of the terrible state into which she had fallen, declared a traitor by the head of a government which, apparently, had been trying to do the very things that he was now attempting.

One moment it was said that the government would remove to Moscow. The next this would be denied, only to be followed by rumors that the government was going to take refuge in Kronstadt. Kronstadt, the headquarters of the anarchists, the place where Lenine had sought refuge, where Trotzky was welcome, was going to be the seat and stronghold of the Provisional Government that the Bolsheviki were trying to overthrow because it was too bourgeois. One cabinet after another was formed. One combination of ministers acceptable to the Cadets was refused by the *soviet*. The men proposed by the *soviet* were refused recognition by the social democrats. The changes came so quickly and were so varied that it was impossible to keep track of them.

The rumor that Korniloff had reached Tsarskoe-Selo was confirmed. I decided to find out for myself what was going on. I took the train to Tsarskoe-Selo. At the station there nothing seemed to be changed. The same old droskies were waiting, with the same old broken-down horses and the same sleepy *isvorscheks*. I explained to one of them where I wanted to go. He consented to drive me as far as the government troops. We drove out of the town a little way,

where I found troops encamped, sitting around and doing nothing. Beyond that there was a neutral space where the man refused to go. Having come as far as that, I determined to see the rest of it. After much persuasion and argument, my man consented to allow me to drive the rest of the way myself, so I climbed up on the box and started off.

It was really very tame. I arrived at another encampment of troops, sitting around drinking tea and boring themselves generally. They were like children. The men crowded around me, asking, "What do they say about us in Petrograd? What are they doing there? Where are the other troops? Are they going to fight? We do not want to fight them, because they are our brothers. What is happening? How long are we going to stay here?" I was greatly disappointed. I had expected to find two armies encamped, glaring at each other, ready to spring at each other's throat. I drove back to Tsarskoe-Selo, to be greeted with the same questions by the government troops. I was almost too cross to answer them. The *isvorschek* greeted me with a smile. He was vastly relieved. I do not know whether he expected me to get back or not. By the time I reached Petrograd, I was so cross and so tired that I snapped at every one who asked me if I had had an exciting time.

Every hour Kerensky was making speeches and issuing proclamations. The power of this man

consisted in being able to make a speech at any hour to please the particular audience before whom he was speaking, and in being able to balance himself on the fence, playing one party against the other. Korniloff denied the charges made against him by Kerensky. It is true that he did want to make himself dictator, but only to enforce discipline and to keep the army at its post. An inspection of the various fronts had proved that the men were leaving the trenches by thousands. The débâcle was bound to come. Only by restoring discipline and weeding out the pernicious propaganda that was being spread by Bolshevik German agents could Russia reap the full benefits of the revolution. Therefore, to say that he was a traitor to Russia was false. The contrast between his statement and the speeches of Kerensky proves that one was a true patriot in heart and soul, working for the good of his country, and that the other was a demagogue who had been too long at the head of the government. Part of Korniloff's proclamation read as follows:

Russians, our great country is dying. The end is near. I declare that the Provisional Government, under the influence of the Maximalist majority of the soviet, is acting in complete accord with the plans of the German General Staff and, simultaneously with the arrival of enemy forces on the coast of the Gulf of Finland, is killing the army and destroying the country. Harrowing evidences of the approaching ruin of the country cause me to beg all Russians to save our dying fatherland. Let all those who are Russian at heart, all those who believe

in God, pray the All Powerful to perform the greatest miracle, the miracle of saving Russia.

I, General Korniloff, Commander-in-Chief, son of a peasant and a Cossack, declare to each and to all that I demand nothing for myself personally, except the safety of our great Russia. I swear that I will lead the Russian people by the means of victory to the Constitutional Assembly, where Russia will decide her destination for herself and will choose the new order of her political life. But to betray Russia for the profit of her ancient enemy, the Teutonic race, and to make the Russian people the slaves of the German, is not possible for me to do. It is not in my power. Rather would I die on the field of honor, in battle, in order not to see the shame of my native land. People of Russia, the life of your country is in your own hands!

Are these the words of a traitor? Are these the words of a man who was trying to restore the Romanoff dynasty? Like the acts of Korniloff, there is a ring of sincerity and truth in them that cannot be denied.

When Korniloff saw that a further advance meant practically civil war, like the splendid man he is he went back to Mohilev and waited for whatever was in store for him. News of his retreat was received with consternation. I met the "New York World" correspondent, Dosch Fleurot, in the lobby of the "Astoria." He was in a great hurry, off to track down another exciting rumor.

"Have you heard?" he said.

"I am sure I have n't heard the latest," I said. "What is it?"

"The order has gone out for Korniloff's arrest.

He is back at Stavka. It is all over. He has failed!"

I stood looking at him stupidly, and I do not know if it was tears in my eyes that blurred my vision, but his eyes looked suspiciously wet. We both used language not exactly polite. I was filled with blind rage. We all knew it was the last chance. The Bolsheviki were armed; the Red Guard was formed. The split was definite; Kerensky was doomed. I decided then and there to leave Russia as soon as it was possible for me to get transportation. For Korniloff's personal safety no one feared. The man who had caused his arrest did not have enough strength of character to follow up an act to its logical conclusion. When the city was calm again, the Bolsheviki, realizing their chance had come, announced that the government was to be definitely overthrown and a Bolshevik government set up in its place.

CHAPTER XIX

FOR even travelers about to make the journey from Petrograd to London, and wishing to do so in any comfort, the following equipment is most profitable; First, a passport, properly viséed; second, Finnish, Swedish and Norwegian money; third, a knowledge of foreign exchange equal to that of J. P. Morgan, and all the patience that Job did not possess; fourth, a tooth-brush and comb in one pocket, and no luggage either on the racks or in the van. It is also advisable to carry a camp-stool, and, except in July, a heavy rug. Travel like this and the trip is only a nightmare; otherwise—!

I announced that I was leaving.

"Have you your papers in order?"

"Not yet. I have been to the British consul, and now the *gorodnachalnik* (chief of police) has them."

"Oh, you will be here for some time yet."

I had already filled in four large sheets of questions,—the usual impertinent ones,—and had waited two weeks. When one's passport goes out of one's keeping to be deposited at some police-bureau or consulate, one has a feeling of being unprotected, or at least of being without guarantee of character. That is unpleasant, because one's word

goes for very little in wartime. However, one day of pouring rain I sat in line at police headquarters and received my precious passport back, with a little green book. The latter had my picture pasted in it and was printed in Russian. It was an official civil passport showing that, being a citizen in good standing, I was allowed to leave the country. The large papers full of questions were not returned. Somewhere, I suppose, they form a *dossier*, telling the inquisitive that my eyes are blue, complexion sanguine, that I am a female, etc.

From the office of the *gorodnachalnik* I went to the British Control Office on the Moika Canal. There was a huge mob in possession of it—Russians, French, Serbs, Rumanians, Americans, etc. Every one has to go there before leaving Russia. At times the citizens of other countries become rather indignant. I had had sufficient experience with the British Control Officers in other countries to know enough not to treat them lightly. Having the British passport, I encountered less difficulty than other people. As a rule, the people who objected to the authority of this office were the Russians and Americans. When a Russian has permission from his own government to leave the country, he does n't see why the British should hold him back. When Americans have an American consular visé and are proceeding by way of Bergen to New York, they do not see why the British visé is

necessary. It does n't matter if you object; all have to pass this office.

One American girl who was doing newspaper work was refused permission to land in England. She immediately cabled to people in America, including her own newspaper, as well as to the State Department in Washington. The American Ambassador used his influence, but it made no difference. She was still in Russia when I left, and she had applied for permission to leave by way of England four months before.

Leaving my passport at the Control Office, I went to the ticket-agency. There was nothing for Bergen for weeks ahead. But I had not speeded parties of friends on their way without learning. I went back to the Astoria Hotel and sent for the fat, old commissaire.

"I want a ticket for Bergen via. Stockholm for the end of next week,—either Friday, Saturday or Sunday."

His answer was the Russian equivalent for "I can work it."

The next day he arrived with my ticket, a berth on the sleeper, etc., for Saturday, and it cost me just sixty rubles, or about twelve dollars more than it would have cost at the tourist bureau. It is hopeless to try and procure tickets in the ordinary way in Russia. It is much better to pay the commission and tips. One can always get accommodations in this way.

Whenever there was a panic in Petrograd, the ticket-offices would be besieged, and I have seen people stand in line all day and all night in a queue many blocks long, waiting their turn to buy tickets.

The British Control Office puts a special visé on the passports of people going to England forty-eight hours before their departure from Petrograd, so on Thursday I went there, with a howling mob, at ten o'clock. At one I received my passport, with a visé for Bergen and permission to land in England. From there I had to go to the British Consulate for another consular visé, and saw in the line some of my fellow-victims who had been at the Control Office. At half-past two I again received my passport with the consular visé in order, and was off to the Swedish Legation. At three-thirty I received the Swedish visé, and went back to the hotel for a belated lunch. Immediately after lunch I had to go to the other side of Petrograd to the censor. Every bit of uncensored reading-matter, except passports, and credentials, including letters, books, magazines, etc., is taken away from all passengers, except kings' messengers, at Tornea, the last stop in Finland, not far from the Arctic Circle. My papers consisted of newspaper clippings, a few private letters, and my diary. The newspapers and letters were sealed in one package. There was no difficulty about them, but the censor absolutely refused to seal my diary. After

fighting with him about it for two hours, he consented to get some one who could read English to read it through. As my wings are rather small and as no one but myself can understand what is written in that diary, I had rather a difficult time. However, I persuaded him to let it and let me take it.

All baggage must be sent to the train the night before departure. It is examined and packed, and put on board. This is a sensible arrangement, as the train leaves at eight something in the morning.

Of course, the free citizens of the "New Republic of Russia" could not be expected to get up earlier and prepare breakfast, simply because some guests of the hotel had to leave to catch a train. It is astonishing how helpless women can be when traveling. Miss Kenny and Mrs. Pankhurst were leaving on the same train. Friday night Miss Kenny came to my room and asked me where I was going to have my breakfast in the morning, and who was going to call me. I told her that my maid would call me.

"Oh, dear," she said, "who can we get to call us?"

Being kindhearted, I replied:

"I will see that you are called."

"Oh, thank you," she said; "who is going to get your breakfast?"

"My maid will get my breakfast," I replied.

"I will have black coffee and hard-tack and

honey." That had been my breakfast for months.

"Of course," she said, "I do not mind for myself, but Mrs. Pankhurst cannot leave without something to eat. She is n't well, and it would be too great a tax on her strength."

Still kindhearted, I replied:

"Tell Mrs. Pankhurst to come down. She can share my hard-tack and honey. If you are here at seven, it will be ready for you."

So the next morning I not only had to superintend my own preparations but also had to see that Mrs. Pankhurst and her secretary were called and fed.

We were fortunate enough to have a British officer volunteer to motor us to the station. He used a staff car, and we arrived at the station with as little inconvenience as possible. It was a nasty, drizzly morning. I was so fed up with Russia and black bread and machine-guns and riots and murder and discord and the whole situation in general, that I shook the mud of Petrograd from my feet with more pleasure than I realized.

We were herded into a train which was not too uncomfortable. I had a second-class compartment, as I thought for two. I took my maid in with me, to avoid having some nice, fat, old Polish woman. To my disgust, I found the luggage of some one else was already there. That was the last straw. I pictured to myself a crabbed old Englishwoman, who would insist upon talking to me when

I did not want to be talked to, or else would keep a frigid silence if I wanted to converse, and who would certainly object to my smoking.

Before the train pulled out I took some magazines and cigarettes and established myself in another car in the compartments of the American courier who, on account of the mail-bags, had a compartment to himself. We sat talking until we reached Beloostroff, the Finnish frontier. The drizzle had settled into a pouring rain. We were politely turned out of the train and herded into the small waiting-room, where we filled in another sheet of questions, a new one among many familiar ones being, "How much money have you?" One is allowed to carry out of Russia money only to the value of five hundred rubles. A British officer had collected our precious passports when we arrived, and again I had that helpless feeling. A Russian soldier called the names of the passengers and one by one ushered them into the next room. I went in turn, and was shown to a seat in front of a table where a most polite Russian officer asked me all kinds of questions, handed me my passports with another visé, and detailed a man to escort me back to the train.

When I arrived in my own compartment, I found to my delight that my traveling companion was Lady B——, wife of the British Minister to Rumania. When she saw me, she smiled and said:

"It is all right; it is only I, so you may sit down in peace and comfort and light your cigarette."

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Well, I had the same fears that you did. It was with fear and trembling that I came in, thinking I would have some awful old cat who would make the trip to Stockholm a nightmare."

Being a seasoned traveler, she began to make arrangements for a comfortable trip. She saw a basket and said:

"Do tell me, is that food?"

"Yes," I said "two loaves of white bread, six hard-boiled eggs, two tins of sardines, and a little biscuit-tin of sugar."

"That is the most wonderful thing I have ever heard!" she said, "Where did you get the white bread?"

"A friend of mine in Petrograd saved up all the white flour she could find, begged some from the American embassy, and got enough to make me two loaves," I explained.

"That is very satisfactory!" she said "now we shall not starve. But about money. I have plenty of Finnish money."

"I have no Finnish money," I said, "but I have Swedish crowns."

"That's splendid!" Lady B—— exclaimed. "I will feed you in Finland; you can feed me in Sweden; and when money won't buy food, we will eat out of the basket."

In a little while we stopped at Terioki. Having been warned, I rushed out of the train and ran up to a window where, upon showing our railroad tickets, I procured three bread-cards, for use as long as we were in Finland. I returned with my booty to our compartment.

"That is all very well," Lady B—— said, "but don't raise my hopes. It would be just like them to give us bread-cards, and then find no bread to eat. Now do you suppose we will get bread or not?"

We discussed this vital question for an hour.

Lady B—— had been in Bucharest when war was declared on Rumania, had followed the court to Jassy, and there during the last year had done work that was nothing short of marvelous. She organized the British Red Cross in Rumania. The headquarters in London once complained that her receipts were not made out systematically nor on proper blanks. In her reply she politely regretted that they had had cause for complaint, and wrote them a list of the officers of the British Red Cross in Rumania. That list ran something like this:

President,	Lady B——	
Vice-Pres.,	"	"
Sec'y and Treas.,	"	"
Receiving Agent,	"	"
Distributing Agent, ...	"	"

Visiting Inspector, ...	Lady B——
Mail Clerk,	" "
Shipping Clerk,	" "

She was the entire staff, from president to the man who uncanted the supplies. The result of this letter was that a man of experience in such work was sent out from England. He arrived, thinking to find everything in a state of chaos. He found everything running smoothly, but there was so much work to be done that he sent for a staff of three men.

I had thought conditions were bad in Russia. It had seemed a hardship not to be able to buy material to mend my clothes, but when Lady B—— told me something of the state of Rumania, I realized that I did not know what hardships meant.

She wore a dress and coat of navy blue, and a very smart black hat with a feather *fantasie*. I could hardly believe it when she told me that she had made all her clothes herself, mostly out of material she had picked up in supplies that had been sent out by the British Red Cross. Her hat had been sent to her through the diplomatic mailbag from America. It had been taken to pieces, stitched flat on a piece of cardboard, and mailed in an ordinary envelope. It was quite the smartest hat in Jassy, and was the envy of all the other women. The shoes she had on were shoes that had been old a year before.

She was going back to England to conduct a Rumanian propaganda to try and insure Rumania against going through another winter as terrible as the previous one. It had been so terrible that even the wild dogs were often too weak from starvation to crawl out and eat the bodies of those who had fallen.

When lunchtime came, we went to the dining-car to see what luck our bread-tickets would bring us. After waiting an hour and a half, we found a place. The waitress held out her hand for our tickets and cut the little coupon. For one of these I was given just enough bread for one meal. I risked a breadless breakfast and parted with two, because it was the best bread I had eaten for a year.

The food was good, and there seemed to be plenty of it. Lady B—— used some of her Finnish money and, true to our bargain, paid for my lunch.

The day passed without further disturbance. Hour after hour we sat watching the Finnish landscape. It reminded me of some parts of British Columbia—little farm clearings, little swamps and lakes, with here and there a wooden house surrounded by deep pine-forests. In winter Finland may be the "Christmas country," but in summer or in the autumn, during a pouring rain, it is cheerless and sad.

At one station all the British on the train went into shrieks of laughter over the original of Bairns-

father's *Walrus Bill*, only his mustache was a flaming scarlet. We all knew the cartoons, and it seemed funny to see old Bill, with his mustache dyed red, standing at the station surrounded by Finns. As in Siberia, the entire population of each village was down to see the train. They stood in groups on the platform, solemnly gazing at us. We as solemnly gazed back at them. The only Finns I had ever seen were an odd one or two in America. It was curious to see so many of them in their native land. They are not prepossessing to look at, whatever virtues they may have.

The next morning it was still pouring rain. By the time I was dressed the corridor of our car was filled with hungry people waiting for the dining-car to open. Some of them had been waiting since seven o'clock, when one of them had the inspiration to ask the conductor what time the car would open and breakfast would be served. He was told that nothing would be served until we reached Tornea at noon. I was glad then that I had risked a breadless breakfast, and had secured double my share the day before. For early risers this news was rather unpleasant. I had come prepared, having been warned in Petrograd, so I shared my provisions with those who seemed hungriest. An American found some butter, and Mrs. Pankhurst made some tea. I had hard-boiled eggs and bread. What was left we distributed among the children.

That train was full of children and helpless

women. There were fourteen women in one group, being personally conducted by a British courier. As the British government was anxious to have all British women leave Russia, if possible, they took charge of the traveling arrangements and brought them out in groups like this one. The courier looked after their tickets and accommodations. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenny, thinking it would be easier for them, had joined one of these groups. It was an excellent arrangement, as most of them were not capable of making such a trip unaided. It requires intelligence. Thirteen of this crowd were neglected for the youngest of them, and the courier suffered from a budding mutual attraction. The first day this took the form of extreme politeness. The second, the politeness was only on his part. A proprietary air was distinctly noticeable on the lady's part. Lady B—— and I watched them; they afforded me great amusement. The poor man was doomed. One could tell that by the way the girl was snubbing the other women.

At half-past twelve we arrived at Tornea. I say *we* arrived. That is, the train did, for we were locked in it. After half an hour's wait, along the corridor came a French officer, then a British officer, and then an extremely nice officer in a uniform of khaki. The last officer smiled, shook hands with me, and said, "You don't remember me, but we saved each other during the revolution."

Then I remembered. He was one of the men from

the American Embassy at the luncheon-party when they had killed the policeman on the stairs. It was his passport, with the two little red ribbons and the red seal, that had pacified the soldiers. He had not been in uniform then, and I was not familiar enough with the America khaki uniform to have recognized him at once.

These officers collected our passports. When they had gone through the train, the doors were unlocked and we were shooed out into the waiting-room. There our hand-luggage was examined. All books and printed matter were religiously taken away; otherwise the examination was not severe. Next we were sent into another room, where we had to declare our money. Then came an even more rigid examination. A female thug was delegated to search our clothes, etc. I do not know what she was supposed to find, because I was n't searched. Fortunately, my coming had been heralded by the Control Office in Petrograd, and I was allowed to follow the foreign diplomatic passport-people into the restaurant of the station. While I was there, talking to a couple of kings' messengers and Lady B——, two purple-faced women rushed in, spluttering with rage.

"They attempted to search us, and we are on government work! They said they did not know who I was! Every one knows me!"

"Perhaps, Mrs. Pankhurst, it was a mistake," Lady B—— remarked.

For a few moments Mrs. Pankhurst could n't answer.

Miss Kenny was entirely beyond speech. Then Mrs. Pankhurst said:

"Nonsense! It was done on purpose. Every one knows me. I shall write to the 'Times'!"

The British Control Officer, who had followed her in, groaned and muttered, "Another row, and after all, we were only doing our duty."

Lady B—— smiled.

"Never mind," she said. "If she writes to the 'Times,' I shall make it my business to let the chief know that there is one frontier that is well-guarded. We are altogether too slack."

The atmosphere became hectic. It was all I could do to keep from laughing.

"Oh, I am sure it was a mistake, Mrs. Pankhurst," Lady B—— said. "Did they undress you?"

Mrs. Pankhurst could n't answer.

Miss Kenny by this time had gotten her breath.

"No," she said, "they would n't dare do such a thing; but they took me into a little room and that woman attempted to undress me."

"They did it on purpose," Mrs. Pankhurst added. "They have done everything to annoy us. I was sent over to Russia on special propaganda work at the request of Lloyd George. They have no right to treat us like this!"

"I tried to make myself as small as possible, be-

cause they had not even attempted to search me. The British Control Officer did not know what to do. He explained to Lady B—— that he did not have charge of the searching. It was a Russian officer who did this. Not knowing who Mrs. Pankhurst was, this officer had naturally ordered them to be searched, like the other passengers. She had become furious and at once sent for Lieutenant Gruner, the British officer. He explained to the Russian who they were, and immediately they had been released. That was all that had happened.

At the suggestion of Lady B——, he went in search of the Russian officer. They came in together, and the Russian apologized delightfully to Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenny. The mutterings died down, the flush paled, and peace was restored. It amused everybody (except two people) that the only women who were indignant about these tiresome formalities were the two who had spent years in trying to teach the British government its business.

When everything had been examined—the passports, the people, the baggage, etc.—we embarked on a little tug that slowly took us across to Haparanda, Sweden. There was a bitterly cold wind blowing, reminding us that we were not far south of the Arctic Circle. My last picture of Russia was the town of Beloostroof in the pouring rain.

My last picture of Finland was a tiny little wooden dock, and standing on it a small group of officers, every one of whom had been so courteous and charming during the necessary formalities that it made us almost sorry they were over. At present Tornea is one of the places where a part of the horrible civil war is raging.

We had been standing huddled on the little steamer for half an hour, when we bumped into a dock and landed for another weary examination. Everywhere were Swedish policemen and soldiers, sign-posts with an arm extended to show us the way to more sheds. By this time we were like sheep. If one of them had pointed to the water and said "This way," I would have jumped in. When one goes through examinations like these for a few hours, one loses all will-power, all initiative. One automatically obeys. Sentries in queer three-cornered hats of gray and blue, huge young men who were too well fed, allowed us to enter a door. More cadets and police! The room was full of them. More papers to fill in! Why will those higher up make the questions so ambiguous? Also, why, knowing I have many papers to fill in, do I never have a pencil? However, by borrowing from one of the gorgeous uniforms, I filled in my paper and joined the crowd around the door at the other end of the room. Inch by inch I drew nearer, due probably to a little (?) polite shoving of some pet aversion standing near. At last, I

was my turn next. Somebody shoved an elbow in my ribs.

"No, you don't; I was here first!"

The door opened and in I went. A table was covered with papers, and three solemn Swedes were sitting around it, glaring at me. One put out his hand for my passport; another took the papers I had just signed. I held them out helplessly. They muttered something. The third man handed me a tiny book of coupons (another bread-ticket), and my passport was returned. The papers were kept to form a *dossier* in Sweden, and I joined the crowd at another door, too tired and hungry even to ask, "What next?"

By this time it was half-past four. Again, inch by inch, I was allowed to move along the passageway to another mysterious door that only opened, like Moloch, to receive another victim, but never to release one. At last, just as I was wishing that I was a centipede with one hundred feet to stand on, instead of only two, the door was opened and I was shot into a room not by my own energy, but by the concentrated will of all those behind me. Then I knew what it was—a medical examination! A man in surgeon's apron and cap was seated at a table. Two nurses in white were beside him, and another huge man in white greeted me with a terrifying "Ah!" He could n't frighten me, for I had reached the snappy stage. I threw my passport on the table, and sitting down, put out my tongue

and held up my hand for my pulse to be taken. He was so healthy-looking and well-nourished that he annoyed me. He looked at my tongue, felt my pulse, and began to speak. I had answered enough questions, so I forestalled him.

"I am sound of wind and limb and city broke; also stony. I never had any infectious disease, or the heaves—only the hives—nor am I a consumptive. I have been inoculated with everything from fleas and rheumatism to typhoid and smallpox. I sleep well and eat well,—when there is anything to eat. I smoke, but I have no vices, except a kind face. For further information, look at my passport."

While I was speaking he remained standing, staring at me with his mouth open. When I finished, he said nothing, but opened the door with a bow. I took my passport and walked out, feeling somewhat repaid for the hours of standing. The same sign-post in a gray uniform pointed me into a bedlam of trunks and customs men. There I found two of my modest three trunks had been smashed, but were still holding by the straps. That was the last straw. I sat on one of them and yelled for a customs man who spoke English. At the sound of my voice, all business stopped for the moment. Two magnificently dressed customs men laughed, and the best looking one came up, bowed, and asked me in English what I wanted. That man was very nice. He did not leave me until

my trunks were examined, nailed together, and put on the train. Then he directed me to the money-changer.

I had a few Russian rubles left, and I needed all the Swedish money I could get. In a little house consisting of one room a man, the reincarnation of Ali Baba's forty thieves, took my rubles and gave me what he considered was enough Swedish money for them. However, I was glad to get rid of those rubles at any price.

It was n't a real train that I climbed aboard,—just a transfer train to take us to another station. At the end of an hour, including fifty-five minutes of sitting and waiting and five minutes of going, we arrived at this station. There was no examination, for which we were grateful. We just stood in line for an hour to have our baggage registered to Stockholm. For this I paid seventy crowns.

A bright spot in that awful day was the little station-buffet which I discovered at eight o'clock. Remember, my only meal during the day had been a very sketchy one at Tornea between examinations. In that little buffet at Haparanda was a table spread with wonderful food—all kinds of *hors d'œuvres* coffee-urns, big jugs of milk, sugar, boiled potatoes, white bread, custards, cold meat, etc. After seven months of Russia it was a feast for Lucullus. The cups were ready near the urn, some without sugar and some containing as many as five lumps. Lady B—— was quicker than I.

She found one with five lumps. I had to take one with four. Sweden and I began to be reconciled, and by the time I had finished my fourth cup of real coffee, with real milk and plenty of sugar, I could have smiled, even at that big, well-fed doctor.

The British Consul at Haparanda had reserved a berth for men in one of the two first-class sleepers that went straight through to Stockholm. Other sleepers were taken off at various points along the route. The entire population of Haparanda was at the station to see the train leave. Evidently that was the evening's amusement. I have a confused remembrance of huge, tall men in uniforms that reminded me of Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard." In fact, that warrior was there, whiskers and all, making eyes at whatever female happened to look his way. His particular success was a dear, old, fat, dirty, Polish countess, who hovered around him, whispering in English, "It is to be admired." And so it was! There were officers there with every kind of facial adornment, from the side-whiskers that one sees in pictures of Wellington's soldiers, to boys who had not even begun to think of a razor.

As we left the station, a most polite conductor informed us that we were to be up and dressed at six in the morning. That did not seem reasonable, and I wanted to sleep without haunting thoughts of an early rising. I decided to let well enough

alone. I had had enough for one day, and that nice clean berth looked like "blighty" to me. We had spent from noon until half-past nine at night in just being examined, standing in line and signing papers while we were thirsty and unfed. The train was spotlessly clean; the bed linen was white and sweet-smelling. Even the floor of the corridor looked as if it had been scrubbed. It was the first clean train that I had been on since the Japanese train from Mukden to Chang-Chun.

The next morning at six o'clock the polite conductor kept his word and called me. Lady B——, who occupied the other berth in the compartment, was already up and dressed. I knew there was to be no changing of train, no frontier to pass, so I turned over and slept again. Half an hour later came another call. My excuse that I did not know Swedish proved of no avail. The conductor spoke English, and this time he was n't quite so polite. Again I slept. Again he came. Seeing he was so serious in his desire to see me up and dressed, I locked the door and proceeded to follow his instructions. He evidently had not believed me when I told him that I really would get up, so the third time, when he opened my door with his master-key, I was annoyed. I was having as much of a sponge bath as the accommodations of the compartment afforded, when the door opened again. I screamed, my maid screamed (she was standing in the corridor), and he slammed the door shut.

It is not easy to dress in a small coop, while holding the door with one hand, but that is what I had to do. When I finally appeared in the corridor fully dressed, the conductor was waiting for me.

"The lady said you were ill, so I did not insist. You are not ill. You are an hour late."

"Late for what?" I asked.

He told me that, owing to the British, there was no coal in Sweden, so that as few cars as possible were used on the railroads. During the day all places on the train were occupied, and as all the cars were taken off, except the two first-class sleepers, there was an anxious crowd of unfortunates who had been turned out of their berths and made to stand in the corridor of our sleepers until six or seven, when we were supposed to be up and dressed and our berths made up to give them sitting room. He attempted to dwell at some length upon the policy of the British, so I decided to leave him unanswered. In Sweden one becomes accustomed to remarks about the Allies.

Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenny were two persons who had to move into our car. That day we were crowded, but were left in peace until the evening. The meals were good, so nothing else mattered. At nine o'clock we arrived at the station where the sleepers were attached. They were third-class with three berths to a compartment, one above the other. Sleeping in the top berth must have given one the sensation of sleeping in the

crow's nest, because it was so high, The Government "Cook's Tour" people were herded into these cars. It seemed to me that they had hundreds of children with them. I know that one woman had six.

Immediately there was another fuss. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenny were among those who had to change. The latter was cheerful under all circumstances, but Mrs. Pankhurst, worn out with hard work and poor food in Russia, broke down and cried. Lady B—— came to me and said, "Something must be done. They cannot ask her to climb into one of those awful berths." It was amusing to see how the proverbial weapon of woman immediately procured her what she wanted—a berth in the first-class sleeper. She and Miss Kenny were given berths by men who changed accommodations with them, and about eleven o'clock every one was able to settle down for the night.

The next morning was a nice lazy one. There was no use in getting up because there was no breakfast on the train. We arrived in Stockholm between ten and eleven. Most of the passengers went on to Christiania that same night, including all the "Cook's Tour" people. I did not. I had no place reserved on the train, and my ticket was only good as far as Stockholm. In addition, I had no money to buy another.

There are only nine "taxis" in Stockholm, and

they are only allowed to work under restrictions. They are not allowed to wait, nor to go outside certain limits. They are principally used to take people to and from the station. I stood at the station for half an hour, waiting for one that was to take me on a hunt for a bed. The people who were remaining there were much worried because there were rumors that all the hotels were crowded. I was fairly cheerful, because I had telegraphed two weeks before for a room. I liked Stockholm,—it was so nice and clean and cheerful,—and it was with confidence that I approached the clerk at the "Grand Hotel."

When I walked out of that hotel, I was so angry that I could n't see. Yes, my wire had come, but they had no rooms and would have none. I was foolish enough to insist that since they had received my wire, surely they must have had vacant rooms during the last two weeks and might have reserved one for me.

"It is useless, Madame," the clerk replied. "You might as well leave and enquire elsewhere. Even if we had had a room, we would not have reserved it for you."

While I was standing at the desk I had the pleasure of seeing Germans come up and get rooms without any trouble. I stood in the lobby for a moment, wondering what I would do. I heard German voices and looked around. There were

three people coming down the stairway, two women and a man. They were unmistakably German, because the women were dressed in the style of Berlin. They wore yellow boots of the wrong kind of leather, with the wrong kind of heels. Their skirts were the wrong length and their coats were wrongly cut. Everything about them was wrong. Still one could see the trace of what they thought was Paris style, but it was a Paris style two years late, that had reached them by way of Holland. I decided I did not like the "Grand Hotel," anyway.

After I had visited sixteen hotels,—bad, worse, and awful,—I thought it was time to breakfast. In a restaurant near the station I met some of my fellow-travelers. They were also looking for rooms. They knew of two or three hotels that I had missed, so we all went together. We had no luck. By this time it was almost one o'clock, so I returned to the "Imperial Hotel," where Lady B—— had had a room reserved for her by the legation. She had told me that if the worst came to the worst, to let her know and she would try and arrange some kind of accommodation for me. I knew that she was lunching with the British Minister and his wife, who were old friends of hers, so I telephoned to the legation and found her offer of help had really been meant. She ordered the porter of the hotel to put a cot in her room,

so for a week I slept there in peace and comfort. There was no reason to hurry, as there was no boat from Bergen for some time.

Stockholm is beautifully situated and is very clean. In fact, it is too clean. Every one looks too well-fed, and one can easily see German influence in the architecture of the new buildings. The policemen on the streets wear helmets and uniforms that are copied from the German army. The resemblance is so strong that one expects to see a crowd of khaki-clad Tommies come along and arrest them. No one can complain of lack of politeness in Sweden, but somehow it is not pleasant for Britishers. There seems to be an undercurrent of hostility that makes itself felt. I have n't one complaint about rudeness of any kind, but I was glad to leave, and that despite the good food.

Every three days one is given a tiny book of bread coupons. All waiters and waitresses carry scissors tied to them with which to cut off a ticket. If one eats too much bread at a meal, one goes breadless on the third day. Sometimes we did not get only bread for a ticket. They served some kind of hard, thin biscuit, slightly salted, that was very palatable.

Sunday afternoon all Stockholm promenades on the Strandvegen, a broad, cobbled street that parallels one of the inlets. The men are fine looking in their gorgeous blue uniforms. There was every

kind of uniform to be seen. The women are dowdy, and their clothes are made not in imitation of Paris, but in imitation of Berlin. It appears to be a promenade where mothers with marriageable daughters stroll up and down, so that the eligible youths can take stock and make their choice.

And the language! Imagine saying what sounds like "taximeter" for "thank you."

It was without regret, then, that I climbed aboard the train for Christiania one beautiful evening, when Stockholm looked like an extremely modern, clean, Germanized Venice.

Christiania came next; but what a difference! No German was to be heard. The taxi-driver spoke English; in fact, every one seemed to speak English there. There were no bread-cards, although they were coming. It was a foretaste of home. My day there left an impression of sunshine, music,—the band plays from one to three,—friendliness, and hospitality.

The British have leased a small hotel for travelers who are passing through. It is called "The Dog Kennel." I stayed there, and was not too uncomfortable. Early next morning I was on the train for Bergen. The country was beautiful. The great pine-clad hills are full of rushing streams; the meadows contain such nice cows. You have no idea of how nice those cows looked, after having no milk and cream in Russia. There

were clean farms and cleaner people. All the inhabitants of each village were at the station to see the train go through. At fancy-dress balls the Scandinavian costume may be picturesque, but I cannot say the same for it when seen in its native lair.

As the train climbed, in order to pass through the mountains at Voss, we became aware of stations packed with stranded travelers who had been held up on their way to England. All along the route the British Government has engaged hotels for these unfortunates, who are put off and forced to remain until a boat is ready to leave Bergen. There is simply no other way of doing it. They come over by hundreds, and there is no accommodation for them. If the boats to England do not run regularly, hundreds of travelers are held up for weeks along this line.

At Voss the elevation is about eight thousand feet, so I was uncomfortably aware of deafness and headache that lasted all the way to London.

We came into Bergen that night about eleven. Of course it was pouring rain, since it is always raining there. And of course there were no rooms. It has always amused me to hear about stranded women travelers who rush to their consuls, expecting them to be able to help them out of any dilemma, no matter how difficult. I shall not laugh hereafter, for in Bergen that is just what I did myself.

Twelve o'clock saw me seated on a bench in the consulate, waiting for the consul. Three king's messengers were on hand to identify me. I had known them in Petrograd, and had met them again on the train to Bergen.

The consul could do nothing. There was no room to be had, so the four of us started off in a huge cab along the dripping, cobbled streets to find some kind of resting-place. In the third small hotel that we visited I found Lady B——. She offered me a place on the floor of her room, but the proprietor said he had some friends whom he thought would put me up. They found me a bed in a private flat. The bed was a drawing-room couch with a back, and had an arm at each end. That couch was very narrow, while I am wide. It was also short, while I am long. But I slept the sleep of the just. I put a chair at one end and hung by my feet over so that they rested on it. There was just room for me to stay on the couch, if I lay on my side. I banked myself in with a couple of arm-chairs, to keep from falling off, and went to sleep. My friends slept too,—one on the floor in the kitchen of the hotel, and the other two on chairs in the consulate, guarding the precious mail-bags.

Next morning at eight it was still pouring rain, but I was in line at the consulate,—a line that stretched through two rooms, down the stairs, and out along the hall. This line was waiting for

steamer tickets. In due time I received my ticket and my passport, the latter having been taken from me the night before. This was n't quite as easy as it sounds, for it was twelve o'clock when I left the consulate. Then there followed another scramble at the station to find our trunks and have them examined. This examination over, one had to personally conduct the trunks to the dock. There, piled up in the pouring rain, was all our luggage, and, standing around, were crowds of weary people. One heard a conversation like this:

"Where were you last night?"

"Oh, I was lucky. I had a bed."

"Where were you?"

"I slept in the station."

"Have you found your luggage?"

"Yes,—all but one piece. That's gone for good."

One man left Petrograd with a wife, two children, and four trunks. The wife and children were still with him, but the trunks had disappeared. We stood on that dock in the pouring rain for four hours, and in that pouring rain our trunks were again examined. We were allowed on board the boat about four o'clock. In my cabin were four women and a child. That boat was the smelliest and dirtiest I have ever seen or smelled. It was awful! We stood around in groups until it became too rough to stand up. Then we

huddled together on seats in the hallway, trying to be cheerful.

At six I went to my cabin, thinking I would go to bed. I opened the door and looked around, then took my fur coat and rug and came up for air. It was very rough. My cabin-mates were helpless and horribly sick, with life-belts strapped on. They were trying to live, hoping to die. Mrs. Pankhurst, Lady B— —, and myself sat on a bench in the hallway, wondering how we were going to live through the night. Mrs. Pankhurst became so ill that she had to be almost carried to bed. Lady B——, who was fortunate in having a berth in a two-berth cabin, also retired, but I did not have the courage to face the roomful that awaited me below. However, two of my king's messenger friends came and offered me a berth in their cabin, so, escorted by them, I reached their cabin. It was palatial, because there were only two berths in it. Once my head was on the pillow in the upper berth, the world became a chaos of horror for me. Groans and worse were heard on all sides. I envied the fakirs who can sink into a state of unconsciousness by their own volition. I tried to imitate them. Once, some time during that awful night, there came an awful crash, then a sound of running, and then a few muffled cries. "Well, we're hit; now I can drown in peace!" I thought. It was only an extra big wave, however, that had hit the bow. Several men who had



been too sick to move were on their way upstairs immediately. One dear old woman, the wife of a Rumanian statesman, shrieked for three hours without stopping. I thought of the North Sea patrol and of the escort on each side or somewhere near us, and I realized that nothing in the world is too good for the men who for three and a half years have been going through the hell of that North Sea. I take off my hat to the Senior Service and humbly give them my thanks and admiration beyond words. I should like some of the people who sit snugly at home, wondering what the navy is doing, to have some slightest conception of what it is doing before they dare to criticize.

Time passed, although I was unaware of it. I was in a state of coma. Some one said, "Six o'clock; we are getting in. You had better get dressed." I raised my head for the first time in twenty-four hours and decided that, as we were evidently not going to be drowned, I might as well make up my mind to take up the burden of life once more.

Eight o'clock found us standing on deck, packed like sardines, waiting to land. We did land—the next morning! It was too late for customs formalities, so we were in for another night on that awful boat. The name of it was *The Vulture*. A second boat followed it,—they evidently sail in pairs—named *The Lowth*. *The Lowth* was naturally slower, and she docked after us. This was the

cause of our delay. We sat on the same old bench at the head of the companionway, refusing to face below-stairs again. I sat on my feet after a rat,—a land-rat that was fat and well-fed,—ran over them. A *poilu* in mufti put his foot on it and killed it. But that was only one minor incident.

Somehow or other that night passed, and next morning we were again in line on deck, somewhere in the North. Sunday was passed in Scotland, and it was still pouring rain. Passports had to be examined, customs had to be passed, there were no carriages, and there was no train until five o'clock. However, a bath at the hotel and luncheon restored us somewhat, and by the time we left we were almost cheerful.

We reached London in the morning. The same old four-wheeler came plodding along. Taxis were scarce and I was hungry. Breakfast consisted of porridge, sole, kippers, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade, and tea, all served by a Swiss waiter. I was back in London sure enough!

Then I had peace and rest for a while. The "while" lasted twelve hours. That night there came a great disturbance and much excitement. It was a German air raid and we must "take cover." I had forgotten about them, but soon the noise of the guns made me remember that, although I had escaped the Bolsheviks and the terrors of the North Sea, there was still danger from Hun bombs.